

AS try to bypass special election

by Eric Newton

The student government may get its way — regardless of student opinion. Last week, a proposed constitutional amendment which would have changed the Associated Students elections from fall to spring and put the budget in line with officers' terms failed in a special election.

On May 2, midway through the \$950 election the AS Legislature voted to bring the amendment before the students again if it failed.

The amendment failed to get a two-thirds majority by six percentage points. Out of 441 votes, 260 — or 59 percent — were in favor and 181 — 41 percent — were opposed.

This Tuesday, the Legislature set a May 16, 3:30 p.m. date for a constitutional convention. It will be held for one hour in the gym.

A two-thirds vote of the students at

the convention would pass the amendment.

"Students didn't see both sides of the issue," said AS President Wayne Lukaris, who spearheaded the amendment drive. "We couldn't campaign for it. Title V (of the California Administrative Code) prohibits use of funds for political endorsement."

Lukaris said, "We are doing this because there was a campaign by Deacon Butterworth (Student Union Governing Board member) against the amendment. He spent \$80 on campaign literature."

Several legislators have raised questions about the need for a convention and about the amendment itself.

According to Lukaris, there are four major reasons to favor the amendment. He said it would:

- * Allow new AS officers the summer months to get used to the office before the bulk of their work is needed.

- * Allow for time to rewrite the constitution in case that is not accomplished this summer.

- * Let AS officers administer the budget they approve. Now, officers spend half their terms under the previous administration's budget.

- * Allow for SF State participation in the Student Presidents Association (SPA), which is difficult now because SF State is the only CSUC school which has the spring elections.

- * Foes of the amendment say: It will keep the present administrators in office for four extra months, time not needed to rewrite the constitution.

- * There may be confusion when a new AS group must immediately work on a budget for the next fiscal year with little training.

- * Lukaris said he is running for SPA chairman and stands a better

chance to win if the amendment is passed.

- * Students already defeated the amendment in the special election.

- "They will be lucky if one percent of voting students show up," Butterworth said. "Many students are not going to be able to be there. The convention is unnecessary."

Butterworth said he may bring a civil suit against the AS if the amendment passes next Tuesday.

Legislature speaker Steve Rafter — chosen yesterday by the AS Board of Directors to co-chair the convention with Sandra Duffield of the Student Activities office — said, "Wayne (Lukaris) knows I don't like it (the amendment). I voted against it. I don't know how many students will show up. I hope many do."

Legislator Aime Friedman said, "The students said no already. This is milking the constitution for everything

you can get. Since students gave the amendment a fair shot, I don't think they should give it another."

Asked if she thought the convention would be a fair representation of the student body, she replied, "Shit, no. It will probably be packed with AS people."

Some legislators favored the amendment, but opposed the convention.

Ray Coshaw, legislature member, said, "I feel that the convention should wait until next semester. It would not look good now. Basically, it's bad P.R."

Coshaw said the amendment failed last week because "the general students were not educated to the benefits of it." He said the amendment will probably pass at the convention.

Other legislators supported both the amendment and the convention.

Kevin Meagher, a legislature member who was paid \$250 to run the

special election, said, "The election was one-sided. Both sides will talk at the convention."

Lukaris said he plans to represent the "pro" side and hopes Butterworth will represent the "con." Butterworth said Tuesday he would boycott the convention because it is illegal. But last night, he said in a phone interview that he may reconsider.

Barry Bloom, AS chief justice, said the convention seems constitutional, but "there is such an obscure, vague passage" in the AS constitution about conventions that a judicial interpretation would take time.

The constitution says a convention may be called, but doesn't specify who calls it or presides over it. The last convention here was in 1970.

"That's one of the reasons we want to rewrite the thing," said Lukaris of

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PHOENIX

Volume 21 Number 30

San Francisco State University

Thursday, the Eleventh day of May, 1978

Eighteen Pages

Feig -- a close look at her record

by George Keneborus

In two semesters, Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, has become a controversial figure. And she brought controversy — plenty of it — with her when she arrived here.

Her seven months on campus have been marked by involvement in the heated campus safety issue (in the wake of the murder of Jenny Low Chang and an attempted assault on Feig herself in the New Administration Building) and occasional murmurs of discontent from the ranks of the administration.

But Feig's impact on this campus so far has been mild compared to the debate aroused by her tenure as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Maine, where several faculty members have expressed open dissatisfaction with her qualifications and performance as an administrator.

One former department chairman there said, "In her function as dean she was miscast. She didn't have the ability, she didn't have the experience and I'm absolutely amazed that she lasted five years." Another administrator claimed that she "didn't have the teaching experience to be dean."

During her turbulent tenure at the University of Maine, a dean's evaluation committee report became public in July, 1976. It recommended against her reappointment by a three-to-two vote.

According to Fred Rolfe, who sat on the committee, "the faculty seemed to feel that she would be better suited elsewhere." Rolfe, currently an associate professor, was chairman of the Foreign Languages Department during part of Feig's term in Maine. Feig was recently asked about this situation:

Q: According to the campus paper at the University of Maine, a dean's evaluation committee around July, 1976, voted three to two against your reappointment. Could you comment on this?

A: What year was that?

Q: 1976, July. Around July.

A: Oh, I wouldn't be surprised.

Which year?

Q: 1976.

A: 1976, let's see — well, probably that's right. They vacillated from year to year; I can't keep the years straight.

Q: Is there a particular conflict there?

A: You mean five people? They have a right to their opinion.

Q: Yes, but constituted apparently as a committee.

A: Oh, I'm sorry, but report not acceptable — either to the faculty or the president, oh, no. I would be most offended if you were to pick on that university because the more you pick on it, the more you're going to make idiots out of people. And you're not

Continued on Page 4, Column 1



Konnilyn Feig: "report not acceptable."

Photo by Lynn Carey

AS, Dean Young plan new paper

by Dick Thompson

A complex agreement is being negotiated by outgoing Humanities Dean Leo Young and Associated Students President Wayne Lukaris which may result in the transfer next semester of Zenger's to the Journalism Department as a laboratory publication.

Doubts about the feasibility of the operation have been expressed by both students and faculty members in the Journalism Department.

Young, however, said that the new publication tentatively called the *Golden Gater*, will benefit journalism students, and that objections to the agreement are a result of "misunderstandings."

The new publication would be jointly funded by \$11,640 from the AS and \$7,700 from the new Instructionally Related (IR) Activities fee, said Lukaris.

Young said that SF State President Paul F. Romberg signed the IR budget last week and forwarded it to the Chancellor's office for final approval.

Most of those questioned said they thought the *Golden Gater's* \$19,340 budget should be used to expand *Phoenix* to a semi-weekly publication. The current budget for *Phoenix* is \$13,400.

On April 4, Young announced his resignation as dean of the School of Humanities, effective at the end of the fall, 1978, semester. He said he would, however, be the "lab director" of the

Golden Gater during the coming semester while completing his service as dean.

Young was the sole journalism representative in negotiations with Romberg and Lukaris about the proposed publication.

He said he first proposed the *Golden Gater* to Romberg before he resigned as dean. Romberg then discussed it with Lukaris, Young said.

On April 10, according to the dean, he presented a written proposal to the IR budget committee members requesting \$10,000 for the new publication, which the committee trimmed to \$7,700.

Young said he then discussed the idea with Lukaris.

Lukaris said the AS cannot afford Zenger's \$10,000 liability insurance premiums and \$10,000 retainer in addition to the paper's budget of \$40,000.

But under a recently released "document of agreement" between Lukaris and Young, the Journalism Department would relieve the AS of its liability insurance responsibility. The Journalism Department, however, would not be required to pay the premium, said Young.

In return, the AS would partially fund the *Golden Gater*. The AS would receive two full pages of the *Golden Gater* plus a separate column in another section of the paper, according to the document.

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Janitors to file grievance

by Ken Garcia

SF State custodians, upset because they claim they are "overworked and understaffed," will file a grievance with the University administration next week.

The administration has taken funds from the custodial budget to hire academic personnel. The current budget provides for 133 custodial positions, a decrease from previous years. Only 118 positions are now filled.

Eleven non-custodial positions, including health and safety officers, and clerical and administrative assistants, have been filled with custodial budget funds. Money for four positions has been held in reserve.

"We're being overworked," said representative Ralph Dudley. "The number of custodians has decreased and the square footage of the campus has increased."

Custodians say the decrease in staff forces them to double up. Each custodian must clean his station and at least part of another.

Marvin Wells, director of plant operations, said "it's an administrative decision. They have taken some money from the custodial budget and used it elsewhere."

Wells said in order to replace the lost positions, Plant Operations is hiring temporary help, work-study students, and CETA employees.

"These replacements are the only thing that is keeping our head above water," he said. "Under the guidelines we have to work with, we're doing the best we can."

Doris Lee, presidential designee for grievance matters, cites a 15-20 percent rate absenteeism among custodians as a cause for doubling up.

Dudley said, "We have to double up

times they kill each other and nobody wins. It really gets brutal."

Two fighters are dropped into the ant farm. They eye each other for only an instant before they charge. Their jaws lock into a death grip and they stay that way for a while, testing strength, while the men grovel forward for a better view of the action.

Although none of the men knows the origins of ant fighting, some of them say the practice is widespread.

"These 'Frisco ants ain't so much," says an old fellow from the back. "The best fighting ants come from the Southwest, from the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico."

Some of the ant handlers have even devised training programs for their

Continued on Page 9, Column 6

In this week's CENTERFOLD: A day at the races



Phoenix: in Harmes' way

Jacquie Harmes, a 21-year-old senior, will be the fall 1978 *Phoenix* managing editor.

Harmes was selected from five applicants by the Journalism Department publication committee May 1.

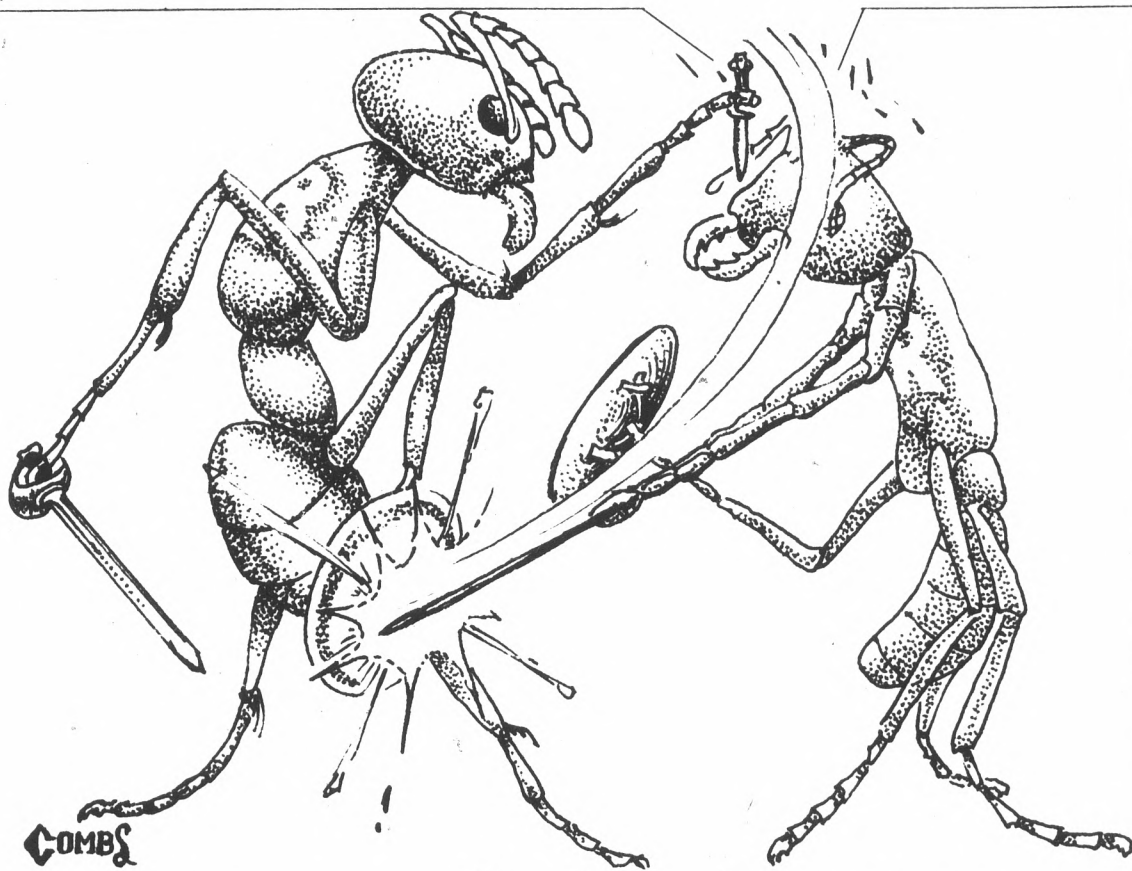
She joined the *Phoenix* staff in the fall of 1977 and has served as a news reporter and editor of Backwords, a special feature page.

Harmes writes freelance for the *Daly City Record* and *San Bruno Enterprise Journal*.

"My goal is to make *Phoenix* work like a professional metropolitan paper," she said. "That may take a lot of nagging."



Jacquie Harmes, the new boss.



Ants grapple for city crown

by L.A. Craig

It's an entomological fact that ants are terrific fighters — their strength, endurance and courage is unparalleled in the animal kingdom.

What you may not know is that some of the rowdy little creatures have turned professional.

The insects are brought to North Beach by their handlers — old Italian men, mostly — to compete in the prize ring.

In the wee hours, when the neon glare has subsided and the dancers have hung their pasties up for the night, the men gather in dark, dead-end alleys to watch the matches by lamplight and make bets.

But there is no scent of roses for the winners and no cheers of encour-

agement from the crowd. Instead, a combined odor of cheap cigar smoke and stale perspiration pervades the gloom and the spectators remain quiet so their fun can't be detected by a passing prowler.

"Sure, technically this is illegal," says one old man. "But who's it hurting? It's just something to kill time. We never bet much. Two-bits, ten-bucks. Not much."

The combatants (combat-ants) are placed in a clear plastic ant farm which is set on a garbage can for better viewing.

"Ants from different colonies are natural enemies," the old man says. "Just put them together and they go at it right away. They love it."

"Sometimes they go on for hours before one finally wins. And some-

Round-up of this semester's top stories

AS leaders

Drastic changes in AS policy and personnel took place in the spring, 1978, semester.

Students for Change was replaced in office by the Concerned About Representing Everyone (CARE) slate.

The eight-month budget freeze, which began when SF State President Paul F. Romberg refused to sign an AS budget that cut IR funds, finally thawed in March. The new budget gave \$250,000 to IR activities such as intercollegiate sports, the model United Nations, certain creative arts programs and ethnic studies programs and literary magazines.

For these programs students will pay \$4.65 in fees in addition to the \$10 they now pay to support student government. A special four-member committee will disperse these funds independently of the AS.

AS President Wayne Lukaris pledged to make student government more responsive to the needs of a larger number of students. He combined the Women's Center, EROS, Legal Referral and Peer Counseling into one AS program called the Program Action Center (PAC). The women protested the move saying Lukaris did not consult them on the matter and that they needed space for a drop-in center. Lukaris relented after the women demonstrated that there was enough student interest in the center to warrant the space and funds.

The Student Union Governing Board killed a plan to convert other AS organization offices into service businesses such as a bank, a sauna and a barber shop, after protests by some organizations.

Schools

Little or nothing has been done at SF State to solve the problems of alleged university neglect of the School of Ethnic Studies, classroom overcrowding in several departments, and dissent within the Physics Department.

Administrators and faculty in the School of Ethnic Studies last month claimed SF State's long-range plans do not include ethnic education.

Several key campus committees, including the General Education Council and the Academic Planning Group, are without Ethnic Studies representation, *Phoenix* reported on April 27. Administrators have stated

that Ethnic Studies was not purposely left off the committees.

Danilo Begonia, dean of the School of Ethnic Studies, and instructors in the school also complained about "sub-standard" offices and a shortage of faculty office space.

Begonia said he and other deans recently met with top administrators to discuss the possibility of moving some offices, including those of all Ethnic Studies chairpersons and faculty now in the BSS Building to the Old Science Building.

"We haven't been promised anything, but it is possible we will be in Old Science with more space by 1981," Begonia said.

"Feig (Konilyn Feig, vice president of administrative affairs), is sympathetic to our interest in getting more space in Old Science," he said.

In April, *Phoenix* discovered that more than 1,500 students are currently enrolled in classes which violate state health and safety regulations and room capacity standards designed by the university. Twenty-seven classes in eight departments and five buildings exceed room capacities by an average of 19 students.

Benjamin Baptiste, SF State environmental health and safety officer, said something must be done to relieve the problem before next fall. Enforcement of classroom occupancy standards, he said, is the responsibility of Academic Planner J. Bradford Pringle.

"The only way to stop it is to have Pringle's office declare that only 49 students (the legal limit for classrooms with one exit door) be permitted in classes."

But Pringle said, "What would you like me to do, take the students out and shoot them?"

"If the deans don't want to do anything about it, there's really nothing I can do about it," he said.

Anthony J. Ferrante, an official with the California fire marshal's office, said action will be taken to correct the problem if he receives a signed complaint. So far, neither SF State officials nor students have made formal complaints, Ferrante said.

An external review committee last week told Gerald A. Fisher, chairman of the Physics Department, that his department is "severely understaffed." This confirmed reports by students, faculty and Fisher himself that the department needs additional instructors.

A group of angry physics seniors met in early March with James C.

Kelley, dean of the School of Sciences, to request that the school hire additional instructors and offer more upper division courses.

The students claimed that a shortage of department funds hinders curriculum and research programs.

Fisher acknowledged that the department is understaffed and requested in his budget proposal that additional instructors be hired.

"The dean said that if the school is allocated additional faculty positions, we (physics) are high on the priority list," Fisher said this week.

Physics is one of 13 SF State departments undergoing review this semester. Professors from San Jose State and Stanford University are examining the Physics Department here.

According to Fisher, the reviewers "were struck by a lack of sufficient faculty in the department."

Dorm food investigation

Professional Food-Service Management (PFM), operators of the SF State Dining Center, revealed fourteen health code violations after an inspection March 1 by the San Francisco Department of Public Health.

An ensuing *Phoenix* investigation showed a history of student employees working while sick, insect infestation, massive theft of utensils by dorm students, and student employees receiving free food.

The findings spurred the campus administration to launch its own investigation of the Dining Center.

The review committee determined that the substitution policy was the reason PFM's workers chose to work while sick and told the company to review its procedures.

The Dining Center conforms to the health code and the committee will reconvene in June to check the progress of PFM in revising its substitution policy.

A further investigation was made by *Phoenix* of other college dining areas that had contracts with PFM. It was discovered that PFM had lost accounts at Cal State Sonoma, Pepperdine, UC Santa Barbara, and Monterey Peninsula.

The reasons for losing the accounts ranged from charges of racism to unsanitary conditions and the inability to produce a profit. Five campuses

reported that they were satisfied with PFM's performance. Cal State Fullerton reported confusion due to different posted prices for the same food items.

In Novato, an Indian Valley College administrator told of increasing student dissatisfaction with PFM, raising the possibility of canceling the contract.

Bob Lisberger, PFM's Dining Center manager, and Sandra Weeks, assistant manager, both resigned from their positions a month after the health department inspection.

Police beat

Former SF State student and library guard Floyd McCoy was convicted on Jan. 19 on charges of false imprisonment and simple assault. The complaint, filed by a local prostitute, alleged that McCoy had detained her and threatened her with a gun. He was sentenced to one year in county jail on April 26.

By February, five months after the library murder of student Jenny Chang, the campus Safety Commission had yet to meet. Renamed the Safety Council, the advisory group has been meeting approximately every other week to improve SF State's security program.

On Feb. 9 *Phoenix* reported lax enforcement of safety rules on campus. Among the problems cited were: too many keys to buildings, inadequate lighting, damaged elevator telephones and poor Muni service.

The beginning of March saw the resignations of three campus police officers. By the end of the month another officer had quit. The force, which has an authorized strength of 15, was down to nine officers.

That week Jon Schorle became SF State's police chief.

When the U.S. Border Patrol attempted to recruit on campus March 10, members of the La Raza Organization demonstrated opposition to "exploitation of undocumented workers." The recruiter left quickly.

Blaming budget problems, the University police cut student-assistant parking patrols the week of March 6.

All the Patrol students were back at work within two weeks except for the student that originally brought the matter to the attention of *Phoenix*.

Five fires were lit in Verducci Hall within two weeks in April. Since then at least two other fires have been reported. Although one suspect was arrested, the fires continue.

It was learned recently that a

campus police officer was disciplined for unauthorized use of a handgun. While pursuing a suspect on Feb. 16, Isabella McKeever drew the weapon and fired a warning shot, contrary to university policy.

Scholarship

Applications for the first four Jenny Low Chang memorial scholarships will be available on campus through May 31. The scholarships range from \$100 to \$200.

Chang, who was an SF State honor student, was found murdered in the fourth floor faculty reading room of the Library last Sept. 12. She was 19. The case has not been solved.

"We have enough to make it this year," said Pearl Yee, an SF State student and Chang's friend.

Yee and the Chang Scholarship Committee submitted a request for "at least \$10,000" to the AS Finance Committee last week. Susan Soderbergh, said, "We're still not through with it (the proposal). I'm not sure when the legislature will see it. It will be in the first reading of next year's budget."

Applications are available at: the Financial Aid office; School of Science and Biology Department offices; Women's Studies and Asian-American Studies offices; and the Frederic Burk Foundation office.

At the top

Selection of committee members has begun in the search for replacements for Provost Donald L. Garrity, Humanities Dean Leo V. Young, and Continuing Education Dean Shepard A. Insel. All three resigned this semester.

Garrity is leaving to assume the presidency of Central Washington University in Ellensburg. As chief academic officer he has overseen all matters relating to the university's academic programs since 1966.

Young will continue at SF State as a professor of journalism. He was appointed dean of the school in 1970 and he will leave that office in January, 1979.

Insel resigned to resume his teaching duties in the Psychology Department. His resignation will become effective on Sept. 1, 1978.

The Academic Senate proposed to President Paul F. Romberg that the search committee for the position of provost include four members of the faculty and four people appointed by

the president. Romberg is expected to agree with this proposal, according to high officials of the Senate.

The committee to select the new humanities dean will be composed of seven humanities faculty members elected by the humanities faculty, and one member chosen from outside the school by Romberg.

No selection process has been decided upon to replace the dean of continuing education.

The finals schedule

May 18 to 25 will be final examination week this semester. Final examination times depend on the class time and day.

Listed below are class times, followed by times of exams.

* 8:10 M-W-F: final exam on Wednesday, May 24; 8:10-30.

* 8:10 T-Th: Tuesday, May 23; 8:10-30.

* 9:10 M-W-F: Monday, May 22; 8:10-30.

* 9:10 T-Th: 9:35 T-Th: Thursday, May 18; 8:10-30.

* 10:10 M-W-F: Friday, May 19; 8:10-30.

* 10:10 T-Th: Thursday, May 25; 8:10-30.

* 11:10 M-W-F: Thursday, May 18; 10:45-1:15.

* 11:10 T-Th: 11:00 T-Th: Tuesday, May 23; 10:45-1:15.

* 12:10 M-W-F: Thursday, May 25; 10:45-1:15.

* 12:10 T-Th: 12:35 T-Th: Friday, May 19; 10:45-1:15.

* 1:10 M-W-F: Wednesday, May 24; 1:30-4.

* 1:10 T-Th: Thursday, May 25; 1:30-4.

* 2:10 M-W-F: Tuesday, May 23; 1:30-4.

* 2:10 T-Th: Thursday, May 18; 1:30-4.

* 3:10 M-W-F: Friday, May 19; 1:30-4.

* 3:10 T-Th: 3:35 T-Th: Monday, May 22; 10:45-1:15.


* 4:10 M-W-F: Monday, May 22; 1:30-4.

* 4:10 T-Th: Wednesday, May 24; 1:30-4.

Classes meeting daily will hold finals at the same time as the M-W-F class meeting.

Late afternoon and evening classes will hold finals on the regularly scheduled meeting day.

Saturday classes will hold finals by arrangement with the instructor.



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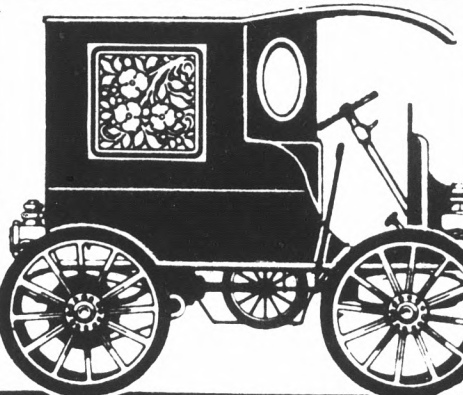
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INSIGHT

Briggs initiative faces tough fight in San Francisco

by Gary Johanson

"San Francisco's a beautiful city, but it's a moral cesspool," said the voice on the phone from Senator John Briggs' office in Fullerton.

San Franciscans are assembling into a broad-based coalition which views the Briggs initiative as part of a major attack on civil liberties.

The most visible component, the Bay Area Coalition Against the Briggs Initiative (BACABI), has begun a highly-charged campaign of debates, speak-outs, rallies, and marches.

The Briggs initiative, which is not yet on the ballot, would prohibit the hiring and require the dismissal of any teacher or public school employee in California who engaged in "soliciting, advocating, imposing, encouraging, or promoting of private or public homosexual acts."

According to BACABI, this means any school worker — heterosexual or homosexual — could be fired for supporting gay rights.

Cleve Jones, an SF State student and BACABI organizer, said, "Teachers would be reluctant to come out and discuss sexuality. The Briggs initiative could be used against any teacher who speaks out in support of gay rights. Briggs also opens up the possibility of students blackmailing teachers."

The initiative, as it is now worded, would not directly

affect college teachers, according to Jones. "But it would create a dangerous precedent. It could set off a chain of events barring gay people from all sorts of institutions," Jones said.

"The closest analogy to this campaign is the anti-war movement," said Ann Menasche, a lawyer in the Haight-Ashbury district. "The largest percentage of activists will be in the gay movement, but we're drawing in support wherever we can."

James Brosnahan, former president of the San Francisco Bar Association, wrote, "If you trace the historical antecedents of the Briggs initiative far enough, you will find such statutes as Cromwell's penal laws, which applied in Ireland in 1703 and provided that no Catholic could be a lawyer. The Briggs initiative is a vicious, hateful, proposal."

Sally Gearhart, an SF State professor and a member of BACABI, compared the Briggs initiative to Nazi Germany. "Hitler started with the gypsies and gays and moved on to the Jews. Senator Briggs is a political opportunist who's misleading a lot of hardworking, good-meaning people by preying on fear and prejudice. The only thing we can do now is to make the gay population very visible, and to show the people signing the petitions that we are not all drag queens or bike dikes — although we are those things too," she said.

Stanley M. Smith, president of the San Francisco Building



Photo by Walt Weiss

and Construction Trades Council, a BACABI supporter, said, "Regardless of the way I live my life, I agree that taking away anyone's or any group's rights is wrong. When someone has their rights taken away, everyone loses."

BACABI held a press conference Tuesday morning in San Francisco City Hall, and later staged a night rally and demonstration, that started at 18th and Castro and proceeded to City Hall.

Endorsers and speakers at the rally include Mayor George Moscone, Assemblyman Art Agnos, and a Catholic monsignor.

"We feel it's a matter of rights and of justice," said Monsignor Flynn, chairperson of the Commission on Social Justice for

the Catholic Archdiocese of San Francisco. "In 1976, the National Conference of Catholic Bishops condemned homosexual activity as immoral, but at the same time said homosexuals have rights and should not be discriminated against on the basis of hiring, housing, and so on."

Flynn said all Catholics are not in agreement on this point, noting the activist role played by the Archbishop of Miami in helping to defeat the Dade County Gay Rights Ordinance. This adds to the significance of BACABI's "media blitz" strategy.

Menasche said, "BACABI is composed of people who agree that the people in Miami failed to confront the anti-gay myths, and didn't organize meetings, rallies, distribute literature, and

in summary, run a really heavy-duty campaign."

Menasche traced BACABI's roots back to the June 7, 1977, repeal of Miami's anti-discrimination ordinance. The mostly-gay Coalition of Human Rights was formed in San Francisco. Menasche credits the coalition with "turning the carnival atmosphere of the June 26, 1977, Gay Freedom Day Parade into something which was politically serious."

Last fall, at a meeting attended by about 200 people, the coalition set up an anti-Briggs task force, the beginning of BACABI. At the same time, organizing was going on in other parts of the state. A lawsuit challenging the wording of Briggs' first initiative kept that measure off June's ballot, buying

more time for anti-Briggs forces.

In December the California Conference to Defeat the Briggs Initiative decided to go to the public with statewide speak-outs. BACABI's current spate of speak-outs and public demonstrations is a result of this decision to confront Briggs' allegations and abandon the low profile.

Flynn said gays and their supporters might be able to turn the Briggs initiative into a political victory.

"The gay community should use this campaign as an opportunity to get rid of a lot of the myths surrounding gays," he said. "Gays are just as varied as any other group in the community, and a child molester who is homosexual is just as much of an oddity as a child molester who is heterosexual."

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Feig -- 'a fierce commitment'

Continued from Page 1

going to understand — I think it's real arrogance for *Phoenix* to pick on those faculty, because those are faculty who didn't have a salary raise.

Californians believe they have it tough. Well that state (Maine) didn't give the faculty raises for three years and before that we're talking about one and two and three percent. That's a state that canceled travel years ago. That's a state that doesn't make any kind of a solid contribution to education for its students or its faculty, and the faculty has been ridiculed and ridiculed and ridiculed in the East, and I'm not going into that because I think there are strong reasons.

It's no accident that faculty in the East have been involved in unions for years and years; it's no accident that the West is behind, because the conditions of education in those schools are terrible. And that faculty has been ridiculed, or parts of it have been ridiculed, and I'm not going to get into it.

You see, public education doesn't count for much in the state of Maine. The emphasis is on private education... and the trouble is that the governor and the legislature and the rich people in Maine send their kids to the private schools and somehow or other that's supposed to be good enough.

You know, I think, I should think, that the state of Maine has one of the lowest percentages of students going from high school to college. It's just an incredible situation because most students — well, I think they're remarkable and I've taught at colleges where people are highly selective with the student body. I have a great compassion for that Maine student, which is the greatest number of Maine students but the great unwashed, in the sense that a good many people don't believe that it's worth spending any money on them.

I went there out of a fierce commitment and that fierce commitment hasn't changed, but the state is in great disorder. It has no money and it doesn't give any money and you have some very dedicated faculty, very dedicated faculty, with some exceptions — with some very strong exceptions.

You have some faculty, I grant you, that when you talk about putting in an ethnic studies program, really react strongly. You have some faculty, when you talk about new kinds of programs for students... such as computer science, health-related programs, social welfare programs that have some importance for students and have some meaning — that would not understand.

You also have some faculty who do not have a basic belief in the liberal arts, such as the classics, philosophy,

language. But I wonder if it's all that much different than anywhere else. Remember that the East is steeped in certain kinds of traditionalism, which may at times give it a certain kind of arrogance.

Q: Arrogance in what fashion?

A: I think that arrogance has a good deal to do with private education and the whole syndrome of 'the good student.' I can tell you this much, that I'm in public education for a very good reason and I will never, ever, be in private education.

Q: Regarding the lack of funding for schools in Maine — why would these five faculty be after you for the state's problems?

A: Wait a minute — we're back to the five faculty? Oh, I'm not saying that five faculty were after me. Five faculty were after everyone. I never said they were after me.

Q: I thought that's the way it connected.

A: What do you mean? I would be sure that there would be a number of faculty with whom I had strong disagreements — I would hope so. I would think that would be true of every single person in every single situation. I'm not saying that it was some sort of personal whatever. Five faculty have the right to do whatever they want to do. So five faculty were not happy.

Q: Three out of five.

A: Yes, so three faculty were not

happy with some of my decisions; that's their right. I can't focus on that. I'm not denigrating it; I'm saying that I would think that would happen a lot — in fact it did — it doesn't matter who it is. I'm saying that some of them have been ridiculed for that and I'm not in the business of ridiculing them for it. I'm saying that there are rooted reasons and I'm not interested in you picking on them or in myself picking on them.

Former evaluation committee member Rolfe responded, "The majority of the faculty felt that she just wasn't doing the job she should have been doing and I can only repeat that it was the recommendation of the evaluation committee to the president that she not be continued."

"I don't really feel that she should be in a position of authority," he added. "I'm not questioning her intelligence. I'm not questioning her knowledge in her own discipline, her chosen area, but I am questioning her ability as an administrator."

William Tobias, associate editor of the *University Free Press*, the University of Maine's campus newspaper, said of the evaluation committee, "One or two denounced it, but it was by no means an overwhelming opinion that it was a bad or a prejudiced committee. I would not say that it was widely accepted that the committee was

poorly made up."

According to the *Free Press*, Feig announced her resignation as dean on Oct. 12, 1976, effective Aug. 31, 1977. She said at the time that she had informed the university president of her decision in March, 1976 — four months before the evaluation committee issued its report.

Q: In the course of this story I've done quite a bit of research into your background and it seems that you resigned your post at the University of Maine in March, 1976 — this is according to the campus paper.

A: March '76 — what year is this?

Q: What year is — now?

A: '78, right?

Q: '78, yes — and that your resignation was effective as of Aug. 31, 1977 — a fifteen-month gap. Could you comment on this?

A: What do you mean?

Q: (question repeated)

A: I resigned in March as of August, '77, yes.

Q: That's rather a long gap.

A: Oh, I don't think so. Why?

Q: Fifteen month's notice is quite


a bit for almost any job, I would imagine. You knew your plans that much in advance?

A: I certainly did. I realize how some people wait until the last minute... It depends how touchy your situation is; it depends what job you have; it depends how hard it is for them to do things.

I'm not trying to say that — we've had a number of resignations lately around here — and I'm not trying to say that those people should have — I don't want you to get it mixed up with I think they should have given the university a year's notice, okay? But I think that if you know you have a responsibility, so if I knew that I was going to leave I would always do that. I think that would certainly be helpful to us. I'm not saying that people who don't do it are stinkers or anything. I don't think the people from here knew they were going to.

I knew that I had no intention of staying in Maine; that I had already stayed longer than I had promised the


Continued on Page 5, Column 1



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From Maine to SF State

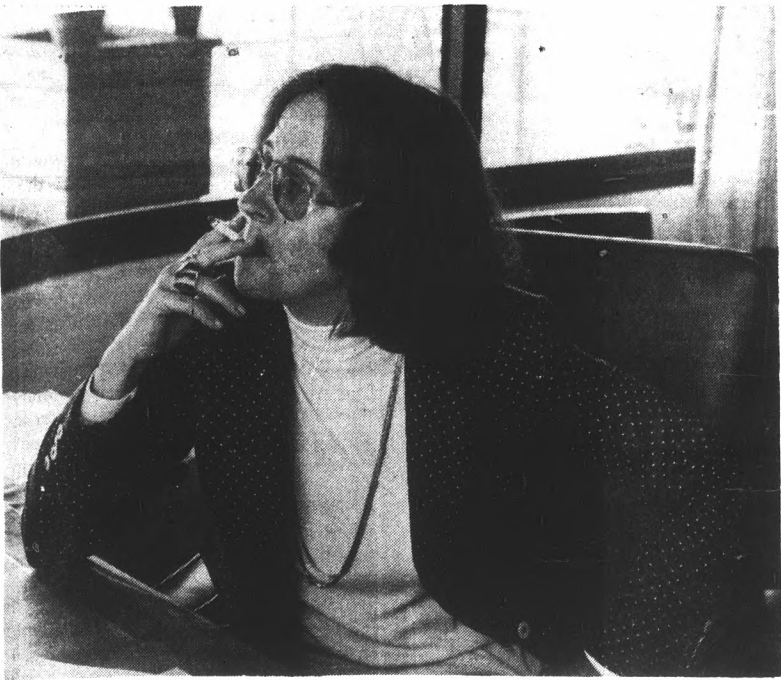


Photo by Lynn Carey

need to defend myself against a faculty member at the University of Maine and I'm not going to say anything negative about that person under any circumstances.

Q: Well, it does address itself to credentials and abilities.

A: Wait a minute; are you addressing yourself to credentials? I would be very, very careful if I were you.

Q: Okay, next question. This is William Slavick, English Department chairman for part of your stay in Maine, saying he 'informed the president that (you) didn't have the teaching experience to be dean and remain in office. He ignored the complaint.' Would you comment on that?

A: No.

Q: That's a specific charge actually. What he is saying is that you did not meet the qualifications required at the University of Maine.

A: That is not what he's saying.

Q: Isn't it? He 'informed the president that (you) didn't have the teaching experience to be dean and remain in office.' It certainly sounds like what he's saying.

A: If you're trying to pit me against Mr. Slavick I'm not going to be pitted.

Q: No, I'm just trying to do a story. I'm not trying to create anything personal out of it. I'm addressing myself to qualifications now.

A: Qualifications?

Q: Qualifications, yes, for administrative positions in higher education. I think that was the question within that particular statement.

A: Well, you'll have to decide that for yourself. Which is what you intend to do anyhow.

Q: Well, I intend to examine the evidence.

A: The what? ... I guess I didn't understand what the point of this interview was.

Q: Well, it is an examination of you; it's a personality profile, which means going into background, abilities, personality — it's a pretty broad-gauge type of story. Now, as to this, that's the charge. I certainly think you should have the opportunity to defend

yourself, on that charge, or at least to respond to it.

A: I have nothing to say.

Feig's tenure at SF State has not aroused open conflict, but several high and well-established members of the campus community expressed a sense of unease.

"There's a reign of terror over there at the Administration Building," said one. "I really don't know what she's up to."

"She's already gone through a dozen secretaries," claimed another.

A third said, "That lady sure could afford to learn something about people."

Feig's interest in a 'cataclysmic event'

Continued from Page 4

president I would and I was not going to stay any longer in the East or in Maine, except to write.

That was one of my plans, for I had reached a point where I had a number of things in the hopper. I had hoped that my brothers would be out of college by then and that I would therefore be able to take that year. See, I became a university administrator at age 21 and I've never had more than six weeks in my life — or eight weeks — so I was going to take my year before I was too old to do it. And I thought by then I wouldn't have any more responsibilities and that I would be able to take my year and write.

I'm the oldest of seven and I have some remarkable brothers. One of them happened to get himself into one of the finest graduate schools in fine arts in the country, and so that didn't exactly pan out. I had promised myself I would do it a year before I said that, only the university was in sad shape and it would have been walking away. I just felt a moral responsibility to hang on and try to help, but my dream and my plan was just to write. That may sound a bit naive to you, but that's what I enjoy doing the most.

Q: Haig Najarian, professor and former chairman of the Biology Department during part of your term in Maine said — and this is a quote that he gave for publication — 'She fooled people for a long time regarding her credentials, experience, ability to handle people and knowledge of programs in arts and sciences.' This is a fairly serious charge; could you comment on it?

A: Did he just make that charge?

Q: He did make that statement.

A: When?

Q: Two or three days ago.

A: Oh, he made that statement to you directly? I'm not going to respond to that. Don't you want to talk about SF State?

Q: We will get there.

A: Well, we're running out of time.

Q: Again Najarian: 'But in her function as dean she was miscast; she didn't have the ability, she didn't have the experience and I'm absolutely amazed that she lasted five years.' Would you address yourself to that one?

A: No. I'm not going into print with statements against another person.

Q: Even in defense of ...

A: I have no defense. You have an interesting bent toward things. I don't

The Holocaust — Nazi Germany's attempt to exterminate Europe's Jewish population — has been an area of concern to Konnilyn Feig for 18 years. Researching a currently unpublished book titled, *The Sanity of Madness: Hitler's Concentration Camps, 1935-1977*, she has visited many of the concentration camps of Europe. She has also lectured extensively and taught classes on the subject. Feig is scheduled to teach a class on the Holocaust at SF State during the fall, 1978, semester.

Q: What sparked your interest in this area?

A: I don't usually talk about this — I do talk about it, I lecture about it, but not in five or ten minutes.

What we're talking about is actually desecrating the spirit, I think, of individuals — nine, eight to seven million of them. Elie Wiesel wrote in the *New York Times* — I think it was about three weeks ago when the *Holocaust* movie was about to be shown — he said, and he's always said, that we must be silent. Of course, then he goes and writes about it, but his point is a terribly important one.

I didn't write anything for the first

15 years because it's such an enormous happening that there really isn't any way to paint it with words. It's a very difficult thing to do without somehow taking away or making it commercial.

Q: I understand there is a great ignorance among students about the happenings of that period.

A: Oh, I would think so. I think I was one of the first to teach it (the Holocaust) in a non-Jewish university.

Q: At the University of Maine?

A: Yes, I think it was the first Holocaust course — that's what I'm told — in a non-New York City and non-Jewish university.

I've been teaching it for years now — and learning. The contract has to be that everyone is learning together, including the professor, because it's not something for which there are answers.

Yes, I suppose I know factually what there is to know, but that is really only the beginning, because the Holocaust raises major questions about life. It was such a cataclysmic event.

The trouble that students have in thinking about this is that we're used to mass killing now — we're just bloody used to it. It's no big deal. We

know that whenever we want to kill a large group of people we can always drop a bomb — that's no sweat. We would never have to go back and do the other thing.

There are so many things we can do as a world that the idea of a lot of people dying rather than deaths *en masse* is really something we're used to, but where we have trouble with students particularly is remembering that in 1945 or 1944 that wasn't true. It stunned us.

Keep in mind also that historians up until that time usually wrote in terms of the grand idea of Progress — i.e., that every day in every way, very slowly, man was getting better and better. I know it's hard to understand because we no longer believe that, I don't think. But what it's hard for students to understand is that was really the world belief for some 1,500 years, at least at the gut level.

People believed in progress; that with a little bit more civilization and a little more effort we'll learn to treat each other better as human beings. And — wham-o! — along came Nazi Germany, considered to be the most civilized nation in the world at that

time, and it participated in one of the most unique events in human history.

What we did then, afterwards — historians couldn't handle the subject — we decided that the easiest thing to do would be to say that it was because Hitler was insane, and a madman and a few insane SS henchmen annihilated the Jews of Europe. It made us comfortable, it made them comfortable, it made everybody comfortable, but obviously that isn't what happened.

And so, it wasn't until the last eight years — six, seven years — that we've been able to break through that and really raise the kinds of questions that are important.

I think it's encouraging that individuals will grapple with this thing, but it takes some courage for students — and non-students. It's very demanding, because you really are asking the kinds of questions that are dealing with all of life — and that's tough.

So I don't have a thing about students being uninformed. Students are really trying in many instances to understand. I don't know about the West, but certainly in the East it's a constant subject with serious-minded people.

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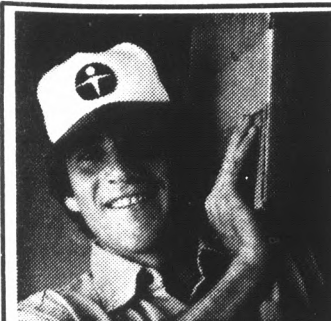
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Safety Council's slow pace Fe

by David Peterson

SF State's safety committee has yet to bring about major improvements in campus security, according to the group's chairman.

Since its initial Feb. 14 meeting, the Public Safety Council has entertained a wide variety of proposals for a more secure campus. Although improvements in campus lighting and police services have been noted, Chairman Don L. Finlayson said that the major impact of the safety program has yet to be felt.

"Like any committee, it has taken a while to form," he said. "But we're over that now, and even though it may take some time for the effects to be felt, we're in production and into the project business now."

Among the more intriguing proposals before the council is a self-defense program for handicapped people. The Handicapped Service Center lists 350 individuals at SF State who identify themselves as handicapped. But the center admits this figure is misleading because it does not include people who either don't make use of the center's services or prefer not to be categorized as handicapped.

One such class would be taught by Berkeley resident Laurie Ann Lepoff. Especially designed for people who are blind, confined to wheelchairs or encumbered by crutches or canes, Lepoff's classes emphasize not only physical but the emotional aspects of self-defense.

"Disabled people don't need to stay at home because they fear being attacked or molested on the street," said Lepoff. "By being able to defend themselves, handicapped people can gain confidence in dealing with the world in general."

If accepted by the council, the self-defense classes would begin in the fall semester.

After hearing campus police Sergeant Fred Andrews' March 3 report on UC Medical Center's use of television camera security coverage, the council formed a subcommittee to explore monitoring systems.

Acting on the subcommittee's report, Finlayson authorized a pilot program for a campus "Eye in the Sky" on March 31. Since lack of funds is a block to the program, subcommittee member Quinn Millar is exploring the possibility of state or federal funding for the camera.

"This is going to be a long-term project," said Finlayson. "Right now we're doing our homework to find what system will be best and how

much it will cost. The technicians tell us that TV monitoring is a relatively inexpensive process, but when you're talking eight or ten thousand dollars per location... well, that's a lot of money to me."

While the system would be put into use as soon as possible, a target date cannot be set until funds are available, Finlayson added.

Other proposals before the council include the production of a brief student security orientation film and a credit/no credit class to provide evening escort services.

The dorm volunteer escort service begun last semester has proved to be unsuccessful. In a list of proposals before the April 14 meeting, the volunteer program was admitted to be

a "complete failure, due to lack of interest on the part of the volunteers."

In an effort to add incentive to the program, students would receive one hour of credit by being available two hours a week for escort service. Equipped with flashlights and whistles, the students would walk in pairs and accept escort requests through the campus police.

Working closely with the AS, the council has managed to extend campus bus service. Due largely to AS member Denise Magee's negotiations with Muni, bus line 17 now stops at Mary Ward Hall and Line 70 stops at the dorm complex. As of June 1, bus line 28 will run to the 19th and Holloway intersection.

The buses are scheduled to run every 24 minutes until 8 p.m. and then

every 45 minutes until midnight.

Singled out as a particular sore point in the safety program was the SF State disaster plan. Speaking at the March 3 meeting, Orrin F. DeLand, institutional planning director, said that although the campus disaster plan is a good one, the university has not provided equipment and training drills. He added that since service departments have not submitted required supplemental plans, application of the general plan would be difficult.

"Right now," said Finlayson, "an earthquake would destroy us. We'd all do our damndest to operate, but it would be a shambles. We don't have the equipment and we don't have the trained teams. Although there is a general disaster plan, it all has to be made workable."

'We're not super-cops'

by David Peterson

"I think it's awfully easy to be criticized for not doing enough, quickly enough," said Don L. Finlayson, chairman of SF State's Public Safety Council. "Many people think that once a committee or commission is formed, they just have to snap their fingers and things magically get done."

"Well, I'm here to tell you that is just doesn't happen that way here, or anywhere else."

Formed as an advisory body to Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, the council's purpose is to research and recommend actions for the campus public safety program.

"This council is not going to be the glamour job of the campus," said Finlayson. "We're not super-cops and our job is not to supercede what the police do. Our major concern is to make sure that somebody's in charge of the whole field of public safety."

"Our function is broader than police work. We cover fire, civil disturbance, bomb threats, earthquakes and disasters of any sort. And one of the major things we've accomplished so far is to provide a place to come (to get action)."

Finlayson said that in addition to providing an overview of strengths and weaknesses in the public safety area, the council also streamlines and simplifies adoption of new programs.

"The public should know that this is the place to come if they have a

concern," said Finlayson. "People are scared, people are frightened, people want to do things and we can respond to those requests for help."

"Like if the Women's Center wants to form an escort service, sure, they could do it alone, but it's a hell of a lot more efficient for them to come to one place where all the people they need to talk to are sitting around one table. We cannot only encourage them but we can get the lines of communication, open and clear the way for them."

"Instead of spending hours and days chasing people around, we can make an eight-stop process into a one-stop matter and, in so doing, get things working that much faster."

But the problem remains that as long as people are not serious about safety, the public will not be safe. In a letter to the campus community dated Dec. 8, 1977, Feig identified SF State safety problems as consisting basically of "mechanical/physical problems, and people problems."

The letter stated that "although complex and often overwhelming in detail, the mechanical/physical aspects seem to be the simplest to solve. People participation and education present far greater problems."

"What we're doing now is playing catch-up," said Finlayson. "We're still identifying dark areas, putting up new lighting and things like that. But once we get past the pick-up stage and the campus is physically safe, then we can be talking about people safe."

"A real deterrent is letting the criminal element out there know that you're aware. They know where the easy places are. Unprotected places where the people are not alert and don't give a damn."

Finlayson cited the university's program near the parking garage. Considering it a high-crime area, the administration increased patrols, added lighting and generally worked to increase public awareness of security measures, he said.

Finlayson said a key to the success of the program was the publicity *Phoenix* and other campus publications.

"Once the program became well known," he said, "crime in the area essentially died out."

"What's almost more important than additional lighting and all the physical improvements is simple awareness."

"We have to make it so that you're more aware and I'm more aware and we don't do dumb things. We can't leave purses laying around nor leave doors unlocked as an invitation to thieves. When someone hits the campus and is identified as maybe being not quite right, he'll go back and tell the rest of the guys that this isn't an easy place to rip-off and they'll just go someplace else for their purse snatching or whatever," he said.

"I guess what it comes down to is spreading the word that we have to watch each other and take care of each other."

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Konnilyn G. Feig, vice president of administrative affairs, said that once a committee or commission is formed, they just have to snap their fingers and things magically get done.

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Feig on safety: 'One death is too many'

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Konnilyn G. Feig: I would not say that because there was a murder (the murder of Jenny Chang in the Library last fall) that everything (campus safety policies) had already been a failure — I wouldn't know that.

Has the university made very, very steady progress. Yes. And I think the most important thing is, first of all, the (campus) community is involved, it's concerned — it's darned concerned. My quarrel, (with campus reporting on safety problems), as I recall it — and I only had one quarrel — was the difference between keeping everyone informed and raising hysteria.

Now, you've got to understand where I sit. I had a lot of parents and students concerned about it and that's about all I did for the first month and-a-half I was here — just hearing about their concerns — and I would see things from a different perspective than others might. I would always be concerned about raising the hysteria level, because I saw so much fear. Do I think this is a safer campus

than before the murder? See, the whole thesis was that because of the murder the campus was unsafe. Well, I can't comment on that because I don't know what was on the campus before. I never even knew the police chief.

It (the campus) has a record of safety. The trouble is that one death is too many. You read safety reports and indeed it shows that, in terms of incidents, this campus is a relatively safe campus. But I still can't say that we aren't concerned because we had a death and that's one death too many.

Now, do I think this campus has improved — sure, of course it has. The involvement of individuals is far higher — I guess there wasn't any before.

The Public Safety Commission has helped a great deal. We've had at least 800 suggestions. Most of them are teeny, but many of them are major and the Public Safety Commission has really done a good job.

Now the most important factor is getting the police department itself together and that, I think, is moving

right along with the appointment of Jon Schorle.

Q: There have been some personnel reductions?

A: I know, and he (Schorle) has been working night and day to rectify that. They've just finished interviewing a whole number of new officers. I hope he can have the problem taken care of in the next month.

I know the university has put a significant amount of money into the whole thing and I think that's gratifying. Money isn't going to do it all, but it's put a significant amount of money in. I had to take it from this little place and this little place and this little place, because the university doesn't have any (uncommitted) money.

I know the president has been very supportive, the academic area has been very supportive and I think we've made headway.

It's still going to depend in the end on the whole concept of crime prevention because, you see, 15 officers

cannot stop crime. So it's going to depend in great measure on the crime prevention steps taken by the (campus) community itself, and that usually means by individuals.

What we're trying to do, and what they're going to be doing in a stronger fashion next year is raise the awareness of this campus. For example, we've just finished a rape booklet. It's just

about ready for press. We're borrowing Berkeley's idea — in fact, most of their booklet — and changing it just to deal with making everything accurate.

We're never going to be able to insure safety, but we can certainly make sure that we've done our best in crime prevention.

The whole thing about public safety

is that it's all unnoticeable — it's a light-bulb here, it's a lamp over there, it's a telephone over here, it's a mailbox over there, it's a key project box over here, it's an alarm system over here, it's a door cut through a fence over there, it's the creation of another exit to something over here. These things add up — they're not very flashy, but they add up to a safer campus.

Janitors complain of overwork

Continued from Page 1

all the time. We can't get our work done because we also have to do someone else's. There's low morale among the men because they know they have to do twice as much work.

"Since we're understaffed we can't do the job as well as we should. It's the students and faculty who get hurt."

The custodians met twice with a committee consisting of Wells, Lee, and Orrin F. Deland, director of

institutional planning. They said both times nothing was accomplished.

"They couldn't answer any of our questions. It was like hitting our heads against a brick wall," Dudley said.

Wells said, "I thought we answered all their questions."

John F. Affolter, a staff person and assistant regional director of the California State Employees Association, said, "One of the problems is that the administration just looks at the custodians as bodies. They're not important to them."

"Nothing is going to change unless Assembly Bill 1091 passes," he said.

If passed, AB 1091 would give CSUC system employees the right of collective bargaining. Presently the janitor's only course of action is to meet with the administration or file a grievance with the university.

"Without collective bargaining we don't have any clout," Affolter said.

The custodial representatives said that they will carry the grievance all the way to President Paul F. Romberg who will make the final decision.

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OPINIONS

Vote until you get it right

Next week, SF State is going to have a constitutional convention to decide whether AS officials' terms of office should coincide with the terms of student leaders throughout the rest of the CSUC system. They don't now.

Passage of this amendment would extend terms of current AS officers for four months to bring things in line.

This news may come as a shock to the 481 students who voted last week in an election that was supposed to decide the same issue. Undoubtedly, those 481 students voted because they thought they had some kind of voice in the way the government is run around here. Or perhaps they believed they were part of the democratic process. It may have seemed to them that these politicians whom they "elected" would ask them to help settle one of the great controversies of our time.

Hah.

It was considerate of Wayne Lukaris and the rest of our student governors to give us a chance to show that we agreed with them. Perhaps if the AS had known the outcome of the election ahead of time, it would have bypassed that avenue of public opinion and gone straight to the constitutional convention.

Constitutional conventions sound like great things. However, despite its lofty, impressive title, our constitutional convention will be held in the gym. No founding fathers will be there. The convention is open to all students. After some people argue the amendment, pro and con, a vote is taken. The outcome becomes the law.

This means that if Wayne Lukaris brings a lot of his friends to the convention, the measure will pass. If amendment opponent Deacon Butterworth brings along more friends than Lukaris does, the re-proposed proposal will fail again.

Actually, invalidating an election and negating the will of the people is not an unprecedented act. The AS officials have a number of role models. Ferdinand Marcos, president and dictator of the Philippines is a good example. So is any leader of one of the half a hundred banana republics and military juntas on the map.

According to the AS, the convention is going to be held to "further educate the students." Last week, 23,519 out of 24,000 students decided they didn't need the education. The only thing the other 481 need to learn is that they shouldn't let themselves be fooled again.

If this upcoming constitutional convention fails to ram through the election amendment, the end will still not be in sight. The AS officials have announced their intentions of rewriting the AS constitution over the summer and they will probably find a way of extending their terms. If not, then they just aren't trying.

The whole idea of elected officials extending their terms in office is appalling. Such powers are normally only found in dictatorships, papal bulls and acts of God. How do you keep megalomaniacs from going crazy with our \$10 student activities fee?

Dissolve the AS.



by Eric Newton

THE FUTURE — who knows what it will bring? The threads of cause and effect are thin; the winds of chance persevering. Anything can happen.

Even this:

* March 19, 1979: SF State President Paul Frederic Romberg walks from his office, announces his appointment to the CSUC chancellorship, gets in his car and drives off.

Students celebrate, set bon fires in Verducci Hall. It burns down.

* Feb. 14, 1980: Chancellor Romberg pulls political strings and Konniyn G. Feig becomes SF State president. That night, students riot, the campus cops resign and the Dining Center is leveled.

The next week Feig finds three feet of ketchup on her new office floor.

* Oct. 31, 1981: Wayne Lukaris, former AS president, graduates, moves to Hobbs, New Mexico, runs for dog-catcher and wins.

It is an unusually wet day. The student health center collapses. Dr. Eugene Bossi treats patients through a *Phoenix* opinion page column.

* Jan. 1, 1985: Romberg, intrigued by the phenomenal college student drought, opens five new campuses, retires, gets in his car and drives away.

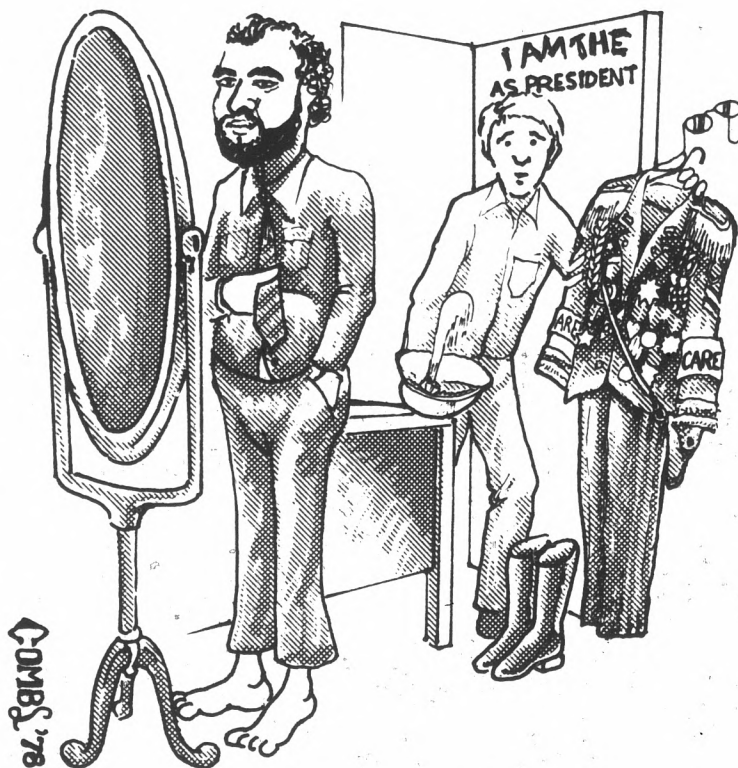
Davis-Briggs, son of Jarvis-Gann, passes. All property taxes are eliminated and all college campuses closed except SF State. President Feig says she is pleased with the increase in enrollment.

* May 5, 1990: The Student Union board, led by Deacon Butterworth, evicts political clubs from the building. A terrorist group takes over the Union, killing seven. With Butterworth as hostage, they demand office space in the Administration Building. The administration deliberates.

* May 5, 1991: The Old Administration building is razed and replaced by the Butterworth Memorial Bowling Alley.

* Nov. 2, 1993: Lukaris runs for Hobbs, New Mexico, mayor and wins, 12 to 10. Toni Stadman graduates after 22 years at State and celebrates by drinking what he thinks is a keg of dark beer. Keg of photocopy ink proves fatal but Stadman is used for an AS Xerox machine until 1995.

* Feb. 20, 1995: Romberg finished his memoirs, *How to Avoid Students on the College Campus*. He leaves the



"Excuse me, Your Excellency--your uniform is ready."

LETTERS

Race relations

We at the Malibu Grand Prix in Oakland, would like to extend our thanks to Ed Lit for the fantastic article ("Red, yellow and I didn't wait for green," April 20) on our track. The photographs were some of the best that have been published! In reading the article, I felt as if I were in the driver's seat.

I sincerely hope you will feel free to come in anytime and enjoy our establishment with us.

Scott Ingmanson
Manager, M.G.P. Oakland
P.S. If you would use only one-half to three-quarter throttle, then accelerate out of the turn (not using the brake), you would improve your time even more. Good luck and happy racing!

"...our only giant."

Robert Rubino's column on Wells Twombly was many things: restrained, sensitive, beautifully wrought. I was absorbed reading it and saddened because Rubino made me aware that this month marks an anniversary on the *Examiner*... the death of our only giant.

I was not one of Wells' friends; I doubt that anyone really was. As Rubino correctly points out, Wells was a man of gargantuan appetites, and these extended to his relations with people. They could be cruel. He had such incredible urgings inside him, highs, lows, a volatility...

But his talent! Oh how many of us on the *Examiner* admired it! And how we avidly read him each day, marveling at the poetry of his language and the awesomeness of his insights. I recall that he was the first to suggest that the REAL problem with the Giants was Horace Stoneham, the owner. Others on the *Examiner* rushed to quarrel with him; who remembers them now?

Rubino suggests that if he'd taken better care of himself, Wells Twombly would still be among the living today. But I submit that if he had, he would have been possibly only an ordinary man, safe, temperate, not soaring anywhere. Who can say? The giants in our profession cannot convey that information to us.

Norman Melnick
Examiner Staff

More food for thought

This is in response to the *Phoenix* article "Food for Thought," published April 20. The analogy of students who eat at the SF State residence hall Dining Center, a task that is mandatory at most university dining centers, to prisoners at Alcatraz is a good one. Like some of the prisoners at Alcatraz who caused trouble whether they were "well-fed" or not, some SF State dorm students cause thousands of dollars worth of damage to the Dining Center, needlessly make messes there, and refuse to clean up their own slop. Last year, for example, when I worked for PFM as a server and

clean-up person, several times I had to clean up after students who needlessly

went out of their way to make a mess; milk shakes turned upside down on the table, whole tables of un-bussed trays, catsup and sometimes complete dinners smeared over tables — all these were common.

Phoenix has said in regard to PFM, "Unfortunately, unlike the Rock, the food isn't good; the prices are too high, and the inmates aren't happy." I say the food is above average for any cafeteria situation.

The prices, given a 2.9 overall rating by students who rated PFM on a scale of one (poor) to 10 (excellent), are not set by PFM. I do not understand why PFM is getting all the complaints about high prices when the University through Don Finlayson, not PFM, controls the prices. And the "inmates" are not aware of the total situation. The "inmates" must be happy with the convenience of PFM's meal hours, job performance and staff courtesy because these two areas were given a 6.1 and 6.2 overall rating by dorm residents.

Students are not happy with food prices, 2.9 rating, but that's not PFM's fault. Nor are they happy when there are no silverware and trays but that's the student's fault who take these items out of the Dining Center. SF State's Dining Center is one of the few operations run by PFM in the U.S. that allows food to be taken out. The current contract now in effect at the D.C. has no limitations on food leaving the building. As a result, there is a shortage of all these D.C. items.

My floor in Mary Ward Hall is only one example of what happens to these items once they leave the D.C.: right now there are four trays, two bowls, a plate and three forks sitting in the janitor's closet of my floor. There are also two stacks of five trays each, six forks, three knives, three spoons, seven plates and two broken plates scattered in the stairwell of my floor.

Phoenix also said that because students aren't happy, they spurred investigations into the various problems of the Dining Center and its operating corporation. I say, however, that what this newspaper is doing can not be called an "investigation." An investigation covers the whole story, not just what the students want to read. Bob Severson, PFM's regional director for the Bay Area, has called the reporter "investigating" PFM seven times in the past week to discuss with him the full story — but the reporter refused to meet with him.

Since SF State is the only school PFM services on the scrip program (a program initiated by the University) and since SFSU's Dining Center has been so controversial this year, it would seem to me that the problem is not with PFM or the managerial staff but with the scrip system, the university's policies and/or the students.

As Andy LaRue, general food production manager for SF's PFM, said, "Many of our PFM managers in the 105 schools we service are aware of the special problems at SF State's Dining Center. Some have found it difficult to cope with the special problems." Therefore, I don't think it's the managers that are causing problems, but the policies and restrictions put upon these managers. How can the managers show "radical improvements" when they are not in control; when everything they do must be checked by the Housing Director, Don Finlayson?

It seems to me that if PFM is to be "investigated," that the students should be told the whole story. The

A curious liberationist

by Gene Zbkowski

Robert F. Williams is advertised as a "black libertarian fighter" in leaflets distributed by the Anti-Bakke Decision Coalition on campus.

He will speak this Saturday outside the San Francisco Federal Building at a rally to oppose the California Supreme Court's infamous Bakke decision. Those who hear him should know Williams is a curious sort of "liberation fighter."

In 1962, Williams fled North Carolina to avoid charges stemming from his civil rights activities. He went to Cuba, where antagonism developed between him and the Cuban leadership. It seems the Cubans insisted white workers were the natural allies of black people in the United States. Williams later said, "I openly disputed this. I had found that the whites in the South who helped us were the intelligentsia."

Williams left Cuba in 1965, visited the Democratic Republics of Vietnam and Korea, and settled down in China from 1966 to 1969. In September, 1969, he returned to the United States.

On December 4, 1969, Black Panther Fred Hampton was killed in a raid by Chicago police.

In early 1970, Panther chairman Bobby Seale faced trial as one of the New Haven 14.

At the same time, Huey P. Newton faced a retrial in the shooting of Oakland police officer John Frey.

In March, 1970, Williams testified in secret before both the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and U.S. intelligence agencies. Intelligence sources in Washington, D.C., were reported as saying the North Carolina charges against Williams were "dormant and going to stay dormant."

In May, 1970, two students were killed at Jackson State in Mississippi, and four at Kent State in Ohio.

On August 7, 1970, Jonathan Jackson died in a shootout at the San Rafael courthouse.

There is no cause and effect relation among these incidents. But maybe Williams will explain in his speech on Saturday why he sang to the system when everyone else was putting their life on the line.

Robert F. Williams is a curious sort of "liberation fighter."

story we're being told right now is full of half truths and we, the dorm residents, are innocently putting the blame on the wrong people. It's about time that the blame be put where the blame is due.

Merry Mooney
Student, Mary Ward Hall

Editor's note:
Reader Mooney is misinformed about *Phoenix* refusing to meet with Bob Severson. Severson was interviewed by reporter Rick Aschieris last month, and met with *Phoenix's* managing editor and faculty advisor in March — at which time he accused the paper of printing "trash and garbage." Other PFM officials have also been interviewed extensively.

Eternal unrest

After a visit to the Sutro Collection of Egyptian artifacts, I'd like to share my response with your readers.

I am not sure what the technical distinction is between ordinary grave robbers and tomb looters and their "respectable" cousins with PhDs in archeology after their names. These days and in this country, however, it is generally accepted that digging up human remains and looting ancient graveyards is a reprehensible activity. We still have no clear legal guidelines to prevent it, however, so stopping such bulldozer projects must usually be left to public demonstrations or sit-ins by descendants of the buried.

My friends tell me that putting mummies on display doesn't hurt them and that's one point of view. But the Egyptians would by no means have agreed. They believed that mummification guaranteed them a form of immortality and that having their remains disturbed or disinterred prevented their survival after death. Since we do not know any different, I should think a decent respect for others' beliefs in this case would motivate us to leave their bones where they were found, even if some of the valuables in their tombs might have archeological value. Quaint and old-fashioned as it might sound, those valuables belonged to someone else, and nobody today has any legitimate claim to them.

In short, I am shocked and horrified that this display of human remains and the precious possessions. Such a public display indelibly marks all of us as barbarians of the most degenerate sort, unfit to call ourselves civilized after nearly 4,000 years of "development."

Paul K.S. Hartley
Staff, Admissions and Records

PS: I was not expecting this reaction when I went to see the show. It took me quite by surprise.

Removing barriers

A year has lapsed since Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano signed the 504 Regulations. This act started the wheels of progress turning toward a better life for the disabled.

A lot has been accomplished, but there remains a lot more to be done. Attitudinal and architectural barriers still exist.

Only with continued effort and awareness can the barriers, both physical and attitudinal, be completely eliminated, opening the door to the disabled, who have much to contribute.

The Disabled Students' Union

Rebel with a cause

In the AS news and views column of the April 27 issue of the *Phoenix*, Eric Newton refers to "...another friend (who) sells raffle tickets which double for pizza discount coupons and will help pay for a Russian square dancing trip." Since I am the president of The Young Rebels Square Dance Exhibition Group which will be making a cultural exchange tour to the Soviet Union and Poland this August, I am obviously the "friend" to which Newton refers.

Since the author refused to print my name, the name of the organization, or an accurate explanation of the trip and its purpose, he has slighted and devalued my efforts as president of The Young Rebels and the efforts of the group to raise funds for this worthwhile venture.

If Newton had investigated his leads properly and learned about the nature of the raffle before printing his column, he might have found an interesting story in and of itself.

It is the responsibility of a competent newspaper to report stories in their entirety.

Lindy Mack
President
The Young Rebels

PHOENIX

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Research for some of the articles appearing in *Phoenix* was made possible by a grant from the Reader's Digest Foundation.



The West's best college newspaper
(Society of Professional Journalists)
1977

California's best college newspaper
(Cal. Newspaper Publishers Assoc.)
1977, 1975 and 1970

Administration ignores S. African ties

by Gene Zbikowski

SF State's financial link to South Africa's apartheid government does not seem to be a major concern of campus and state officials.

When asked about SF State's ties to South Africa, the administration's top spokesman reacted with a shrug of the shoulders.

"As I understand it, it's a pretty tenuous tie," said Don Scoble, director of public affairs. "I really think any comment about that has to be addressed to the Chancellor's office."

Asked whether the administration plans to address some comment to the Chancellor, Scoble replied: "I know of no plans right now. That doesn't mean there are no plans. It just means I don't know."

At the Chancellor's office, press officer Charles Davis said that as far as he knew, no one had ever mentioned the South Africa connection at a Trustees meeting.

Twenty-three Trustees formulate policy for the California State University and College (CSUC) system. Chancellor Glenn Dumke administers that policy.

Ted McGlone, president of the campus chapter of the Union for Radical Political Economy (URPE), said his group has planned a slide show and speeches about South Africa at SF State on May 19.

Last week, *Phoenix* reported three links between SF State and South Africa. The university forwards some trust funds to a \$8.6 billion Pool Money Investment Account operated by the state Treasury. Some of the money is invested in corporations doing business with South Africa.

SF State also maintains a checking account with Wells Fargo Bank, which has loaned \$25.2 million to South Africa, *Phoenix* reported.

A third connection is the Public Employees Retirement System (PERS).

Most SF State employees contribute (through withholding of retirement funds) to PERS, which invests in bonds, mortgages, mortgage-backed securities, and corporate stock. Many of these investments are links to South Africa.

For example, PERS' combined holdings in Bank of America are

\$113.8 million. In April, 1977, Bank of America had \$188 million in loans to South Africa businesses and government. This was about 10 percent of all U.S. loans to South Africa at that time.

PERS also owns \$144 million in International Business Machines Corp. stock. As of 1972, IBM had invested \$50.4 million in South Africa.

IBM also leases a computer to the South African government, which is

used to operate the "pass system." South Africa's blacks may not move freely in their country. They must present a pass when they want to travel from one area to another.

PERS also owns \$9.3 million of Texaco, Inc., stock. Texaco and Standard Oil of California are combined in Caltex, which refines half of the oil imported into South Africa.

A 1977 PERS policy statement says: "If a company operates in a

country or environment where serious human rights violations occur, we expect to see maximum progressive practices toward elimination of these violations."

"Should satisfaction of our criteria by any company not be adequate, the (PERS) Board will consider what action to take, which may include... liquidation of its holdings, if sale is consistent with sound investment policy."

Melvin Petersen, chief of investment, said PERS has never liquidated its holdings in any corporation because of its South African policies, however.

AS convention soon

Continued from Page 1

the constitution.

AS Vice President Robin Lynn Cox said she favored the convention as a means to approve the amendment.

"It's really important to be in synch with the 18 other CSUC campuses," she said. "It gives the new officers a whole summer to break in."

SF State had fall elections until October, 1975, when AS President LeMond Goodloe proposed a constitutional amendment — which passed — for spring elections.

Rafter said Tuesday night that the convention was not constitutional because it would not be advertised a week in advance. Yesterday, he changed his mind.

The Board couldn't choose between a simple leaflet explaining the change

or a more complex one giving pro-con arguments. The Board finally chose the simple leaflet.

But Rafter, who will write it, said he has other ideas.

"Lukaris thinks the ballot information is good enough. But I don't. He doesn't want me to do what I'm going to do," he said.

Rafter said he plans to include background in the leaflet. He said, "I won't let him (Lukaris) see it."

Butterworth said, "I may bring this before the student court. This isn't a case of Deacon (Butterworth) v. Wayne (Lukaris). That's childish. The convention is grossly unfair."

Lukaris said, "Deacon is mad because I would not let him in as corporate secretary. It's a personal thing. He also wants to be president. He's an asshole."

Newspaper proposed

Continued from Page 1

One AS official pointed out, however, that each successive student government would have to approve the funding for the *Golden Gater*.

Lukaris said the proposed funding for the *Golden Gater* is now in the AS Legislature's finance committee. He said the proposal must pass through the Legislature before he signs it and sends it to Romberg for his approval. Lukaris said he expects to give the proposal to Romberg about May 27.

Dissatisfaction within the Journalism Department stems from Young proceeding "without traditional advice and counsel," said an individual in the Journalism Department.

Lukaris said, "It never crossed my mind to talk to anyone else because I thought I was talking to the dean of

journalism."

One journalism student said, "Starting another paper with funds that could be used to improve *Phoenix* would be a serious mistake. *Phoenix* could come out twice weekly and we could improve our equipment. It would be a waste of the students' money, particularly when the funding is up to the whim of each new student government."

Young, however, said he envisions two award-winning publications on this campus. He also said a new newspaper would eliminate the "bottle-neck" faced by journalism students looking for experience in an overcrowded department.

The facilities for production of the *Golden Gater* will be housed in the Old Science Building, Young said.

Ants fight

Continued from Page 1

fighters — special diets and exercises to insure top performance in the ring.

"Of course, everybody has their own system for getting ants ready to fight," says one geezer. "Personally, I like to swish 'em around in some Ten High. When the little fuckers come to, believe me, they wanna kill."

One of the fighters has finally struck a fatal blow. He is starting to disembowel the other when he is declared the winner.

His handler takes him from the ant farm and holds him up for all to see.

"Sucker's got a jaw on him," the handler says. "I knew he was a winner."

U.S. Defense Establishment

(2 credits)

NEW COURSE OFFERED IN FALL

Course examines the reality of conflict; reviews U.S. institutional response to conflict (history, organization and mission of the U.S. Defense Establishment); then explores the implications of an individual's decision to exercise leadership within the context of the defense establishment.

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Share house in the inner Richmond with two others. GG Park. Transportation. Available July 16. Rent \$100+. Call Chris at 221-2337.

Tutor this semester, receive credit next semester! All subjects needed! Student Learning Center, Library 432, 469-1229.

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FOR SALE: 1963 VW Bug. Some work needed. Engine in good condition. \$250. Call 865-1673.

Good-looking fur coats — ex-New Yorker sheds fur — \$65 and up. Size Small. 992-2556.

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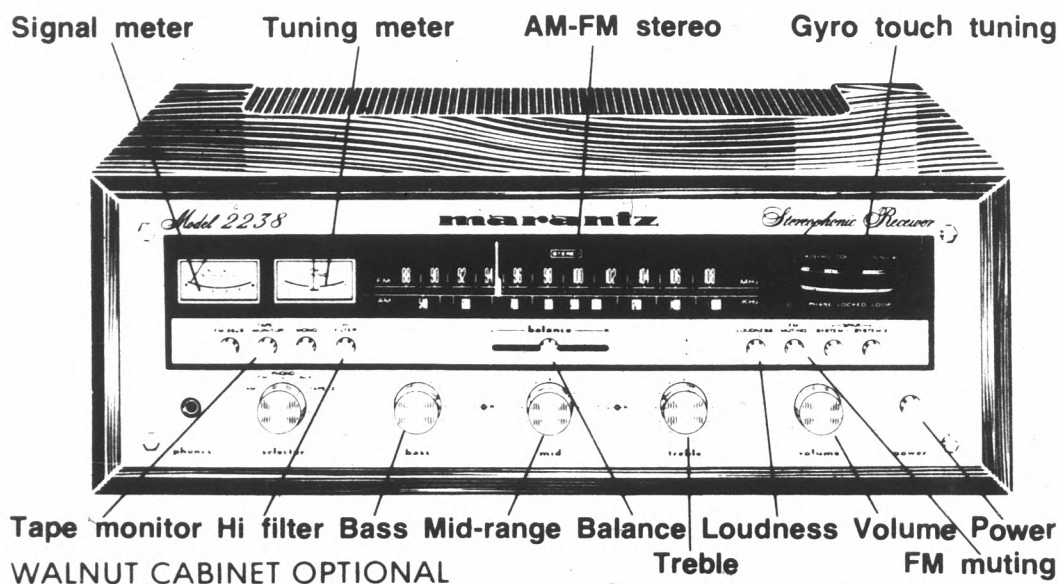
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by Lisa Brew

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Women fight anti-abortion initiative

by Lisa Brewer

A rally organized to provide information on the current status of abortion funding drew nearly 200 people to the Student Union basement Tuesday.

Speakers included Josette Mondanaro, Angela Davis, San Francisco NOW director Sylvia Weinstein and Laura Rodriguez, SF State La Raza studies instructor.

The speak-out, sponsored by SF State's National Organization for Women Task Force, focused on the implications of a state initiative that would cut off public funding for abortions except when the life of the mother is endangered.

The initiative will appear on the November ballot if its supporters can collect the necessary number of signatures (one-tenth of the previous voter turnout) by the May 12 filing deadline.

"This is putting our rights on the ballot," said Weinstein. "I don't want to vote on my constitutional rights every other year."

Since the 1973 Supreme Court decision that gave individual women the freedom to decide for themselves whether to have an abortion or not, the federal government has provided abortion funding for low-income women through Medicaid and Medi-Cal programs.

The Hyde Amendment, passed in

1977, prohibits the use of federal money for abortions. Individual states must now decide whether to fund abortions with their own money.

California is one of 14 states that have assumed the full cost of paying for Medi-Cal abortions. The anti-abortion initiative, sponsored by the Pro-Life Initiative Committee, would prohibit this if it is approved by the voters in November.

"I'm tired of dealing with

abortion," said Mondanaro. "I thought we solved this one 10 years ago. But we're not going to give this one up."

"There are three ways of fighting this. Through the legislature — find out who is opposing this (funding for abortions) and let them know how you feel. Vote against Jarvis-Gann and vote against the (anti-abortion) initiative in November."

Mondanaro recalled the struggles of her college classmates in obtaining illegal abortions in the 1960s.

"One woman was aborted by her boyfriend, whose medical claim to fame was that he was an ambulance driver," she said. "We found her dead in her room."

Davis talked about the history of the abortion rights movement and why it is sometimes difficult to get wide support from Third World women.

"In the abortion movement of the late 60s there was a failure to place abortion rights in terms of reproduction rights in general," she said. "The birth control movement became a population control movement."

"So it's not difficult to understand why many women of color are reluctant to ally themselves with the abortion movement. They are used to

thinking it will be something that will be imposed on them."

"The abortion rights groups have to take a very strong stand against population control. They must not only guarantee my right to have an abortion, they must also guarantee my right to bear children."

She also said it was essential for the women's movement to fight racism as well as sexism, and placed the issue of reproductive rights in a larger context of American capitalism and social inequalities.

"It's important for the abortion rights movement to be a multi-racial movement," she said.

The audience responded attentively and enthusiastically to each speaker. At the outset of the speak-out, it was noted that male representatives from the Pro-Life Committee were present, circulating their petitions.

"To the creeps out there collecting signatures," said Mondanaro, "there are many ways to prostitute yourselves, but this one is ridiculous."

"Can't you find something more productive to do?" she asked. "Like go jerk off in a corner?"

Angela Davis speaks to dorm students

by Gary Johanson

Angela Davis has little patience for reporters who ask why she hasn't been in the news for the past few years.

"The media wants to give the impression that the 60s movement is over," she said, "but there's still a few of us museum pieces around."

Speaking to a sympathetic crowd of 200 "students and their invited guests" in Verducci Hall Tuesday evening, she hardly looked like a museum piece. Her Afro is a little more compact than it was during her days at UCLA, and her face isn't quite as naive, but she's still very much an activist and an ideological radical.

"I have been a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party for the past ten years," she said. "The way the capitalist system is set up, there's no way for people of color to achieve any kind of historical parity. The people who build the cars and dig the oil wells are not compensated for the work they do. There's something wrong with a system where people like Rockefeller, who devote most of their time to leisure, benefit from all the wealth created in our society."

Davis is currently teaching a class on feminism for the SF State Women's Studies program. "This is the first time I have been able to get a job in a state institution since 1969."

She encouraged the audience to preregister in a course she is planning to teach next fall entitled Women: The Basic Questions.

"I'd especially like to see men provide some input into the Women's Studies program," she said.

During the two-hour question-and-answer session, Davis spoke at length about her past. "I never tried to hide the fact that I was a Communist Party member," she said. "When I took a teaching job at UCLA I had no idea that it was going to create the waves it created."

Davis was fired from UCLA because she was a Communist, was reinstated by a court order, and finally forced to leave in 1970 when the UC Board of Regents refused to renew her contract because of alleged inflammatory speeches.

At that time Davis headed a committee for the defense of the Soledad Brothers — three black inmates charged with the murder of a prison guard.

Later, another trial began that involved Davis. Jonathan Jackson, youngest brother of Soledad Brother George Jackson, charged into the Marin County Courthouse and at gunpoint ordered four hostages out of the courtroom and into a waiting van. Four died in the resulting gunfire. The police charged Davis as an accomplice.

"It was a relief when I finally was arrested," Davis said. "At that point, every white man in a business suit was an FBI agent. I was sure I was going to be arrested 20 times every day."

After 16 months in jail, Davis was acquitted of kidnapping and murder charges.

Davis said the "blatant racism" responsible for keeping the Soledad Brothers in prison is being replaced by a new type of racism, one which denies the existence of racism.

"It comes forth as a myth that



Photo by Lynn Carey

racism has been conquered, but if you check the national situation you'll find that things are worse now than 10 years ago. It's the media that has created this barrage of propaganda to the effect that things are better for Third World peoples," she said.

Davis was optimistic about students, saying they have a much more sophisticated political consciousness than the student activists of the 60s or early 70s.

"During the 60s," Davis said, "thousands of white students would come out for Vietnam War rallies, but the influence of racism was so great

that you couldn't get them to support a black issue like the Soledad Brothers. It's different today. I suspect that the majority of students today feel that something is wrong with the Bakke decision."

Davis again blamed the media for disseminating a notion of apathy among students, for denying the existence of a student movement on campus.

Davis told her audience that organizing is the only way things can be achieved. "Be willing to do something, be willing to give up a little time," she said.

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ASSOCIATED STUDENTS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

**TUESDAY
MAY 16, 1978
3:00 P.M.
GYMNASIUM**

(Must show I.D. cards in order to enter and vote.)

This special constitutional convention has been called by the Associated Students Legislature in order to debate and vote on AMENDMENT 8 which would change the dates of A.S. elections.

AMENDMENT 8 Article V, Section 1, Elections

REGULAR ELECTIONS—

"All elections for office in the government of this association shall be administered by the legislature and shall be concluded at a time not later than the last Friday in March, except as otherwise provided for in this constitution and bylaws. All elected officers shall take office officially on the first Monday of May of that election year."

This Constitutional convention is being held in compliance with ARTICLE VII AMENDMENT

ARTICLE VII

AMENDMENT

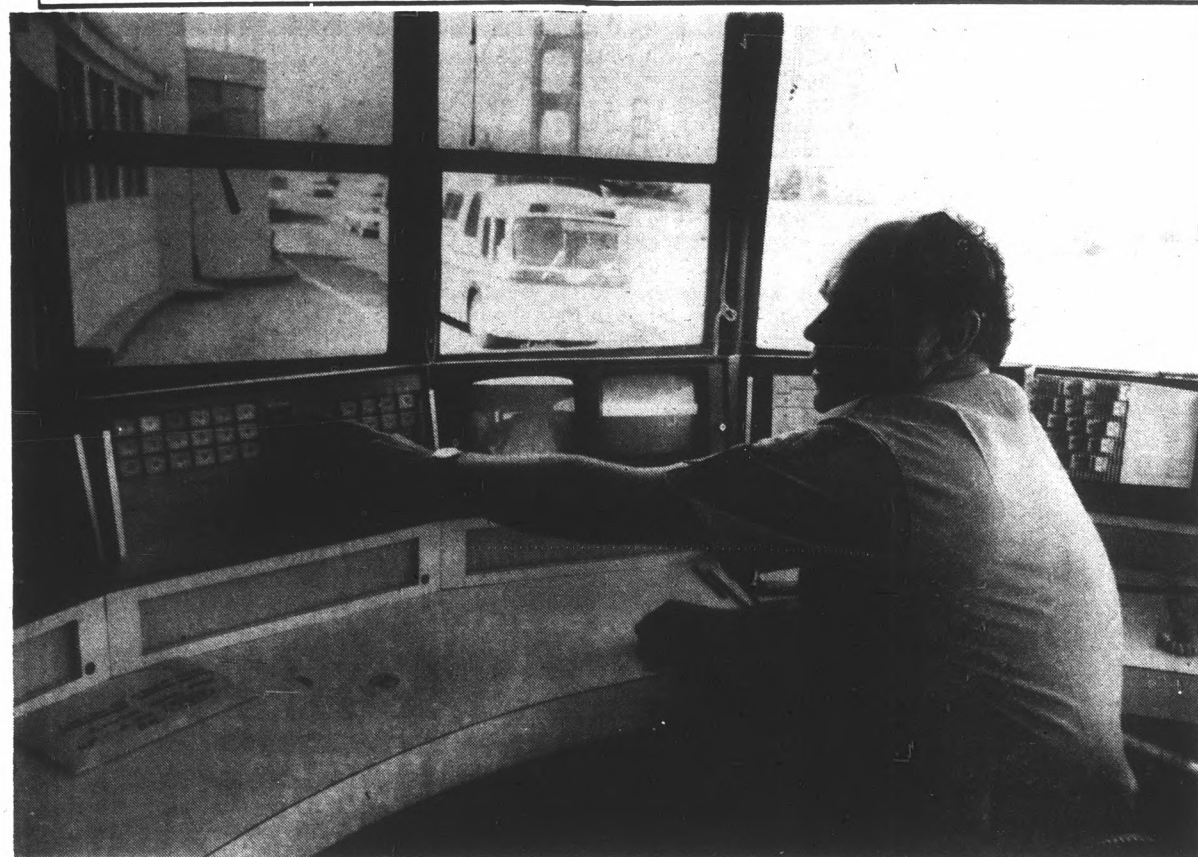
Section 1. Amendments to this Constitution shall be initiated by a majority vote of the Legislature or by a petition bearing the signature of ten per cent (10%) of the voting members of this association and filed with the office of the General Manager of the Associated Students.

Section 2. Amendments to this Constitution shall be adopted by (1) a vote of two-thirds (2/3) of the members voting in the next regular election of association following the initiation of such amendments; (2) by two-thirds (2/3) majority of those in attendance at a meeting open to all voting members of association; or (3) the filing with the office of the General Manager of the Associated Students of the written consent of one more than one-half of the voting members of this association.

Section 3. Special elections or meetings for the purpose of amending this Constitution shall be held not less than seven nor more than twenty-one days following the initiation of such amendments, and shall receive adequate prior notice as provided in Article V of this Constitution.



INWORDS



A surveillance camera on a Golden Gate Bridge tower is rotated at the flick of a button by Sgt. Darrington in the bridge security center. Photo by Joan Kadin

Golden Gate security center

Guardians of life

by Marc D'Angelo

"I'll bet for every one we've lost, we've saved 20. And that's no exaggeration."

The words boomed from Sgt. George Chittum, a stocky, gray-haired Golden Gate Bridge and Highway District officer. Chittum has kept a watch for possible suicide victims on the Golden Gate Bridge for 23 years.

Work in the bridge's security control center is a job with varied responsibilities. In addition to suicide prevention, there are also traffic coordinating duties.

"We have two omnidirectional cameras mounted on the archways of both towers. With the controls in this room we can sweep across the bridge and zoom-in anywhere to monitor traffic as well as watch the pedestrians," he said.

Chittum pointed to a minute image of a person in the corner of one of the screens. He pressed a closeup button and the pedestrian filled the screen, his features easily distinguishable.

The control center contains two telephones, a Citizen's Band radio, and instant communication channels with the Coast Guard, California Highway Patrol, and California Park Police.

"Oh, I've seen many jump since I've started working here," Chittum said. "Most just want help, they really don't want to take their lives. They're just sick and for many that's the only way they can get help."

Chittum talked about an elderly woman who has tried to jump nine times.

"We know she really doesn't want to take her life. It's just that every time she feels despondent, she comes here because she knows she can get help," he said.

"So now, we're trying to get her on a Section 5150. That means getting put away for one's own self-protection," he added.

Chittum was interrupted by a voice crackling from one of the many two-way radios in the room. A toll collector called in a license plate number and description of a car which sped through the toll gate without paying.

Chittum collapsed into his chair and released a deep breath and a mild expletive.

"When will they learn?" he asked. "Toll evasion is a very serious offense in California. This radio is a direct linkup with the Highway Patrol. With this hot line, I can tell you who owns that car within 30 seconds."

Chittum looked out to the rust-colored span and said: "Now, let's see, I remember a goofy fellow who used to work here on the maintenance crew. Yeah, Casey was his name."

"Every now and then he'd start running up one of the support cables. Once he'd get about halfway to the top of the tower, he'd turn around and run back down."

"Finally, he had gotten so goofy they had to retire him."

"Well, one day, a few months after he left, I see some guy running up the cable like a madman. I said to myself, 'That nut reminds me of old Casey.'"

"When I looked through my binoculars, I saw that it was Casey. Well, we could only watch as he reached the top of the south tower which is about 690 feet above the water. He removed his coat and neatly folded it."

"Then I saw Casey do the most beautiful swan dive, just missing the bridge's walkway."

Chittum was again interrupted by one of his radios — an accident on the bridge. Immediately, he relayed this information to all patrolmen and flipped a switch to close down the lane to traffic. As soon as the accident was cleaned up, the lane re-opened.

"Anyway, we can watch the clean-up operation in the meantime," he said, as he turned to the remote control camera panel. He swung the view of the accident onto the screen and pressed the closeup button.

"Well, anyway," Chittum said, "Casey died. 'Certainly the most spectacular jumper I've seen. And he's the only one who has not jumped from the walkway.'"

"You know, about half the suicides walk onto the bridge and the other half drive on, stop on the bridge, abandon the car and jump."

Sgt. Sam Kwong, who has been working with Chittum for the past three years, added, "And nobody driving south jumps. All of them are driving from south to north, leaving San Francisco."

"But they all jump on the bay side, back toward the city they've left," Chittum said.

Kwong ground out his cigar and said, "So far there have been well over 600 known suicides here. No one knows how many more there are that no one's seen jump or whose bodies haven't been recovered."

"What really bothers me is the age of the people who jump now. Why, 15 years ago, the average age of the jumpers was 45-years-old. Now the average is 26. We sometimes have 15 or 16-year-olds jump. Lord, they're just kids," Chittum said.

Chittum looked out over the bridge's toll plaza.

"All that talk about suicide barriers for the bridge. It's so useless because they'll find another place. If a person is bent on self-destruction, he'll do it."

"At least, here we have a chance to do something about it. If a man jumps out of a building window, that's it. He might have more of a chance to get help here. We can usually talk the person out of it here."

"As I said, for every one we lose, we save 20."

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Fri., Sat., Sun.—May 12, 13, 14:

"THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE" (R)
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A middle-aged gallant goes in pursuit of an unobtainable dream girl: the suspiciously chaste Conchita, at once remote, glacial and ripe with sensuality. "Sly, witty and wonderful stuff," says the L.A. Times. Based on Pierre Louy's novella, "The Woman and the Puppet." Academy Award nominee for "Best Foreign Film" of 1977. English Subtitles.

**"LOVE AND PAIN AND THE
WHOLE DAMN THING" (PG)**
Maggie Smith, Timothy Bottoms
Generally overlooked and often requested, this romantic comedy turns Obscure Object upside down: a young man and an older woman fall in love while touring Europe. Beautifully photographed.

"Obscure Object": Fri. 8:30, Sat. & Sun., 4:30, 8:30, Tues., 8:30/
"Love": Fri., 6:25, 10:20, Sat. & Sun., 2:30, 6:25, 10:20, Tues.: 6:25, 10:20

Wednesday & Thurs.—May 17-18:

"EQUUS"
Richard Burton, Peter Firth, Colin Blakely,
Richard Burton earned an Academy Award nomination as "Best Actor" for his role as a passionless child psychiatrist trying to understand why his patient, a teenage stableboy, inexplicably has blinded six horses. Peter Schaffer did the screen adaptation of his award-winning drama, which had a long and successful run here in San Francisco.

"THE ROYAL HUNT OF THE SUN"
Robert Shaw, Leonard Whiting, Christopher Plummer
Adapted from Peter Schaffer's Broadway play, this absorbing drama gains new dimension on the screen. It tells of the brutal conquest of the South American Indians by Pizarro, the conquistador. Christopher Plummer is memorable as the defiant Indian chief.

"Equus": 8:20/"Royal Hunt": 6:20, 10:45

Fri., Sat., Sun.—May 19-20, 21:
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She flies through the air... by her hair

by Kate Campbell

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, direct from Japan, Miss Myoshy Amotto, who has mastered the ancient oriental art of hanging by her hair."

A woman in a golden kimono appears at the sound of a gong. Her hair is wrapped on top of her head and covered with sequins.

Myoshy Amotto is not her real name, and she is from Ecuador, not Japan. But the act she does is as rare as it is fascinating.

A rope with a big hook is lowered from the ceiling. Six men hold the end and the hook is slipped through her hair. She is lifted into the air.

She is flown around the ring a few times, like a pilot doing touch and go landings. She hits the ground running in her silver high heels and is off again.

She spins rapidly 20 feet above the cement floor. Without warning she is yanked to the ceiling, spinning like an airplane out of control.

A man in the audience yells, "She's gone through the roof!"

A few moments later she is lowered to the floor. She bows, gestures grandly to the audience and hurries out of the spotlight in shiny silver shoes.

Myoshy Amotto is really Rosa Suarez, petite mother of three and a

resident of Sarasota, Fla.

She was born in Ecuador to juggler parents and she traveled with them in a Latin American circus.

Her parents joined the Suarez Circus in Mexico, where she met and married, at 17, the owner's nephew.

She and her husband came to America with Ringling Brothers, but now the Suarez family has three acts appearing in the American Continental Three-Ring Circus. In addition to Suarez' hair-hanging act, her husband, his brother and two of her daughters appear in a bareback riding and acrobatic act.

Suarez has been a circus performer all her life and she considers circus life normal.

"I have everything everyone else has. I have a house and garden in Florida," she says.

The family works together and everyone has a circus job. The five-year-old daughter helps groom the horses before shows, the oldest

daughter, Martha, is a contortionist. They are on the road eight months out of the year and sometimes have only one day to drive and set up for the next show in another town.

On this tour, Suarez' home away from home is a motorhome parked behind the San Francisco Civic Center. The drapes are drawn to protect the family members from the view of rush-hour traffic. Nothing protects them from the roar of the cars.

"What I do is a novelty," Suarez says. "It is not dangerous... I'm hanging by my hair and that's it. There used to be another woman doing this act but now I think I'm the only one. Actually hair is very strong. I heard it is the strongest part of the body when it is all together."

Suarez' hair reaches mid-calf.

Her thick black hair has a few strands of gray. Her husband acts as her attendant during the show.

When her hair is prepared for a show, she bends at the waist and her

husband combs it evenly and smoothly away from her head. He ties it securely next to her scalp with shoelaces before braiding it.

After it is braided a steel ring is slipped around it and he ties it again with more shoelaces. The finished hair is then wrapped in sequins.

She feels that the acrobatics done by her family are more dangerous than what she does and adds, "I've never really hurt myself but we all worry about each other. When you deal with something dangerous you think of God."

"For us the circus is a business," she says. "We are professionals and don't need to be told what to do. The hardest part of the business is the road expenses. Gas costs so much." She declines to estimate the value of the family's equipment and property.

She says, "I love the circus, it is my life. Sometimes I look around me and I say, 'I'm happy. I have everything.'"

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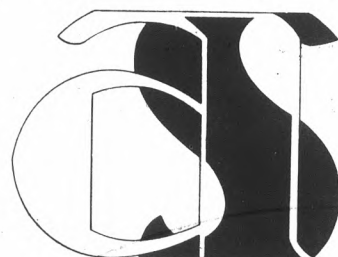
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Rosa Suarez, circus performer and mother of three: "Please don't write my age, let them guess." Photo by Lynn Carey

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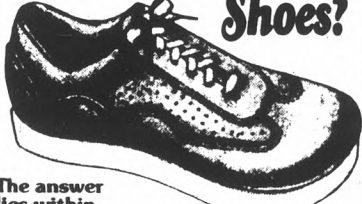
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ARTS

'Prisoner' finale: we want information

by Frank D. Inferrera

Number Six finally made his great escape from The Village. Or did he? On Monday night, a capacity crowd in the Student Union Barbary Coast viewed the final two episodes of *The Prisoner*, the thought-provoking and often confusing British television series that has been unreeling on Channel 9 for the past few months.

The Prisoner, the brainchild of actor Patrick McGoochan, was first shown in this country as a summer replacement series on CBS in 1968. Since then, the show has attracted a cult following. By using symbolism and by keeping many of its mysteries unexplained, *The Prisoner* lends itself to attempts to analyze its hidden meanings.

McGoochan plays the title character, a British intelligence agent who bursts into his boss' office one day and slaps his letter of resignation on the desk. He then goes home and begins packing for a vacation, but he doesn't get very far — he is promptly gassed and kidnapped.

He wakes up in The Village, a picturesque seaside collection of pathways, fountains and cottages where the people are happy, content and trapped. The Village is a prison, and our hero is stripped of his name and given a number — six.

He doesn't know who his masters are — his own government, another government, a non-government — but he soon learns what they want: information — specifically, why did he resign.

He's not about to tell them. And so begins a 17-week chain of cat-and-mouse games with Number Six trying to hold on to his mind while his masters try to take it away.

The chief tormentor is Number Two. There is usually a new person in the job each week, and this provided Art Hough, broadcasting professor, with his opening line at Monday night's "Prisoner conclave." He told the crowd: "I am the new Number Two. You are Number Six — for now."

Hough said the audience should be ready "to jump to another level of interpretation" in the final episodes.

Richard Wiseman, world and comparative literature professor, likened the treatment of women in the series to Hesse's *Steppenwolf*, and added that Number Six is in a "cycle of coming to know himself."

These were the first of many attempts during the evening to uncover the hidden meaning of the series — if there is one.

Most of the fans left after Number Six drove off into a storm at the end, but the hardcore *Prisoner* freaks remained, eschewing KQED's "rap session" for their own inconclusive attempt to explain what they had just seen.

Hough declared that "Number Six is Number One."

Numerous details of the night's show, from the world globes in the rocket to the jukeboxes in the cave, were removed and dissected.

"Then there is the theory that the series is 17 separate dreams of him as he dies of poison gas," said one participant.

Wiseman said the series showed what a powerful teaching tool television could be.

"I wish I was a television program," he said.

Earlier, Hough told the audience that some schools in Ontario had prepared a study book based on *The Prisoner*.

Valaoritis pointed out the extensive electronic surveillance in The Village. "You have a reflection of television on itself," he said.

The conclave was put together by the Student Union and AS Performing Arts.

Brad Fox of the Union took credit for the initial idea.

"I thought it would be nice for people to get together and discuss what was going on," he said. Robert Ferrer, Maria Malak and Mary Ellen Churchill also worked on the project.

For those who wish to be confused first-hand, KQED will repeat episode 16 this Sunday at 11 p.m. and episode 17 a week later at the same time. The entire series starts again next month.

SF State Theatre

Brown Bag's

'Salome' sparkles

by Carol Craig

The stage was swathed in purple, gold and glitter. The lights were dimmed in eerie silence. A bald-headed, bronze-skinned Syrian guard solidly stood in the shadows, holding a sword against his bare leg.

If you go to eat your lunch at this week's Brown Bag Theatre, forget it. You'll be captivated by the actors' intensity and won't remember your salami sandwich.

Salome, Oscar Wilde's play, written in 1891, is based on biblical figures.

The story is centered around Princess Salome's obsessive sexual desire for Jokanaan (John the Baptist), the imprisoned prophet.

Bethany Dobrus bewitchingly portrays Salome's adeptness at getting what she wants. But, dark-bearded, scantily clad Jokanaan (Joey Hoerber) is repulsed by her attention.

Dobrus' voice is clear and strong, powerful even in a whisper.

The entire cast immodestly reveals smooth skin and muscle tone. Their exotic, sheer costumes float and cling close to their bodies like hair.

The character of King Herod, Salome's stepfather, is a comical and schizophrenic portrayal by Jim Caudle.

His transparent lust for Salome is encouraged by his band of decadent slaves. They draw the audience into their frivolity with harmonious, unnerving chants.

Salome's unfulfilled lust drives her to madness when she demands the prophet's execution. Pressing his decapitated head against her breast she sums up the ferociousness of the entire play.

"Ah! Thou wouldst not suffer me to kiss thy mouth, Jokanaan. Well! I will kiss it now. I will bite it with my teeth as one bites a ripe fruit."

If the ending causes a shudder, then Wilde and the Brown Bag Company have succeeded.

As Wilde once said in an interview about *Salome*, "It is only the shudder that counts."

Hellman's handsome garden

by Ed Lit

If you can survive an opening act with 12 characters coming in and out of a large Southern house you'll enjoy Lillian Hellman's *Autumn Garden*, playing tonight and Friday at the Arena Theatre in the Creative Arts Building.

The play, set in New Orleans during the early 1950s, deals with middle class character development and values. Everyone is concerned about what the neighbors think; mothers and daughters argue; husbands and wives debate; lovers have spats. Everyone probes into each other's problems, trying to solve life's trivial dilemmas.

Autumn Garden is performed in the round, the first time in four years that that has been attempted on campus.

Theatre-in-the-round works for this production because the characters are all sitting in a living room. The audience becomes part of the parlor patter as the characters shift their sitting and standing positions. If possible, it would be best for members of the audience to change seats during the two intermissions in order to view the characters from different angles.

The setting of the 50s is subtly captured in the room decor and by the indirect lighting. The audience hears the crickets on the hot summer night and you can almost imagine mosquitos and lightning bugs crawling up your arm.

The clothes are exquisite; it's high fashion 50s style. The production was

without a budget and Marsha Levy Seltzer is to be commended for rounding up the clothes from actors and friends.

The cast is believable and well-rehearsed in the intricate speech patterns of the South.

Catherine Conklin, playing an old busy-body steals all her scenes with sharp and biting quips. Her portrayal is aided by the excellent makeup job by Mark Andresen. She moves a little too fast, though, for a woman hobbling around with a cane.

If any one word can describe the production of *Autumn Garden* it is handsome. The characters, setting and clothes all fit.

The cost is free and if there were a curtain it would be a 8 p.m.

Autumn Garden is directed by Sam Elkind.

The cast:

General Griggs
Rose Griggs
Nina Denery
Nick Denery
Constance
Ned
Mrs. Mary Ellis
Carrie Ellis
Frederick Ellis
Sophie
Hilda
Leon

Bob Kip
Lisa Bardero
Susan Devlin
Greg Young
Jude Goerss
Steve MacAfee
Catherine Conklin
Elke Mattingly
Michael Grebnau
Laurel Ollstein
Dolores O'Dryer
Duane Hodges

Make up
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Lighting

Mark Andresen
Jim Ponder
John Wilson

INTERMISSION

Evolution of a script

Ideally, a university should provide a fertile ground for artistic growth. SF State, largely through the energetic commitment of two instructors, has given student playwrights a unique opportunity for craft development during the past four semesters.

The Playwrights Theatre Workshop, an interdisciplinary (creative writing and theatre arts) course organized by Robert Gordon and Elliott Sroka, has produced staged readings of over 50 new scripts, sending a promising few on to further SF State productions.

While a creative writing graduate student here in 1972, Gordon wanted the drama department to at least mount readings of his scripts.

"They were encouraging," Gordon said, "but nothing was done. I was aware of the need for playwrights to get a sense of how their plays work off the printed page. Without the theatrical process, the student playwright is living in an unreal vacuum."

Sroka, a full-time drama instructor here since 1976, coordinates the student actors and directors at the Saturday workshop. He passionately believes in the developmental approach to theatre — a not altogether painless method requiring constant feedback and critiques from everyone involved.

"Only by carefully sifting through all the responses will you be able to find the truly significant suggestions," Sroka said.

For the student writers, the patient and deliberate approach to theatre means an almost constant process of revising and rewriting.

"If a writer is too uncomfortable with the process of change," Gordon said, "then the theatre won't work for him."

Sroka and Gordon have recently taken their workshop idea one step further, quite apart and independent from SF State.

New Writers Project is an independent producing unit that plans to showcase the most promising student scripts with full productions for the general theatre going public. Three new plays will inaugurate New Writers Project; they will be presented at The Intersection, 756 Union Street.

Joggers by Randy Stander, May 25-28 and June 1-4.

The Commitment by Philip Rohrer and *Playmates* by Leland Meister, June 8-11 and June 15-18. All performances are at 8 p.m.

Commenting on the evolution of his *Playmates*, Meister said: "The impetus for all the rewriting is the promise of better productions."

Playmates was first given a staged reading during the Saturday workshop at SF State last year. This semester, it was given a fuller production as part of the Showcase series here.

"It's a strange feeling when you give your work to a director and actors. It's the only way for the script to live, but it's like your best friend leaving to become someone else's best friend."

Creative Campus

a weekly calendar of events

Campus theatre productions this week: *Salome* by Oscar Wilde at noon today and tomorrow in CA 102.

Yanks 3, Detroit 0, Top of the Seventh, a comedy by Jonathan Reynolds, Tuesday and Thursday, May 16 and 18 at 1 p.m. in CA 107.

Lillian Hellman's *The Autumn Garden*, today and tomorrow at 8 p.m. in CA 107. All productions are free.

Latin jazz group Phases will perform today at noon in the Student Union plaza.

Cinematheque sponsors Film Finals — the best new student-made films from SF State's Film Department, Friday, May 12, at 4 and 8 p.m. in McKenna Theatre.

University Green Room, a talk show produced in its entirety by SF State Broadcasting students, is aired on KFRC (610 AM) every Sunday night at 12:15 a.m.

The Jeff Sanford Trio, a jazz group, perform in the Union Depot from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. on Friday, May 12.

SF State Choral Union performs Wednesday, May 17, at 8 p.m. in McKenna Theatre.

The Ethnic Dance Ensemble at SF State, under the direction of Anatol Joukowsky and his assistant, Susan Brandborg, will present a gala concert of ethnic dance Friday, May 19, at 8 p.m. in McKenna Theatre.

SF State Dance Program presents two evenings of modern dance, ballet, and jazz dance on Monday and Tuesday, May 22 and 23, at 8 p.m. in the Little Theatre of the Creative Arts Building.

The Frank V. de Bellis Collection (sixth floor, J. Paul Leonard Library) is currently showing Decorative Motifs of the Italian Renaissance. The exhibit continues through May 31. Hours of viewing are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. weekdays.

The Poetry Center is sponsoring a party in honor of the winners of the Browning Society and the Academy of American Poets Contests held at SF State. The poets will read their winning poems at the party in Student Union Conference Rooms A-E on May 17, Wednesday, at 3 p.m.

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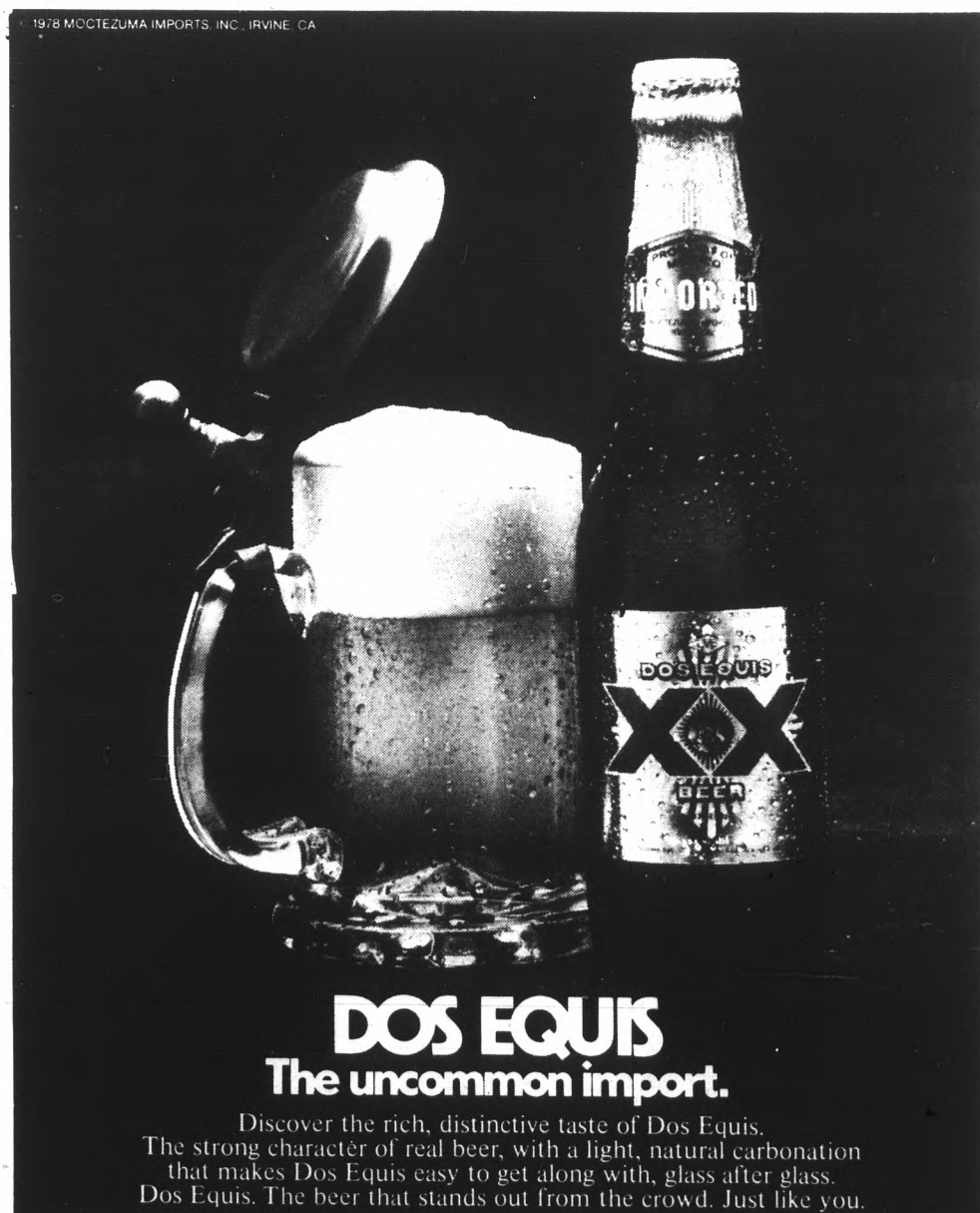
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The Renaissance music man

by Marysue Smith

Larry Higgins sets his own hours on the days he wants to work. When he gets the urge to approach his workbench, he recreates medieval history by hand — violas da gamba, rebecs, Spanish vihuelas.

For those dissatisfied with mass-produced precision instruments, Higgins handcrafts guitars and mandolins.

From his small workshop/home, he takes orders from all over the country. Each piece is carved and molded from



scratch, starting with the wooden molds that hold the raw wood in place to the elaborate marquetry (decorative inlay work) that embellishes a guitar.

The work is methodical, almost painstaking, but Higgins came to this lifestyle more out of whimsy than long-range planning.

"I haven't had a steady job in seven years. I just like being spoiled," he says, without a trace of smugness.

"I don't know many other people in the Bay Area who make a living at this," he says as he fits the neck and fingerboard onto a viol, an English version of the viola da gamba, a violin-shaped instrument from the renaissance and baroque periods. "Most of them also do repairs."

Bob Marley and The Wailers pour from a patched-up 1950s amplifier and a homemade speaker.

His long work bench and the shelves above it are stocked with tools — drills, carving knives, saws, sandpaper. A large meat slicer converted to a wood cutter sits in a pile of sawdust next to a woodbin.

He uses birchwood, rosewood, maple, walnut and spruce, depending on the instrument ordered and what the customer is willing to pay.

Instruments can get expensive, ranging from \$274 for a rebec, a pear-

shaped medieval violin, to \$1,500 for a baroque guitar with marquetry.

"I haven't done much marquetry because it's expensive," he says. "Now I do jewelry when I want to get fancy."

He can also make dulcimers, lutes, and other string instruments.

Of the latter, he says, "Haven't made many baroque lutes. They're trickier to play. The lute market has always been slow."

"I also made seven-string arch top guitars. It's not baroque, but the jazz scene. I only make about one a year; there's not much call for them." His orders come from people "who already play jazz and know exactly what they want."

Some orders are for rare instruments, "like the Renaissance guitar. There's only five in the world. Two are in museums and two are copies, besides mine."

For eight years, Higgins has made instruments for sale. He started out with guitars, learning his initial craft from an instrument maker named Warren White. From there he started building the more rare instruments by copying their shapes from templates.

He says that some people take up early music out of a presumption of what the music means — a ticket to intellectual distinction.

"The best classical guitarist I know plays good country and western," he says. "Good musicians can appreciate different kinds of music because they're geniuses."

Higgins averaged about 28 instruments last year, enough to leave him several months free for traveling. He says he's confined his itinerary to the United States, Mexico and Canada at the moment, for lack of money. "I don't expect to do this forever," he says. "I'll run out of places to go."

A curly-haired, rangy man, his hands are worn from woodworking. He looks younger than 34, but tempers his recollections with a more settled humor.

Born in Ohio, he grew up in Honduras, where his family has lived for three generations.

His grandfather, at 18, was the second Englishman to settle there in 1911, "because he wanted to get out of England," Higgins says.

His grandfather installed the first gas pump in San Lorenzo. "It was still there in 1960, when he showed it to me," Higgins said.

Higgins lived in Honduras for 15 years with his parents, who ran an import-export business. After that came a prep school in Miami. Of that, Higgins simply says, "I did my time."

During high school, he started

playing guitar at 17, and also the bongos because he had a taste for Cuban music.

After prep school, he entered Georgia Tech, because his family assumed he would be an engineer like his father. Higgins says he never wanted to be an engineer, and left school after five years.

"I'm a college dropout," he says with a grin. "I'm proud."

Life took a more footloose turn when he left school. Loading a few possessions and a guitar into a car, he took off to play folk music in cafes and coffeehouses.

Living in his car, he drove from place to place. If he happened to be in Miami and wanted to go to Georgia, a good 600 miles away, he just took off.

"I would just blow in and then blow out again," he says. "I mainly wanted to see the U.S. I'd load freight in the day and play at night. I just went where ever I wanted to."

Higgins traveled from Boston to Missouri and Texas, and played for a while on Gaslight Street in St. Louis, a traditional stopping place for itinerant musicians. After that came the Northwest, where he played Portland and Seattle.

Although he hasn't played professionally for years, Higgins is still proficient on several instruments



Photos by Dave Epperson

including the mandolin, violin and guitar. "I'd have to get my chops together" to play for a living, he says.

Higgins' approach to business mirrors his lifestyle. He doesn't advertise, but has several music shops selling his instruments.

"If I were to say I make the best violas in the world, it would be pretentious," he says. "By now I've got violas all over the country — Washington, Alabama, Mississippi. It's all very nice to see your name in print, but it won't sell instruments for you."



Japanese-American poet and gardener Minoru Fujita.

Poetry for the emperor

by Jaime Lapus

Sixty-one-year-old Minoru Fujita, of Rosemead, Los Angeles County, is a hardy maintenance gardener with a serious interest in Japanese classics.

This January, Fujita became the first person from the United States, and among the few elsewhere, to have his works in classical Japanese verse twice included in the solemn poetry-reading ceremony held yearly at Japan's Imperial Palace.

Back in 1971, a tanka poem he composed was also chanted at the royal court in that year's recitation attended by the Japanese emperor, classical scholars and artists. The ceremony is a carry-over of an ancient

ritual dating back to the 10th century. Tanka, "short song," is one of the earliest written Japanese poems. The expressive content of the unrhymed classical verse is compressed in 31 syllables in five lines of 5-7-5-7-7 arrangement.

For the annual rite, more than 30,000 poets from Japan, and other parts of the world, submit their best tanka compositions. Of these poems, carefully written on light rice paper, only 10 are chosen to be read and chanted in the ceremony.

Fujita says his life has not been changed by events. He says it is still the same routine: driving his tool-laden pick-up truck early in the morning to start his gardening route and coming home dead tired at dusk. He tells his reason for writing poetry.

"I can forget the bitterness and hardness of my job," he said. "I can forget the heat, the exhaustion of mowing lawns and trimming hedges all day long under the sun."

"Instead, I can think of what the birds are talking, what the grass is telling to me."

Fujita discovered his interest in the classical Japanese verse 10 years ago when he was asked by friends to review a poem one of them had written.

"He was surprised at my criticism even though I had never written a poem before. They asked me to compose my own tanka," he says.

To hone their skills and practice the craft, he and his wife, Meriko, joined one of the few tanka clubs in the Los Angeles area. Three years later, in 1971, he and his friends were surprised to learn that his poem was among the few chosen for that year's poetry ceremony.

Then last December he was astonished to receive an invitation to attend this January's observance. His tanka submission for 1978, like the other seven years before, was chosen by a jury composed of Japan's leading classical scholars and artists.

His poem is about families of migrating whales on their way to the icy waters of Alaska. He says much of the poem's meaning is lost in translation, though the English version hints at some of a tanka's allusion and diction.

*Mother and baby whales
Returning to Alaska, it is said,
Blowing salt spray in harmony
Through the spring sea they go.*

The tanka poetry contest entails no monetary award. The honor of having one's work chosen for the prestigious ceremony is considered the height of achievement among practitioners of the craft.

Being chosen twice is almost an unduplicated feat, and a truly remarkable accomplishment for this man who had lost part of his memory after a near-fatal car accident in 1955.

The accident caused him to resign his job teaching Japanese at the Military Language Institute in Monterey. Friends in the San Gabriel Valley, Los Angeles County, then helped his family settle in the area and assisted him in starting a maintenance-gardening route.

Fujita immigrated here 25 years ago. Growing up in Yokohama, he went to a nautical school and joined the merchant marine.

He was inducted into the Japanese navy during the war and became commander of a torpedo boat stationed off a coastal province of China, and later in the Pacific. Before the war ended he was recalled to Japan from New Guinea.

When peace came, he was employed by the American occupation army in his war-torn hometown. He was married to a Japanese-American woman who was raised in Japan. In 1953 they and their two young daughters moved to this country.

At the ceremony in January, Fujita once again met Emperor Hirohito. After the event, the emperor — once a deity under the old constitution and now Fujita's peer — sought him from among the crowd.

"Congratulations," the emperor said, "this time too."

Congratulations

The Poetry Center is pleased to announce the winners of this year's Academy of American Poets Contest:

First place: Phyllis Koestenbaum and Carol Gallop

Second place: Jane Rosenthal

Third place: Bryan Adachi

Runners up: Cole Swenson, Jo Ann Ginsburg, Sally Egger McDonel, Veena Francia, Annie Stine, and R.D. Dahl. The winners and runners-up shared the prize money of \$200, \$100 of which was contributed by the AS and \$100 by the Academy of American Poets. A reading by the poets of their winning poems will be held in Student Union Conference Rooms A-E on Wednesday, May 17, at 3 p.m.

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SPORTS

THE LAST ROUNDUP

FOOTBALL PLAYER SIGNS PRO CONTRACT —

Tony Watson, SF State's leading receiver for the past two seasons, has signed a professional contract with the Detroit Lions of the NFL. Watson received a bonus but the exact terms of the contract were undisclosed. The 6-3, 190-pounder from Sacramento hauled in 22 passes for the 1977 season, averaging 16.9 a reception, good for 372 yards. He scored five touchdowns and returned eight punts for 181 yards, including a 77-yarder against UC Davis, the Far Western Conference champion. Watson joins other SF State stars with the Detroit organization: Head Coach Monte Clark obtained his master's degree here. Floyd Peters, an outstanding defensive lineman for the Gators and a former all-pro in the NFL, is now the defensive line coach for the Lions. Bruce Rhodes, now a defensive back, graduated from Cox Stadium in 1974. Congratulations to Tony Watson, Head Coach Vic Rowen, the coaching staff and SF State's football team.

TRACK —

The Far Western Conference track championships will be held at UC Davis today through Saturday.

BASEBALL —

Last weekend the Gators came from behind to defeat UC Davis, 6-5, in 11 innings. Kelly McGhee's two-out single was the clincher.

Latest scores... Tuesday Gators lost to Stanislaus State 9-6 there and split a doubleheader here yesterday: 11-0 SF State won and losing 10-3 in the nightcap.

SOFTBALL —

The SF State softball squad ended its second season with a split of a double-header against UC Berkeley. The Bears won the nightcap 15-1 but the Gators took the opener 10-8 in extra innings when Sheridan Gold doubled home two runs. The Gators completed the season with an 8-12 overall record.

WOMEN'S TENNIS —

SF State, 4-6 overall during the season, placed fourth in the Golden State Conference Championships, as the season came to a conclusion. Number two doubles Connie Palimore and Helen Choy placed second.

BADMINTON —

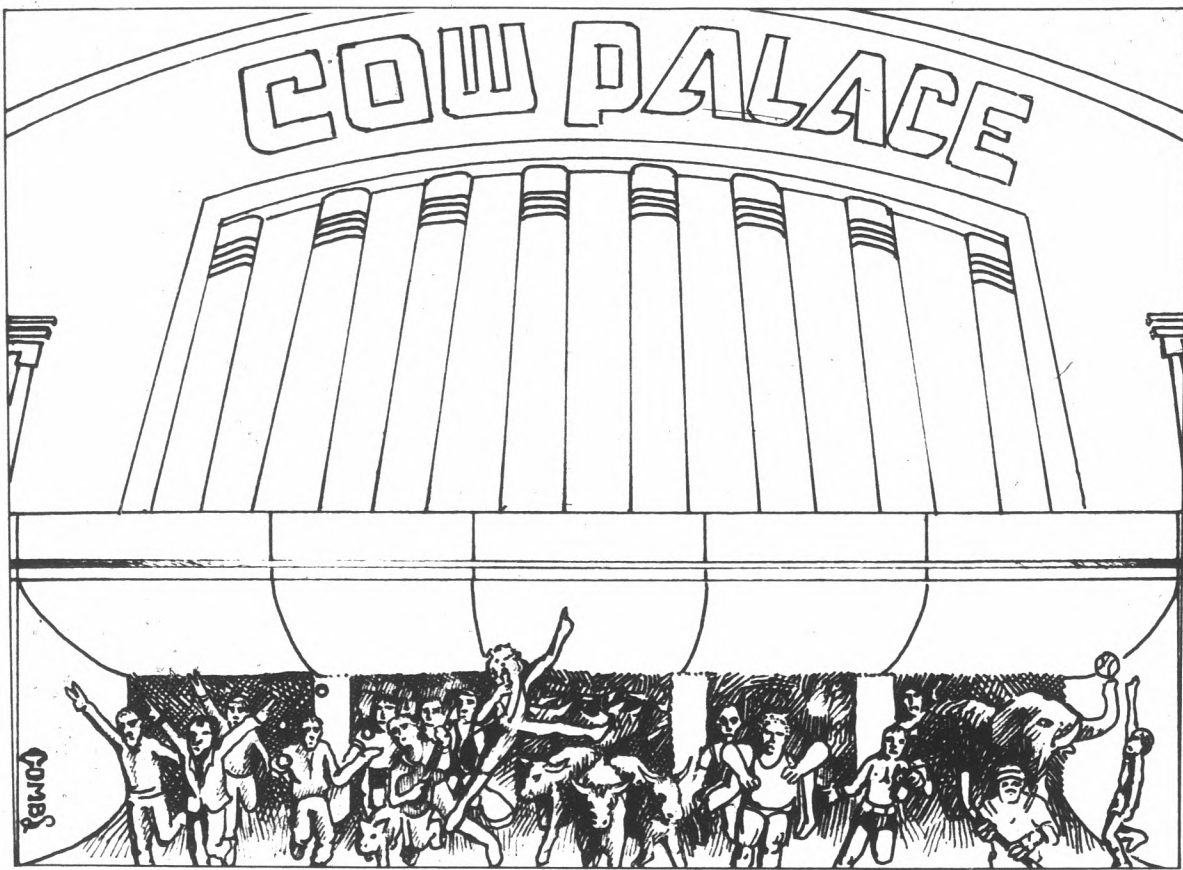
San Francisco State had three representatives at the Badminton State Championships in San Diego — Manuel Choy, Donna Stallone, and Angela Wong. Stallone and Wong in women's doubles were excellent, defeating powerful Cal Poly Pomona and UCLA squads before being knocked off by the number two seed in the tourney, San Diego State.

MEN'S TENNIS —

Winds reaching 40 miles per hour hampered the Far Western Conference tennis championships in Sacramento last weekend, as the Gators placed fourth in the FWC. The tourney signaled the end of the season. SF State recorded a 3-9 record.

GOLF —

Don Davis fired a co-leading 73 at the Cal State Chico Far Western Conference match. Davis, Ross Barnes (75), Jim McGilley (77) and Cloyd Boyer (78) combined to place the Gators fifth.



A palace many call home

by Frank Aragona

Although it might never win a prize for its looks, the Cow Palace has one of the most unusual names an arena could have.

More than one Bay Area sports-writer has derisively labeled the building as "the Daly City Barn," but few arenas can claim to have as colorful a history as the Cow Palace. If it's possible to stage an event indoors, chances are it's been done there.

Rodeos, basketball, indoor soccer, wrestling, hockey, roller derby, concerts, political rallies and conventions. The Cow Palace has hosted them all in the last 43 years.

Construction of the arena started in 1935. At that time, the cost was \$950,000. Built largely by Works Progress Administration labor, the building was completed in 1941, just in time for the first Grand National Livestock Exposition, Horse Show and Rodeo, held in November of that year.

Less than a month after the first Grand National was held, the United States entered World War II and the building was used as an Army base until 1946, when the Grand National came back to the Cow Palace for the second time.

"Originally, the building was built to house livestock exhibitions," said John Root, Cow Palace manager. "Even today, one of the building's main functions is to be a showplace for California agriculture."

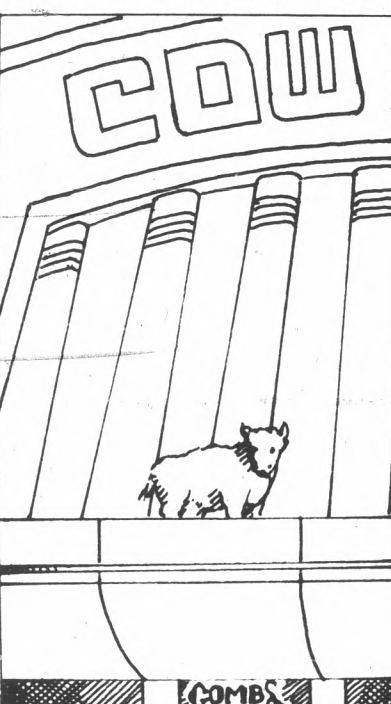
The arena is owned by the state and is operated by the Department of Agriculture. The Cow Palace is administered by the District 1-A Agricultural Association and a nine-member board of directors, appointed by the governor.

According to Root, the arena's name springs out of the Depression. "When the building was under construction, some reporter wrote that in the middle of the Depression, with people hungry and out of work, they're building a palace for cows. The building was constructed in a first-class manner, the stalls for the cattle are larger than they need to be and so, the nickname stuck."

During the 50s, the building's board of directors received permission to use the building to host other events, and so began the Cow Palace's history as a sports and exhibit center.

The Geneva Avenue arena served as the home court for the basketball teams of St. Mary's, UC Berkeley and Stanford when they battled against eastern universities. It was in the Cow Palace that the University of San Francisco, led by Bill Russell and I.C. Jones, climbed to the top of the collegiate rankings.

In 1960, the Cow Palace hosted the National Collegiate Athletic Association basketball finals. UC Berkeley, the defending national champions, defeated Oscar Robertson's Cincinnati University Bearcats to move into the final. But the Bears ran into the Ohio State Buckeyes. Led by such future pros as John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas and present-day Golden State Warriors assistant coach Joe Roberts, the Buckeyes demolished the Bears to capture the title.



Although the building does not have a major league sports team calling it "home," Root is confident about the future of the Cow Palace. "Survival for us is not based on having a major sports team play in the arena. Our building is a multi-purpose facility and we've got lots of exhibit space. The Cow Palace has 300,000 square feet of exhibit space."

ED LIT

No more-- coin rule

This is my farewell piece; the last time you'll see the coin rule and the two short names on the top right-hand corner of *Phoenix's* sports page.

Is there a moan out there? I doubt it. Sports. Who cares anymore and who reads about it? The persons who grab the paper every Thursday morning and turn directly to the sports section are the ones who know they're going to be in it — the athletes interviewed the previous week by reporters assigned to do a story about them, or the members of the various SF State teams who look to see if their names are in a story about their sport.

San Francisco and this school are not sports oriented. There's plenty of action around for die-hard sports fanatics but support for teams, professional and amateur, is largely social.

Certain people *have* to attend the 49ers and Raiders games because it's chic to say on Monday mornings, "Oh yeah, I was there." Are they there because they like the games?

Those who attend SF State games are there because they know some of the participants. There are too few people who attend regularly. Those who do, enjoy the games, win or lose.

The teams here the past year have put forth maximum effort and should be congratulated. From this viewpoint whether on the sidelines or in the stands, they all earned respect and admiration.

Highlights were watching Vic Rowen, Gator football coach, capture his 100th victory. Rowen shared his climactic celebration by passing out cake as he did at all his locker-room celebrations.

The fall season also had some other winners. The women's volleyball team had an excellent season and the men's soccer team surprised a few people by making the west coast playoffs. Both teams should be powerhouse next season.

The men's basketball team bounced back and was in the Far Western Conference championship race down to the last game. The team consisted of a bunch of determined players under the guidance of an enthusiastic coach, Lyle Damon.

Each season the women's basketball team gets stronger and stronger and this year was no exception. Gooch Foster's athletic program is now turning out exceptional women athletes.

Spring semester was not as interesting, but Gator fans took advantage of the sunshine and popped their beer cans at the baseball games and track meets.

It's good to see that the athletic department is once again being funded by the Associated Students. It's good to hear the local campus radio station, KSFS, broadcast Gator games. Too bad you can only hear the radio broadcasts if you have a cable hookup and live in the dorms. You can hear the golden voices if you sit on the top row of the stands at the home games, next to the broadcasters.

It's good to know that some of the athletes here are receiving professional offers. Tony Watson recently received a bonus from the Detroit Lions football team, and Dennis and Orlando Williams still have a good shot to play pro basketball.

Not only do the athletes go on to the professional ranks, but some broadcasters and writers here can make their livings by covering the sports beat.

One course at SF State offers a chance to meet top sports personalities in the classroom. Murray Olderman, among the top sports journalists in the country, teaches his course every spring and brings his students a celebrity to interview each week.

This course makes it easy for a sports editor to choose a subject for a column.

There's plenty of opportunity for sports fans to catch the summer action in the Bay Area. All sports are represented by, pro teams, so there's no excuse to miss out.

Sports is not to be taken seriously unless you want to. It's enjoyable to watch, healthy for participants, and offers the opportunity for people to imagine they are the sports hero they have always dreamed about.

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SF State hopefuls

Final track test

by Larry Espinola

Finals begin in two weeks for most, but for two students named Norman Thurman and Derrick Flax today is the first day of another type of finals. Theirs won't take place in a classroom. It'll take place on an oval track.

The two sprinters will be participating in the Far Western Conference Championship track meet at UC Davis today through Saturday. Although SF State didn't have an outstanding season, Thurman and Flax enjoyed a very good one.

"My aspiration is to get into pro football," said Norman Thurman as he

every week, from 14.6 to 14.3 (one clock time him at 14.2) which he ran against UC Davis in April to shatter the old meet record of 14.8. In the same meet he ran the winning leg of the 4x110-meter relay, placed second in the 100-meter dash and ran 55.4 in the 400-meter hurdles to place eighth on SF State's all-time rankings.

Thurman suffered a slight hamstring pull two weeks ago. Whether it will affect him in today's meet is still unknown.

"I'm hoping it won't be a factor," Thurmond said. "I'll run the 110-meter hurdles and the 400-meter, and if my leg feels better then I'll run in two more events."

Thurman practices about six

that he was faster than most kids in his class.

"When I was 10 years old my elementary school went to a track meet at the L.A. Coliseum," Flax remembered. "It was the first time I was ever there. It was beautiful."

Flax, a junior broadcasting major, also wants to play pro football. But this year, with only a three-week break between the two sports, Flax had trouble making the transitions.

"I was running side-to-side during football and I've had trouble getting my correct form for track. I wanted to break the school record this year but running without 15 to 20 pounds of uniform makes a big difference," he said.



Sarah Crump stretches it all out preparing for Bay to Breakers race.

Photos by Walt Weiss

Her love is running

by Paul Steinmetz

Sarah Crump has a lover. She puts hours of effort into her affair each day. It is the source of her creating, her caring, her nurturing. It is the purpose of her day. Her life revolves around her love. And her love is running.

Crump, 23, is a junior majoring in interdisciplinary studies in social science. She often attends class in running shorts and T-shirt, thoroughly invigorated from a morning run.

This Sunday she will be among 10,000 participating in the annual Examiner Bay-to-Breakers run.

Crump's relationship grew slowly because she once dreaded the physical exertion and the competition associated with running.

Six years ago a high school physical education teacher convinced her that running would improve her health. But Crump did not enjoy running until she discovered it could improve her spiritual well-being also.

About a year-and-a-half ago she experienced a prolonged depression. "It was scary, and I felt like I was in a big black pit," she said. "The main thing that I really feel kept me above water, kept me somewhat in touch with myself was when I was physically active. I gained a lot of weight during that year and the days when I could muster up the energy and discipline to get outside and run were the days that I would feel OK about myself."

With this realization, she began running religiously.

She planned to run her first marathon this month, but while training for the race she pulled an Achilles' tendon and was sidelined for two months. She stopped running completely, so the tendon could heal, but her spiritual well-being suffered.

She was soon having difficulty walking, however, and it became apparent to her that she could not run in the marathon.

"With that realization, I just started really to go down, down, down. I was feeling so unsettled, and I was clearly seeing how much of a therapeutic thing all my physical involvement had been. It was definitely an uncom-

fortable, unpleasant, kind of sad time for me."

Crump plans to run a marathon in the future, but has lowered her immediate goal to the Bay-to-Breakers race.

"I know I can do Bay-to-Breakers. It'll be different with 10,000 runners, but it's really more of a social event than a right-on race. I will not be pushing myself because I'm afraid to do anything with this ankle," she said.

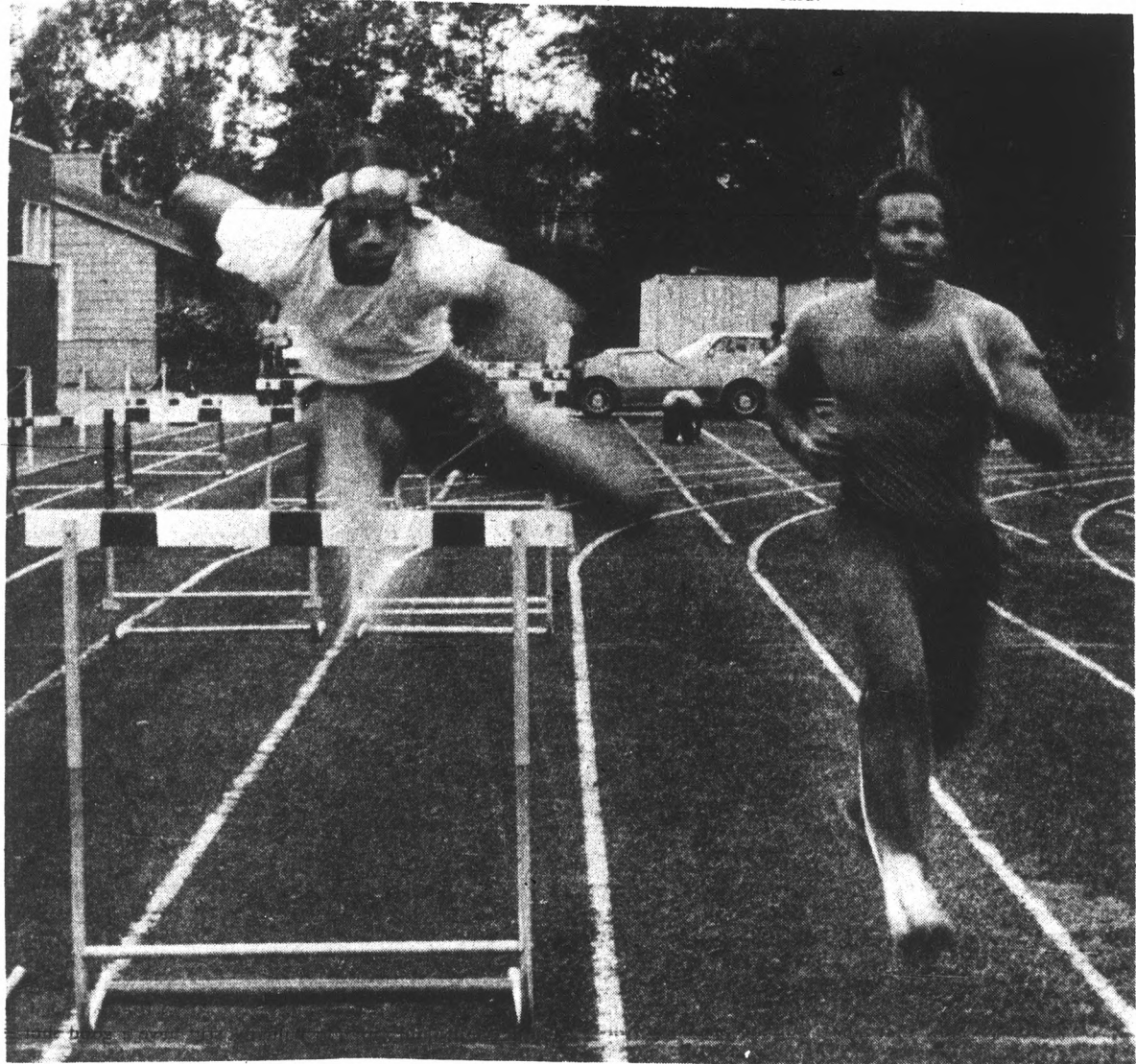
"For the marathon it was much more stringent. It was something I didn't know about and I really had to gear myself."

The first weeks of running back into shape have been discouraging for her. She is impatiently waiting for her

wind to come back and her weight to go down.

She wants to regain her expertise and the sense of enrichment she experiences when she runs long distances well. She has no time-table for reaching that level again, but she will recognize it when she does.

She said, "I will feel an expansion right here in my chest. I know I can draw from that. You stop using your intellect to get you through, but drop down into a lower source of energy. I think for some people that would sound very cosmic, very out of touch. But for me it's very real. That happens with my long runs where I'm just feeling completely at one with myself. At peace."



The hurdler and the sprinter. Norman Thurman and Derrick Flax workout preparing for FWC championship.

Photo by Hector Esparza

did stretching exercises. "That's been my dream since I was old enough to recognize it on TV."

Thurman, a 6'-1" junior, grew up in Stockton and has been competing for six years.

"I ran track in high school just because other guys were doing it," he explained. "I guess I became more serious about it because I was getting older and you begin to take things a lot more serious. You're given opportunity to excel here so you should take advantage of it."

And that's exactly what Thurman has done this season, as his time in the 110-meter high hurdles has gone down

hours a day when he's not attending classes as a sociology major. Between track and school, Thurman doesn't have a great deal of spare time but he doesn't mind.

"It's tough practicing everyday because there's always something going on here (at SF State) to distract you," he said. "But it's (track) my life. It's as personal as one can get."

Thurman will be training this summer at San Joaquin Delta College, which he hopes will help him to break the record next season.

By the time Derrick Flax had reached the fourth grade he realized

Although Flax said he's not in the best of shape, he does feel confident about winning the 100-meter and 200-meter events at the FWC meet.

"Only two runners should give me trouble in the 100," said Flax confidently. "Nobody has really pushed me this year in the 200 except at the Sacramento Relays. I'm winning this race, it's mine."

Thurman and Flax can only improve, and they both expect to break school records next season — that is if they don't do it this weekend in Davis.

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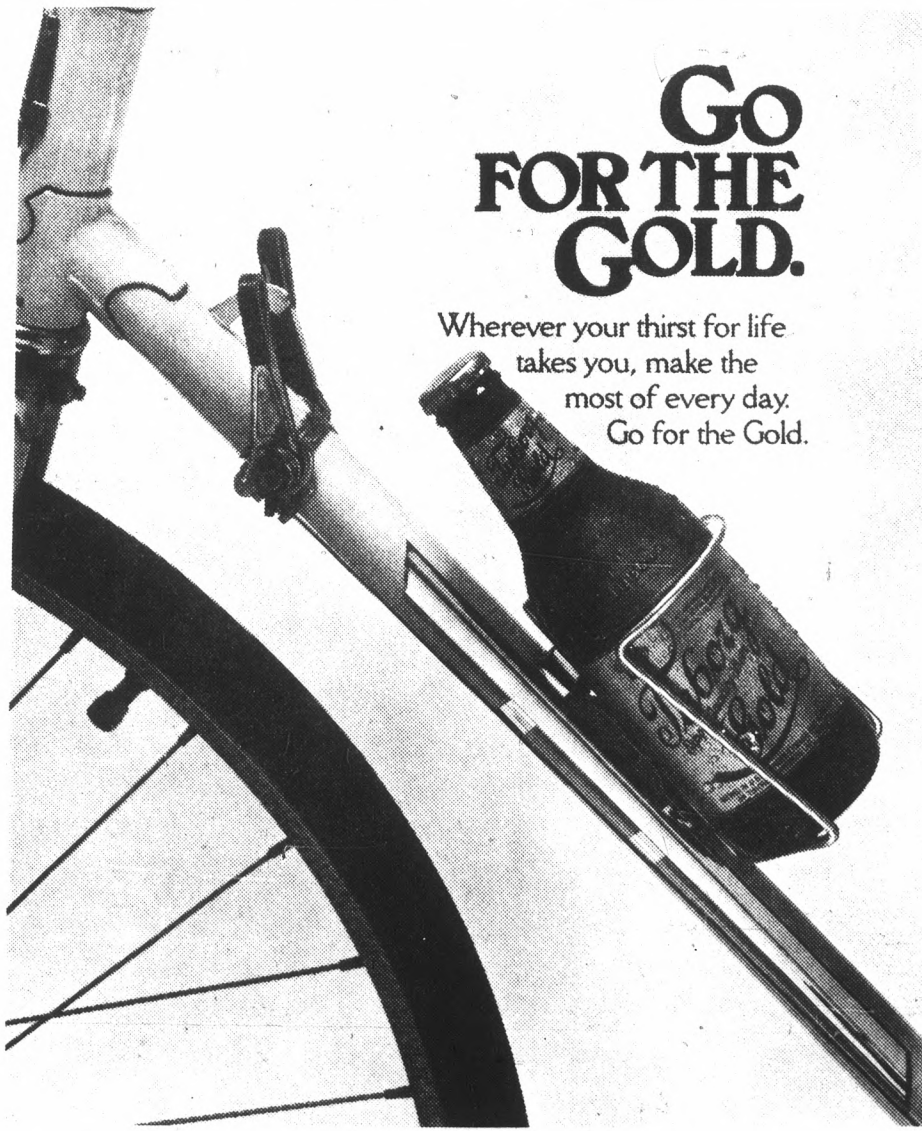


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BACKWORDS

The soul of a gumshoe

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be an unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 60 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Harold (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles on five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earns well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to sell yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, these are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget the criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door and get good at it. Fuller Brushes or something like that."

Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he did hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at UC Berkeley. In Lipset's junior year, his father died and a friend convinced him to take time from school and do one year in the Army.

Lipset graduated from Officers Candidate School as a military policeman. He then enrolled in a new school of criminal investigation taught by Melvin Purvis, the famed agent who left the FBI because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger led to a rivalry with bureau head Herbert Hoover.

After completing Purvis' course, Lipset took charge of a team of investigators assigned to accompany U.S. Army units about to invade Europe. Lipset saw the war through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier.

Following his discharge, he worked as a trade journal editor in Chicago, and then entered law school in San Francisco.

When his wife Lynn became pregnant, he supported his family to-be by doing the only thing he knew — investigation.

First, he worked for the Office of Price Administration looking into housing fraud. Then Lipset spent a few months with the Veteran's Administration as an undercover agent in a Southern California hospital.

In the beginning, private investigation meant dingy waterfront offices with cigarette butts floating in stale coffee, and kicking in doors to catch errant husbands and wives.

But no one knew that in 25 years the crime rate would grow or that private investigation and security (and equipment that goes with it) would become a \$3 billion-a-year business. An old attorney friend of Lipset's advised him that lawyers were about to be overwhelmed with post-war paperwork and courtroom ritual, and the investigation they had once done to prepare their cases would now have to be taken over by professionally trained investigators.

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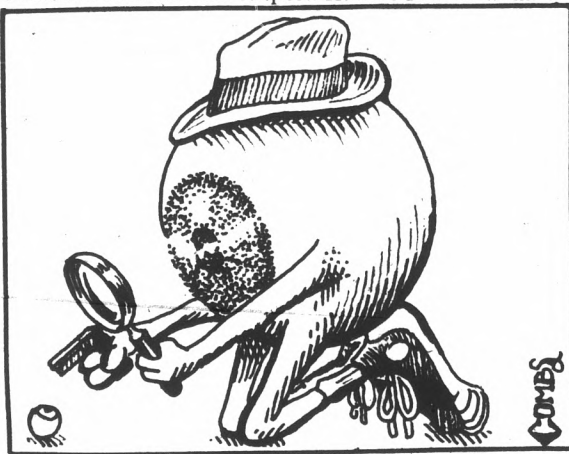
cases annually — and grosses more than \$300,000 a year.

Although TV programs give the impression that every "private" packs a gun and is a master of self-defense, Lipset is not what you would call a man of action. He's been beaten up only three times in 30 years on the job. Nonetheless he considers three times too many. He couldn't carry a gun even if he wanted to (which he doesn't) because he let his license expire long ago.

"I only carried it twice, when a client insisted that I couldn't be a real private eye without a gun. That was his problem."

Lipset is a successful detective because of his ability to slice through red tape that can slow down police. Shreve & Co. of San Francisco hired Lipset to track down jewel thieves for that exact reason.

Lipset started the job by first checking-out San Francisco International Airport. He found that a woman



and her American husband had purchased tickets to Switzerland under their own names.

"That scared me," Lipset says. "Pros don't do that — and that meant that I had to find them before some real professionals read about the robbery, picked up their trail and killed them for the jewels."

With a Xerox copy of the couple's arrest warrant, Lipset flew to London and contacted a Swiss member of the World Association of Detectives. He learned he was six days behind — but he made up for lost time. In 36 hours, Lipset followed leads that took him to Cologne, Geneva, where the couple stopped over, and Paris, where Interpol was no help at all.

On a tip from Swiss police, Lipset caught a night flight to Madrid, picked up credentials from Spain's National Police, and took off again for the Spanish-held Canary Islands. The next morning, on the tiny island of Tenerife, Lipset nabbed his quarry and thyngs at a tiny seaside inn.

That was just one of the many fascinating cases the detective has taken on in his long career. On the West Coast, Lipset has become sort of a legend.

He worked with Charles Garry on the defense of Huey Newton and Bobby Seale. He tracked down the witness who broke the prosecution case against the Los Siete defendants (seven young Chicanos from the Mission District who were accused of killing a policeman in 1970). He uncovered a pair of former prisoners whose testimony was crucial in the acquittal of the Soledad Brothers. He headed the investigation that helped clear Angela Davis.

Although Lipset is nearing the age of retirement he shows no sign of slowing down.

"One of the great joys of this profession is that you never know when you wake up in the morning what the day is going to bring."

It was 1946 when Michael Murphy decided to move to San Francisco from Hollywood where he had been acting in movies. While looking in the newspaper one day he came across an ad which read: "Shadowman with motion picture experience needed." Murphy didn't know it then, but his career as a private investigator was about to begin.

Murphy's first job was to take movies for an insurance company. He filmed people doing things which they claimed they were not able to do because of an accident.

"I knew there had to be more to this business than this," said Murphy. "I went to work for an ex-FBI agent who was an investigator. But his health was poor so I

had to jump in with both feet and do both ends of the investigative work. It was excellent proving ground."

After accumulating 4000 hours (2 years) of investigative work, Murphy passed a detective licensing exam in 1954.

Unlike Lipset, who has a staff of full or part-time assistants working for him, Murphy does all his work alone.

"I do 99 percent of my own work," said the 60-year-old Murphy. "Then I know it's being done right and I know exactly what's being done."

Murphy's advice on tailing someone: "Be sure you have the right person. In busy towns or streets I usually trailed people from across the street instead of behind them. That way I can turn my back on them and see their reflection on a store window and keep track of them. One of the toughest places to follow anybody is in a department store because you never know where they're going to go."

Surveillance work is a large part of his job.

"I once had to hide on top of a big walk-in refrigerator in a super market because one of the night men was helping himself to a lot of fancy groceries. So I hid up there to catch him in the act. This guy was a clerk in the liquor department in the super market which stayed open after the super market closed. And according to state law he has to have access to a restroom."

"Well, here he was all by himself and everything in the super market was wide open so he helped himself to everything night after night. They realized items were missing so they called me in. And after four hours of waiting I caught him red-handed. I had to wait until he left the store with the stolen items, then I made a citizens arrest, since I have no arresting power."

Murphy has also trailed policemen.

"There was one who would drive home and park his car outside beside his house and work on his garden all day and call in on the radio every so often and tell them he was some place and he wouldn't be there. He'd keep his radio on in case he got a call."

Murphy, with his handlebar mustache, doesn't fit the TV private eye image.

"The closest thing it (television) came to was Paul Drake with Perry Mason," says Murphy. "But even that was exaggerated. During a lunch break Perry Mason would tell him to go out and get information and he would come back with a whole notebook full of stuff that would ordinarily take two weeks to get. But Rockford Files and other private eyes on television and movies are greatly dramatized. It actually can get awfully boring sitting in a car watching a doorway for hours and hours."

The salary of a private eye varies. And according to Murphy there are about 50 or 60 investigators in the city — 10 to 20 make a satisfactory living. Murphy falls into that small percentage as he charges \$15 an hour and \$20 after 6 p.m. plus expenses. He said he makes from \$24,000 to \$50,000 a year.

Not all of Murphy's cases deal with following people, he's also worked on some murder cases. There was one case in which a man was found dead in the sand at Land's End. Police concluded that it was an odd homicide since the man's business was a bit shady. But the man's family wanted his name cleared so they hired Murphy.

By retracing the man's daily routine Murphy found out that the man liked to take walks at Land's End; he also discovered caves where students from a nearby high school would make love.

One day as he was watching a couple making love, the man slipped off the rocks and fell to his death. Murphy was able to find the couple who saw the man fall.

The police had to reopen the case and change it to an accidental death.

Alain Gilstein looks more like a business executive sitting behind his desk in his downtown private investigator's office.

Although Gilstein's name is listed in the phone book, he prefers not to have off the street business.

"I don't want walk-in business, I don't want people coming off the streets," says Gilstein. "They have no idea what it's going to cost them and they can't afford it. They waste your time and they're never satisfied. My business is 100 percent repeat business. The non-lawyer people I take are referred by lawyers."

Gilstein makes



Photo by Lynn

from \$25,000 to \$100,000 a year, he said.

Gilstein got into his profession by accident. "I was in special forces while I was in the Army and I broke my neck so I had to leave the army much sooner than expected," said Gilstein. "Three of the years I was in the Army I did investigative work. So when I got out of the Army, it was the only solvent work I could do. It was a matter of economics."

After leaving the Army in 1961, Gilstein worked for a couple other firms before opening his own business in 1963. At that time personal injury was his main business.

"Most of my work is criminal defense, white collar crime and trademark investigation; things like that are more interesting. Personal injury is still the bread and butter work — it's not interesting."

Tilstein, like Lipset, has people working for him, and keeps his eye on some 30 cases, unless the client specifically asks for him.

"Private investigation is a very stable business, as far as clients go," said Gilstein. "But most of your business depends on word-of-mouth and how good you are. I don't know how many investigators there are in the phone book, but I would say 90 percent of them are making less than \$10,000 a year and are moonlighting at something else."

"And if anyone tells you there's any glamour in this business it's just a lot of bullshit. It's a business just like any other business."

YOGA: The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red, pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

The Potrero Avenue traffic sounds are intensified; unpleasant fumes from a downstairs auto body shop penetrate the high-ceilinged room.

But they will sit like this, undisturbed, eyes almost closed or gazing at the lustrous floor, for an hour. Maybe three.

Sitting is the main activity at Dharmadhatu, 440 Potrero, one of 42 Buddhist meditation centers across the nation directed by a Tibetan lama (spiritual leader), Chogyum Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyu Drodren Kun-chab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

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"People end up here because they feel discontent with their lives," McClellan said, speaking barely above a whisper and gesturing slowly with a Marlboro in her right hand. "That's actually a valid state — people find that refreshing."

McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

"Everything seemed fishy to me.

But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

Morris, 44 and a nurse, said that before becoming a student of Trungpa five years ago, she "wasn't living properly."

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to its present location, is supported through fund-raising events, contributions, study programs (which cost from \$15 to \$30) and personal and bank loans.

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The center's founder lives in Colorado and visits San Francisco Dharmadhatu yearly. In addition, *Meditation in Action*, he has written poetry book, an autobiography, a popular trade book entitled *Crazy Through Spiritual Materialism*.

"Rinpoche doesn't demand much from us," Morris said. "Fluffing a cushion and crossing her legs." He asks that we sit as much as possible.



Photos by Hector B.

A brewery makes its debut in traditional wine country

by Michael Musser

A new kind of entrepreneur has entrenched himself in Sonoma Valley, long a vintner's paradise. Amid the valley's stockpiles of vintage wines, the newcomer is meeting the public's demand for a heartier, heavier drink.

The enterprise is operating from a small, rough-hewn warehouse several miles down a Sonoma country road — the home of an alternative to the pale, effervescent beverage that Americans call beer.

New Albion is a specialty brewery; it is the smallest of the handful of breweries in California.

The brewery was started in May of 1976 by John McAuliff and two partners, Suzy Stern and Jane Zimmerman.

Before then, Anchor Steam Beer of San Francisco, (owned by Fritz Maytag of washing machine fame) held the cellar position as one of the world's smallest breweries.

Anchor's production is small, in relation to Joseph Schlitz and Anheuser-Busch, which produces around 30 million gallons a year. Anchor brews about 8,000 to 10,000 31-gallon barrels a year, while New Albion brews only 200 barrels.

McAuliff learned to brew in Scotland, where he was stationed in the U.S. Navy. The British had revised the British Tax Bill in 1963 to allow private citizens to make beer by the barrel.

He carried his knowledge back home to Sonoma, where he collected books on the art. Experimentation led him to the "secret recipe" for New Albion ale.

Brewing takes place in the two-story warehouse that McAuliff renovated himself. In the brewing room, two large vats are encircled by three tiers of scaffolding.

He and his two partners emphasize discipline when they brew three days a week. The brewery is immaculate, and permeated with the sweet odor of boiling hops and crushed malt. Workers don rubber boots in the main workroom and dip them into a bucket of water at the door.

The brewing process starts with purified water, kept in holding tanks on the highest level of the three tiers. The "liquor backs," as the tanks are called, gravity-feed water to the "hot liquor back," to be mixed with salts.

The water then flows into the "mash ton," an open vat to which the crushed malt is added. It is here that the enzymes, naturally present in the malt starch, convert to sugars called dextrine and maltose.

As the malt changes into sugar, so does the name of the process; the malt mix is now called "wort." The "wort" is thinned with the water from the liquor back to prevent it from lumping.

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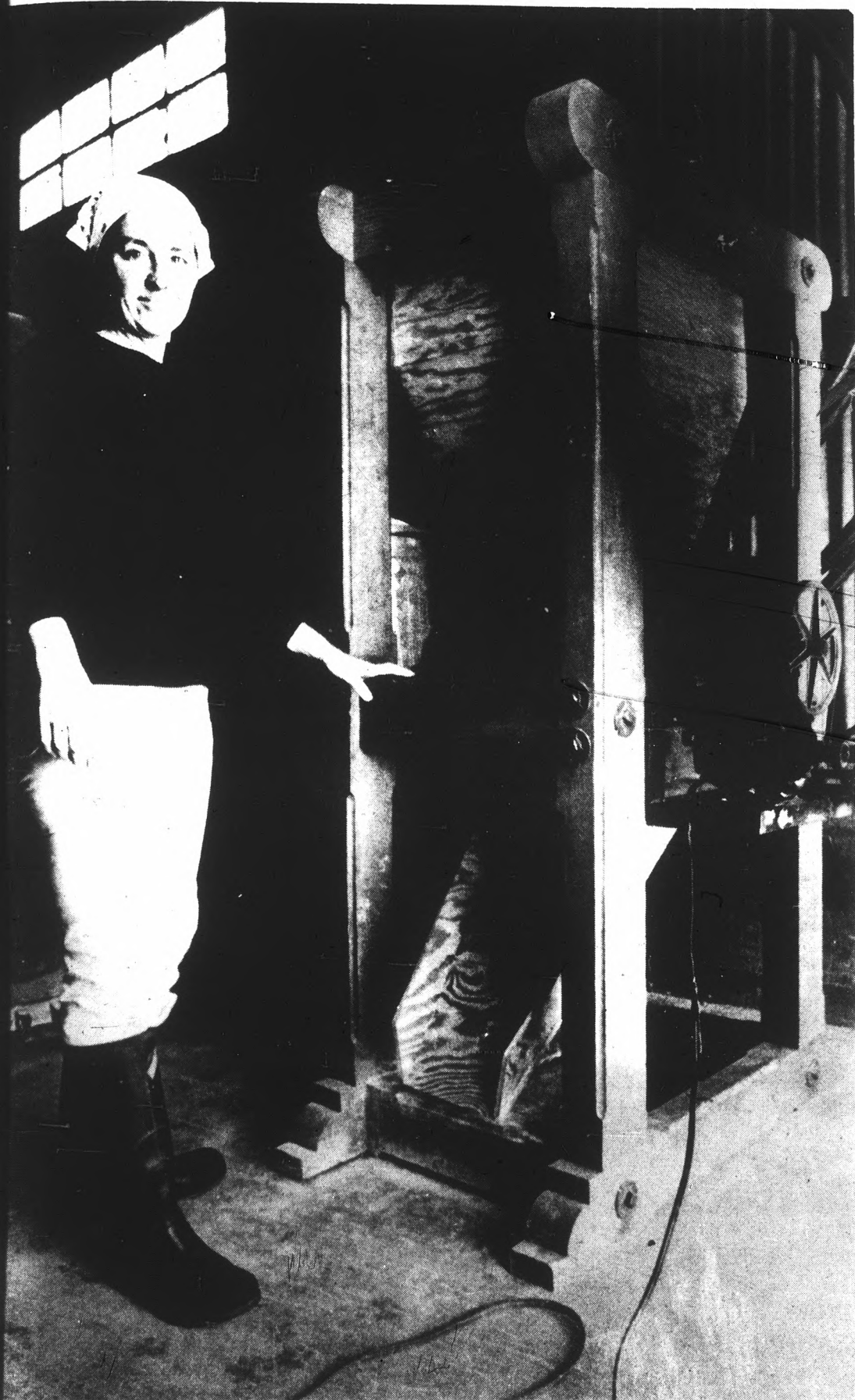


Photo by Michael Musser

Albion vice-president Suzy Stern works the handmade malt-cracker made by John McAuliff. device crushes and refines the malt before it goes into the "mash ton" for steeping.

BACKWORLD

The so

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In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be an unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 60 firms in San Francisco.

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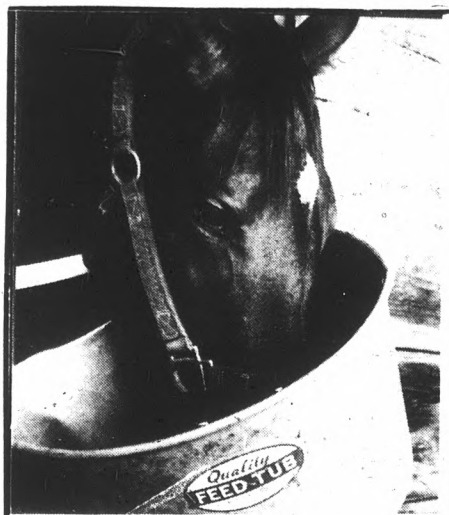
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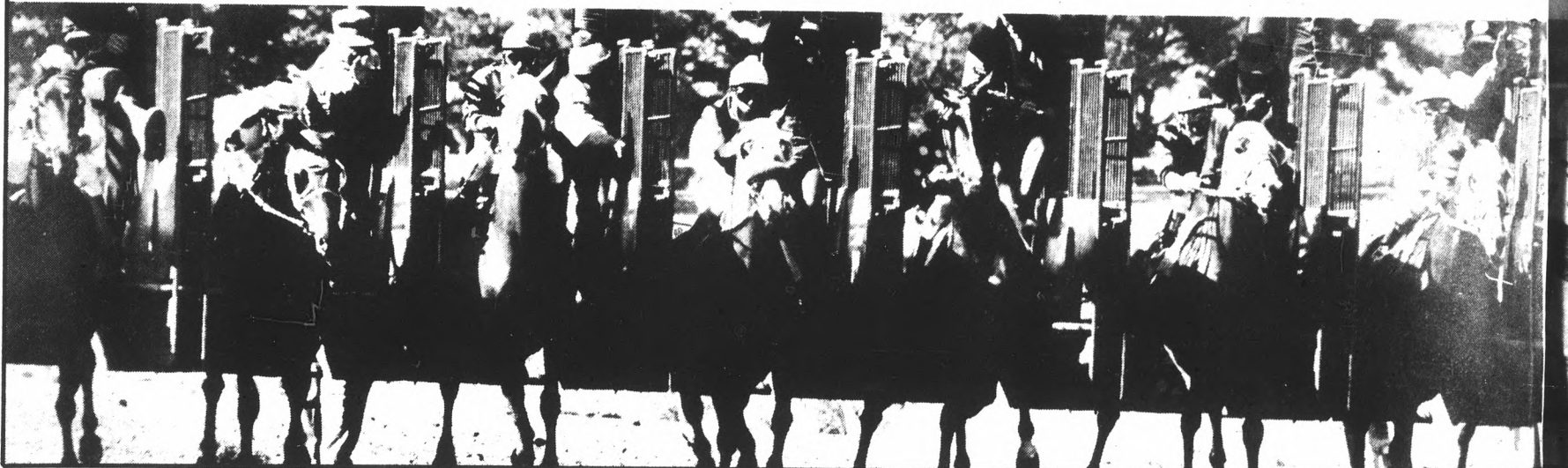
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Thoroughbred racing:

A beginner runs in the horseshoe express

Photos and text by Gary Cameron



CENTERFOLD-PAGE TWO

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Photos by Hector

This is a story about a race horse. And the odds are at least 15 to 1 that you won't see Ali Time at Churchill Downs next year with Steve Cauthen in the stirrups. But she's a special horse; not just a piece of meat with a number on her flanks that people bet money on. After spending a day with her, from dawn until post-time, the animal charisma takes over. From now on, you'll never feel the same about thoroughbred race horses.

Ali is a two-year-old filly who is entering her first professional race today at Golden Gate Fields. Her trainer, Debra Thomas, arrives in the chill of 6 a.m. and begins the preparation for the race. The day starts for Ali with new shoes, a light meal, braiding of the mane, wrapping of the legs, and inspection of the animal by at least three racing officials.

The race will be short and quick; five furlongs, or five-eighths of a mile. As is the case in most sprints, the start determines the finish.

Thomas tempers her optimism with racing savvy. "I won't be surprised if she finished first, nor will I be shocked if she finished fifth. I will be very surprised if she finished last," she says.

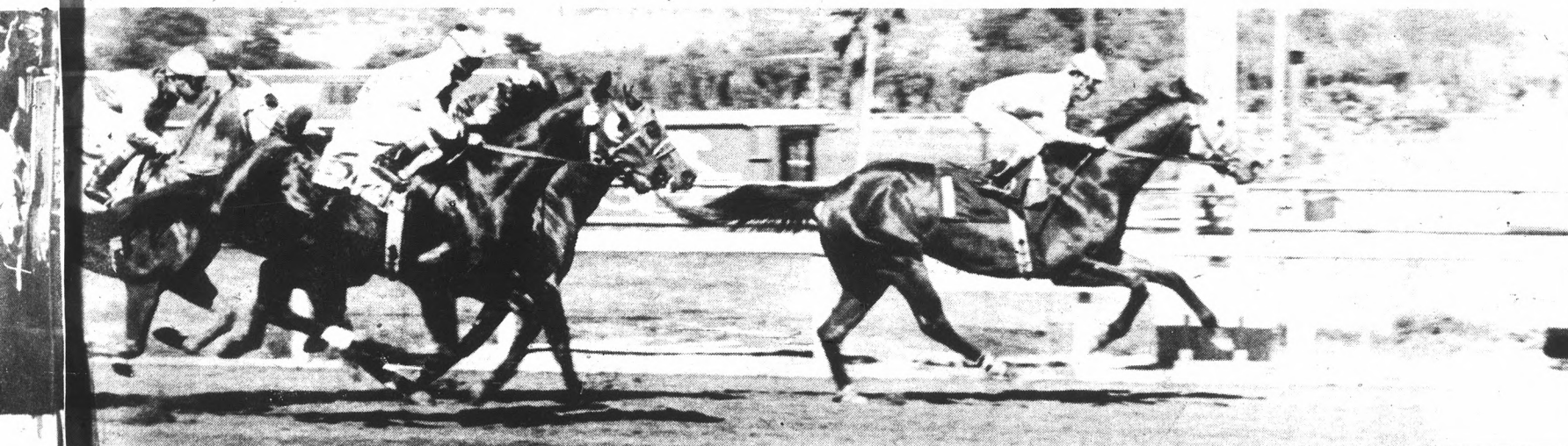
Ali finishes second, a strong second that would have been a first if it were not for her lack of experience and the long neck of the first-place horse. Thomas asks Ali's jockey, Dale Long, what went wrong.

"Nothing, except she finished second."

But Thomas and Long agree that Ali Time has a promising future on the race stretch; placing second in a horse's first race is very encouraging. She was rated ninth of the twelve horses on the racing form.

Ali is led back to the barn area for a small drink of water, a bath, and a circular walk to cool her down. Slowly, her veins stop bulging through the sleek, black-brown skin. Then it's back to a stall filled with newly-strewn straw until the next race. And the next. And the next.

Camera



BACKWORLD

The smallest brewery in California

by Larry Espinola

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Who says crime doesn't pay? Today, Lipset Services employs a full-time staff of five, plus a pool of as many as 35 part-time agents who may turn up as garbagemen, mechanics, refrigerator repairmen or even newspaper reporters. The firm, which is tied globally into the Western Association of Detectives, handles an average of 500

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

After the wort is steeped for a while, it is filtered through a screen in the "mash ton" and then again gravity-fed into a "brew kettle," where the hops are added and boiled with the "wort."

The temperature of the brew kettle remains steady for one-and-a-half hours of boiling. After the temperature is reduced to 150 degrees, the ingredients are transferred for cooling through a series of pipes and tubes that McAuliff designed himself.

The waste or by products from the brewery are called "trub." The used hops are sold to gardeners and the grain goes to pig farmers.

New Albion ale must ferment twice before it is bottled. After the liquid is cooled, it is transferred to the primary fermentation tanks, where temperature is kept at a constant 55 degrees.

The first fermentation takes a week. The ale is then transferred into air-tight storage barrels and allowed to sit for another two weeks.

McAuliff's partner, Stern says that Thursday is the bottling day. "We feed the beer through pipes to the bottling room to bottle and cap it."

Stern often runs the operation when McAuliff is not at the brewery. Dressed in faded jeans tucked into high rubber boots, she adjusts heat valves and hose couplings in the third tier of the warehouse scaffolding.

At 45, she is vice president of New Albion, devoted to her work and doing what she enjoys — "life in the country." She joined up with McAuliff after leaving her job in the grants and aid department of *Playboy* magazine in Chicago. She knew nothing of brewing until she met McAuliff and invested in the company.

Stern says that none of the three partners, who are also exclusive shareholders in the private corporation, have a second job. "One person could probably run the brewery well himself, but I like to have someone else around in case things go wrong," she adds.

The brewery is modeled after the small contemporary breweries of the British Isles, says Stern. New Albion uses the gravity-flow system of English breweries, and adds no artificial additives to the beer.

"American brewers use things to make beer look and taste like beer. Big brewers take a cosmetic approach to brewing," says Stern. Some of the additives used by

American breweries, she says, include artificial carbonation, antibiotics, food coloring, and heading agents that produce the froth in a glass of beer.

McAuliff works six days a week and says that brewing is a scientific endeavor.

He learned about beer-making by reading books. It took him about ten years to gather the money and equipment to start the brewery.

"I'm a brewer of ale because I like it," he says. "I talked to some merchants in the Sonoma area and got opinions about a new beer. Some of them liked the idea."

"The public is tired of buying plastic crap, so I decided to try to sell my ale," he says.

There are two ways to make and sell beer, he says. "There is the high price and quality, and smaller beer sales. And then there is the cheaper quality and price, and larger beer sales. Most American brewers have chosen to make more beer and to sacrifice their quality."

The cost of brewing quality ale is high, but New Albion has reduced some production costs by making its bottles returnable for use. Each bottle pays a deposit of ten cents — the ale costs 80 cents a bottle at most stores.

"The public is tired of buying plastic crap, so I decided to try to sell my ale"

McAuliff's two years of success have come from his ability to foresee the changing tastes of the California beer drinkers. His ale is aimed at "people who are becoming more and more aware of what beer should taste like."

He jumped into the small business field as a speculator who had been watching the trend of the market for heavier dark beer.

McAuliff says that for years beer drinkers have preferred light beer because "they didn't know any better. The less the flavor, the more the American palate likes it. It's all part of the American people, who watch TV all the time. It could be called a mass beer for a mass society," he says.

New Albion's ale has a raw, heavy flavor with an aftertaste — the dark color is due to natural ingredients and fermentation, and not to caramel coloring.

Despite light beer's traditional popularity in the United States, McAuliff says that Americans are showing interest in darker beers and

ales. The market is showing a new trend — a trend that the Miller Brewing company responded to with Lowenbrau, and Schlitz with Tuborg.

Both are imitations of darker European beer, he says.

New Albion's ale has an alcohol content of five percent; most beer has a content of about three percent. The federal government classifies ale as anything over four percent alcohol.

The cost of starting the brewery was cut because McAuliff did the rebuilding himself. "If we had all the welding and construction done by contractors, the cost would easily have been about \$100,000," says Stern. Instead he designed and welded the scaffolding himself.

They were reluctant to reveal profits from the brewery, although they plan to increase production to 350 barrels a year, and to enter the draft beer market in San Francisco at that time.

McAuliff doesn't advertise because he doesn't need to, he says. Since he and his partners do everything from brewing the ale to delivering it, distribution is limited to Marin County and a few select San Francisco stores.

If the taste of the ale is different, so is New Albion's logo. The bottles are labeled with a copy of a print of Sir Francis Drake's ship, the Golden Hind. McAuliff commissioned a friend, artist Salvatore Guardino, to create a label to accompany the name that Drake bestowed on California's coast.

Initially, McAuliff had to receive federal authorization and apply for a state permit to brew beer, which costs \$828, and must be renewed every year. The process includes corporate documentation, if needed, and proof of a bond (which ranges from \$1,000 to \$150,000, depending on the production size of the brewery). New Albion qualified for the \$1,000 bond.

According to Eva Pichi of the Alcohol, Firearms and Tobacco Division of the Treasury Department, applying for a brewing permit is not a spur-of-the-moment process.

She occasionally receives requests from people who want to brew just a few hundred gallons of beer.

"They think up the idea of a party or picnic. When they find they need tanks, piping and bond, they shy away. They have to meet all the regulatory requirements and they have to apply on a sound premise," says Stern.

"There are probably only about a handful of breweries in the Western United States," she adds. "But there are less than a dozen."

New Albion's Stern says that the brewery's product is similar to home-brew, but that the production volume allows for profit.

"Brewing is an art and a science and it's good to have a technical background," she says. "But it is also something to be said for practical home-brewer who uses senses and tastes."

Home-brewing for personal consumption is illegal in California.

Legalizing homemade beer would not affect the large breweries, Fred Cortie, a representative for the state's Alcoholic Beverage Control Board.

"The alcohol industry in California is pretty powerful and wouldn't doubt that they would lobby to keep people from making their own beer," he adds.

Legislation is currently proposed in Sacramento to legalize home-brewing of up to 200 gallons.

"I think that's great," says Stern, "but 200 doesn't even come close to production."

"The market for imported beer is growing in America by leaps and bounds. Obviously, there is a market for heavier beer," she says.

Unfortunately for New Albion, the federal tax on its production is almost punitive. The federal government gets nine cents for every barrel," she says.

Relief may be in sight for brewers. Stern says that tax may be fixed according to production levels. If the legislation passes, the tax will be reduced to seven dollars a barrel for brewers of under 60,000 barrels.

McAuliff says he has two types of ale planned for the future. One will be a stout similar to not as strong as Guinness Stout, also plans to make a light ale with an amber color, from lighter malt.

Although New Albion's reaches only a few California beer aficionados, it appears that the brew is catching on. The Albion labor of love may become just a little more popular.



YOGA: The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red-pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

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Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyudroten Kun-chab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

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For example, members occasionally chant, but in English. And comfort



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McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

"Everything seemed fishy to me.

But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

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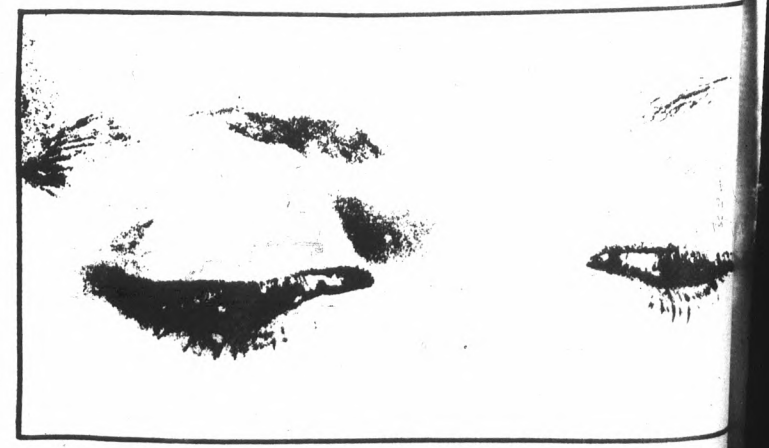
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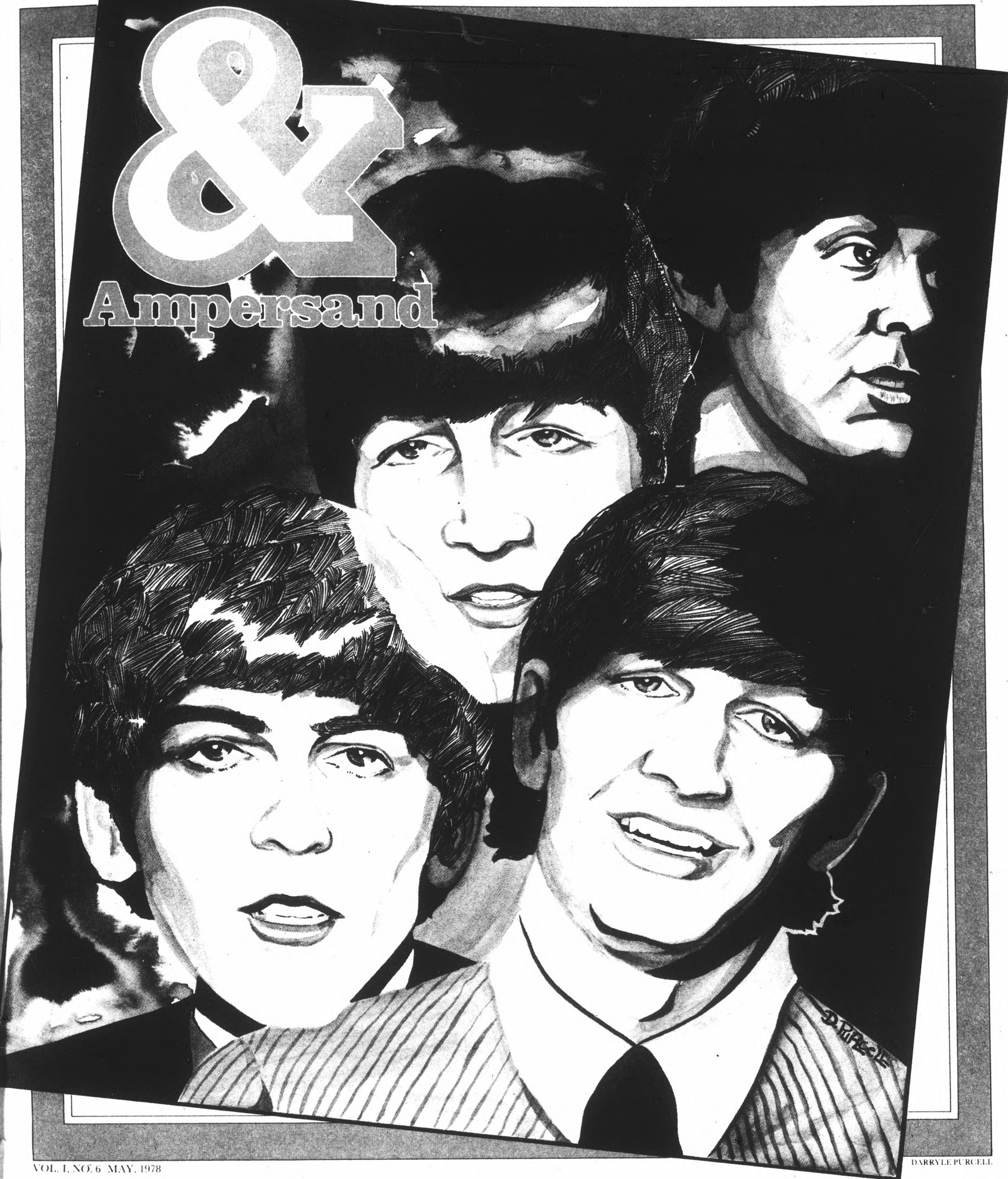
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Photos by Hector

& Ampersand



BACKWORLD

The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be a unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 6 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Harold (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles on five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earns well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to see yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, there are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget the criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door and get good at it. Fuller Brushes or something like that."

Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he did hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at UC Berkeley. Lipset's junior year, his father died and a friend convinced him to take time from school and do one year in the Army.

Lipset graduated from Officers Candidate School as a military policeman. He then enrolled in a new school of criminal investigation taught by Melvin Purvis, the famed agent who left the FBI because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger led to a rivalry with bureau head Herbert Hoover.

After completing Purvis' course, Lipset took charge of a team of investigators assigned to accompany U.S. Army units about to invade Europe. Lipset saw the world through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier.

Following his discharge, he worked as a trade journal editor in Chicago, and then entered law school in San Francisco.

When his wife Lynn became pregnant, he supported his family to be by doing the only thing he knew investigation.

First, he worked for the Office of Price Administration looking into housing fraud. Then Lipset spent a few months with the Veteran's Administration as an undercover agent in a Southern California hospital.

In the beginning, private investigation meant din water-front offices with cigarette butts floating in st. coffee, and kicking in doors to catch errant husbands and wives.

But no one knew that in 25 years the crime rate would grow or that private investigation and security (and equipment that goes with it) would become a billion-a-year business. An old attorney friend of Lipset advised him that lawyers were about to be overwhelmed with post-war paperwork and courtroom ritual, and investigation they had once done to prepare their cases would now have to be taken over by professional trained investigators.

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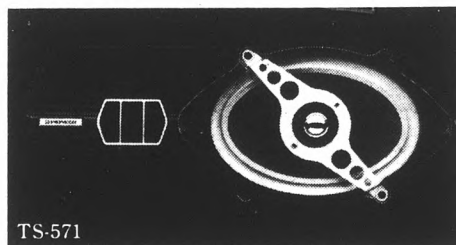
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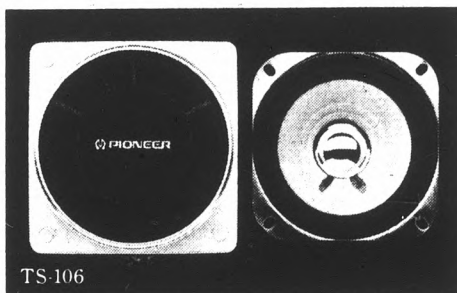
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CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR

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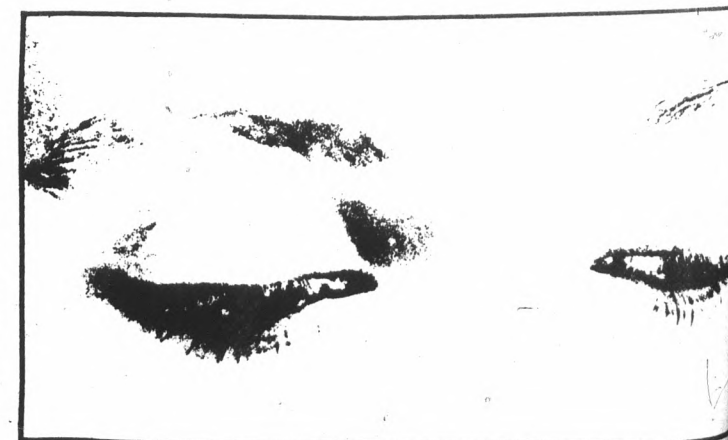
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Photos by Hector

& Ampersand

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New Contributors

KEN BEEGLE (On Disc) is a 22-year-old
Denverite who migrated 25 miles to Boulder
to get his education in the ways of the world.
Among other things, he likes pizza.LORRAINE BOSWELL (Photo, On Tour), 21,
is an Animal Science major at the University
of California at Davis.SAM EMERSON (Photo, & Out the Other) is
a hotshot Hollywood photographer who's
snapped so many famous faces he probably
doesn't remember them all.BECKY SUE EPSTEIN (On Disc) received her
M.A. in Middle English from the University
of Bristol, England. There being little need for
Chaucerian scholars in Los Angeles (now they
tell her!) Becky spends her time listening to
music, reading books and writing.PAUL HELFORD (In Print) is a late-night TV
movie host and sales director for KOZY-TV
in Eugene, Oregon.THOMAS MARTIN (In Print) is a 30-year-
old journalism major at Central Michigan
University. Before that he ran a record store.JOEL PATTERSON (On Tour) is a 20-year-
old creative writing student at San Francisco
State; he also plays guitar in a "sort of reggae"
band. "We started as punks," he says, "but
we've matured."JAYSON Q. WECHTER (On Tour) is a San
Francisco freelancer whose work has appeared
in *Cracked*, *Sick* and *Crazy* as well as the more
off-beat *New West* and *Boston Real Paper*.

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IN ONE EAR...

Aw, Give the Kid a Break

As Jeffrey Hudson puts it in your March issue, can't you find some better material with which to frame your advertising? *Ampersand*, for all its sophisticated packaging, would seem to be written for less than bright groupies. I hope that your opinion of college students is a little better than that.

Your March cover implies that there is a lengthy article on Martin Mull inside: the article, taking up much less space than the two photographs of the subject, was disappointing. Who cares if Martin Mull and his girlfriend "neck publicly," and that Hank Nuwer thinks they must have a lively love life? Did Nuwer run out of serious information from the interview, or did he think he was writing for *Playgirl* again?

Chris Clark's album reviews are even sillier. He (she?) evidently knows something about current music, but seems too interested in his own proud state of jadedness, slinging names and far-fetched metaphors at random, and being cutesy and clever, to talk about music. Come off it, C.C., your mental idiosyncrasies aren't that interesting, and your bombastic prose stinks. Better watch the dumb cracks about "thilly thavages," too.

Most of your regular feature are eminently forgettable at best and downright bad work otherwise. "Out the Other" borders on viciousness, but maybe that's inherent in gossip columns. Jacoba Atlas' review of *Coming Home* was well done, and Ed Cray was informative on Bach — couldn't you have spared him a little more space for such a large topic?

Over all, the blatantly commercial nature of your ... magazine? is offensive. I'd suggest that if you want us to keep looking at your 'big slick ads for albums you should bribe us with a little more intelligent writing. If that's impossible then at least prominently label your publication as an advertisement, lest someone briefly mistake *Ampersand* for an attempt at journalism.

MELODY IVINS

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
CHAPEL HILL

I'm writing in response to two glaring injustices done by one Chris Clark in your March issue. The first was his review of Jackson Browne's latest album; the other was his use of "cheap substitute" regarding Rush, among others, in his *Starz* review. Something should be said in defense of these two musical entities. Jackson Browne is the epitome of self-expression through music. He writes with gut feelings, emotions with which we have all come into contact. He deals with real life at the individual level — as a man, a lover, a musician, a human. Rush base many of their lyrics on literary works, some of which are undisputed classics. They show intelligent reflection on our society. Science fiction epics, like *2112*, warn us of what is in store for us, should our world continue on its present course. As for the music, both Rush and Jackson Browne implement basic major and minor chords for a specific reason — the vast majority of our

society can best identify with these structures. Music isn't supposed to be so esoteric so as to appeal only to Tibetan gurus; music is for people.

Rush and Jackson Browne are making valid, accessible musical statements about our society and its people. The artists are craftsmen, professional in both attitude and approach. Their music has a point, and is distinctly their own. Perhaps Mr. Clark might even *listen* to the music which he critiques; then he might understand what is being said. If he *still* doesn't understand, then Jackson Brown and Rush must demonstrate wisdom which Mr. Clark cannot fathom, due to total incapability on his part. He shows an insensitivity to musical expression, and an inability to critique as well. He should be demoted to a position he can handle, like supine.

LARRY MACCHIONE

UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

After extracting double fistfuls of hair, my first coherent thought was to sue Chris Clark for intentional infliction of emotional distress. I had just read Clark's review of *Rabbit Test* in the April issue of *Ampersand* and my teeth are still clenched.

The film was about to open in Austin and, being a fan of Joan Rivers, I looked forward to seeing it. I began reading Clark's review out of curiosity about the movie (having little concern for an unknown critic's opinion) and I finished it in a maniacal rage.

That (expletive deleted by the writer) Clark not only revealed what I take to be the comedic climax of the film but gratuitously threw in a few of the presumably funnier gags. To add insult to injury, he interspersed his travesty of a critique with questionable word choices, grotesque metaphors and no less than 10 alliterative phrases, three in the last sentence.

Among all the Woodward and Bernstein disciples who are glutting our journalism schools (UT's included) surely you can find a better contributing critic than this clown. Clark should have his season theater pass shredded and be relegated to hawking the *National Star* on street corners.

RICHARD FINEGAN

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

P.S. Your graphics are great. Encourage more contributions and you can edit more tightly and not have to use junk fillers. All in all, a surprisingly (make that refreshingly) good publication.

Chris Clark snaps back: "Gee thanks, guys and gal, I love being reduced to a cultural stereotype. Randy Newman once said that being mellow is like being senile, meaning Jackson Browne has been six feet under since the first Eagles album. How he's milked the same three chord progressions for five albums, I'll never know, and I wasn't aware of Rush knowing any chords at all. And as far as supine is concerned, don't knock it 'til you've tried it. You get the best view of the personalities of your detractors from this angle."

Thank You

I am sick and tired of the rain of stupidity that has gushed forth from some of your

readers who obviously don't have the slightest clue as to what good critics are made of and what they have to do. In order for one to offer professional opinion or criticism about any subject, it is necessary for that person to point out what is *wrong* with it; what the flaws are, what needs improvement. That, dear friends, is a critic's job! It would be foolishly easy for anyone who knows how to use a typewriter to praise and laud the Rolling Stones or Led Zeppelin, or any moderately famous rock group, and get no guff about it at all. But for anyone to state unpopular opinions about such supergroups simply because he or she happens to feel something was wrong or lacking takes guts and professional conscience. No, I don't agree with Miss Manor about the Stones, but I admire her courage to say what she thinks need to be said. If all the readers want is someone to tell them how beautiful everything is, then they don't want a critic, they want a milktoast coward who'll never print anything of any value or interest at all.

I hope you continue to print Miss Manor's views, and if you are the kind of magazine I think you are, you will. There are those of us out here who want to hear the truth, without the sugar-coating. The rest should be reading high school newspapers.

SCOTT LAURENCE BAIN
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

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ON THE COVER

Illustrator, cartoonist and bon vivant, Darryle Purcell is in his late 20s, single, and has a business card that reads, "Artist, Cute."

BACKWORLD

The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be a unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 6 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Haro (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles (five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earned well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to see yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, there are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget it: criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door as get good at it. Fuller Brushes or something like that."

Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he did hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at UC Berkeley. Lipset's junior year, his father died and a friend convinced him to take time from school and do one year in the Army.

Lipset graduated from Officers Candidate School as a military policeman. He then enrolled in a new school of criminal investigation taught by Melvin Purvis, a famed agent who left the FBI because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger led to a rivalry with bureau head Herbert Hoover.

After completing Purvis' course, Lipset took charge of a team of investigators assigned to accompany U.S. Army units about to invade Europe. Lipset saw the world through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier.

Following his discharge, he worked as a trade journal editor in Chicago, and then entered law school in San Francisco.

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"The Perry Masons of this country are going to be some Paul Drakes," he told Lipset, referring to master attorney's investigator. Lipset read up on Perry Mason and decided to take a chance. He posted a \$2,000 bond, proved he had no felony convictions, got the reputation of San Franciscans to vouch for him, and received his license.

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& OUT THE OTHER

Allman in No Man's Land

"Right now, I'm very much into Sea Level, and I don't wanna have anything to do with it." Such was the emphatic reply from ex-Allman Brothers keyboardist Chuck Leavell, now leader and mouthpiece of Sea Level, when questioned by writer Stephen Peeples about the latest Allman reunion rumors. Dickie Betts wasn't available for comment, but his manager Steve Massarsky spoke for him: "Dickie hasn't closed any doors, but the timing just isn't right," Massarsky said.

According to Leavell, the wounds left by Gregg's damaging testimony at former Allman Brother road manager Scooter Herring's drug trial a couple years ago have pretty much healed. Herring, in fact, has been Sea Level's road manager for the last several months, out on bond pending an appeal for a new trial.

So Gregg's ice-testing seems to be nothing more than poor timing. It'd probably be great timing for him, though — his checkered relationship with Cher has apparently died the last of many deaths, and that duo album they did recently was met with critical catcalls and no sales. Gregg's latest efforts to find somebody to play with centered on a D.C. bar band called the Night Hawks; when they played Rosie's Cantina in Atlanta, Georgia recently, they arrived one night to find a Hammond organ on stage. They don't use an organ. It was Gregg's subtle way of asking to jam, and they let him.

What Price Integrity

ROCK MANAGER IRV AZOFF is by his own account so dismayed with the film *FM* that he's asked that his credit as executive producer be pulled from the picture. According to Azoff, the film doesn't represent what really happens at a typical FM station. For example, during one scene a d.j., played by Cleavon Little, shows up for a 6 a.m. shift dressed in a snappy 3-piece suit. Azoff is apparently of the opinion that dejects don't dress that well, especially at six in the morning — though what the Eagles' manager is doing checking out radio stations at that hour is beyond our ken. Anyway, many of Azoff's clients remain in the film, and will be heard on the two-disc soundtrack album. And, according to a source at his office, Azoff doesn't plan to relinquish any financial participation in the flick — he may have principles, but he isn't stupid! ... From the same office comes a report that Aerosmith's managers, Steve Leber and David Krebs (the money behind *Beatlemania*), may be producing a film based, loosely, on the Eagles' *Desperado*. If any Eagles are seen on screen, the source cautions, it'll be in minor roles. ... And, speaking of *Beatlemania*, Ringo Starr is telling reporters that the late lamented Fab Four aren't getting any money as a result of the production other than what relatively little they receive (Ringo, of course, next to none) from songwriting royalties.

Television Discovers Radio

IF YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED MORE than you really wanted to know about radio after seeing the aforementioned film *FM*, stay home

with your tube. Two TV production companies are pitching radio-oriented pilots at the networks; one is from the Mary Tyler Moore folks, starring no one you've heard of, based on a mythical Cincinnati station and titled *WKRP*. The second pilot, yet untitled, follows a female disc jockey through life at a "major metropolitan station." If either of these shows gets on the air and shows any semblance of reality, radio may receive the same sort of revised attitude that the Mary Tyler Moore show brought to local TV news. Serve 'em right, too! (Meanwhile, we're waiting for someone to make a successful film about life at a magazine, so that we can see our zany selves spun off on television....)

Woosome Twosomes

ARETHA FRANKLIN MARRIED ACTOR GLYN TURMAN (*Cooley High*) in her father's Detroit church on April 11. They've both been married before — he has two children, she has four. ... Anjelica Huston and Jack Nicholson are back together again. ... Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton are still an item. ... and Cher is serious about Kiss' blood-drooling bassist Gene Simmons. Honest. Cher just signed with Casablanca. Kiss' label, which may explain everything. She was married to Sonny Bono when they both recorded for Atlantic, and to Gregg Allman when they were both on Warner Bros. Records. Maybe her next move will be to Takoma Records so she can date John Fahey.

Bilbo the Dildo?

ANY MINUTE NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY cute little dolls that look like Bilbo, Gandalf and Frodo, but if dolls are a bit jejune for you, there will be posters, t-shirts, games, jewelry, maybe even marital aids, all based on J. R. Tolkien's characters. The dolls are patterned after the characters in Ralph Bakshi's animated film *Lord of the Rings*, due in November.

La-De-Da

LOOKS LIKE OL' BOB DYLAN MAY HAVE A CRUSH ON Diane Keaton ... even though they haven't met. He's written a song for her, which she might include on her first album if she ever gets around to signing a recording contract (Caribou via Columbia looks closest). Bobby has also talked about writing a part for Diane in his next movie, which will start shooting this September and which will not be four hours long, like *Renaldo and Clara*. Of course, just because he writes her in doesn't mean she'll be in, especially now that she's a big-time Academy Award winner.

Is Anyone Else Tired of This Stuff?

IN THE WAKE OF *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* come two big-budget sci-fi projects. Best known, of course, is the return of *Star Trek*, at last as a film. All of the original series characters have been signed to appear in the project, with Leonard Nimoy holding out longest — and probably getting the most. A large chunk of the \$15 million budget is assigned to special effects, natch; the bulk of live-action filming will in fact take place over a few weeks' period and the remaining

months will be spent with models, animation, etc. *Star Trek* is slated to hit the first-run houses next summer. In the meantime, it's entirely possible that all of the sets and effects could be used in a new, updated television series. Sooner still — next season, to be specific — are seven television movies, an hour each, under the "series" title, *Galactica*. Lorne Greene will star as the space ship commander; each episode carries a \$1 million budget, twice the industry average for TV movies.

Orbison Still in the Saddle

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF "The Big O": A fifteen-year-old English schoolgirl, in a coma for nearly two weeks, opened her eyes for the first time when she heard a taped get-well message from singer Roy Orbison. The singer's records had been played at her bedside in the London hospital's intensive care ward as well. Orbison's last hit was "Cry Softly, Lonely One," in 1967; the girl is a big fan nonetheless. He still records, of course, and is enjoying considerable royalties from Linda Ronstadt's version of "Blue Bayou," which he wrote in 1963.

Maverick & Monty Ride Again

UPCOMING FROM ABC IS A TWO-HOUR TV MOVIE, *The New Maverick*, with a possible spin-off series. The original comedy western, which played first-run from 1957-1962 and can still be seen in syndication, introduced James Garner, Jack Kelly, and Roger Moore to TV audiences as brothers Bret and Bart Maverick, and their English cousin, Beau; Garner also played Bret and Bart's father, "Pappy." Efram Zimbalist, Jr. appeared fairly regularly as con-man Dandy Jim Buckley. Kelly and Garner will appear in the two-hour version, which stars Charles Frank as Ben Maverick (Beau's son) and his real-life wife, Susan Blanchard, as the love interest. Trivia to amaze your friends with: there was yet another *Maverick* in the original series, brother Brent. He was played by Robert Colbert, and lasted but 2 of the series' 124 episodes.

The one, the only, the original Monty Python's Flying Circus has regrouped for a movie. Called *Brian of Nazareth*, it's about a saint who was born one mangle over from Jesus and subsequently had a rough time of it.

Shorts

UNCONFIRMED RUMOR: former Cream drummer Ginger Baker may be starting his own polo school in England. Or maybe it's a soccer team. ... Our First Annual Award for Gushy Teen Journalism goes to *Time Magazine's* John Travolta cover story (April 31). Neil Young's proposed title for his next album, *Gone with the Wind*, has been changed to *Give to the Wind*. Maybe he found out about the movie. The record is due in May, but don't hold your breath. ... *Every Day, Every Night*, the new album from Flora Purim (*Down Beat's* top female jazz singer for five years straight), is produced by Rufus' helmsman, Bob Monaco. Purim, by the way, will no longer tour with husband Airtio. Separate careers make happier marriages, or so they say. ...



LOU REED'S APPEARANCE ON TV'S *Midnight Special* on Friday, April 28, will be strictly a speaking role, thanks to program censorship. Reed's adamant attitude, and an unusual compromise.

The problem began when the show's producers asked Reed to host *Special*. When somebody got a look at the lyrics of what Reed expected to sing — "Heroin," from the Velvet Underground days; "Walk on the Wild Side," a top-20 record in 1973; and "I Wanna Be Black" and "Street Hassle" from his current album — all hell broke loose. The producers, apparently ignorant of what Reed's been up to for the last decade, asked him to rewrite (shades of "Let's Spend the Night Together"). Reed refused, but said that the "offensive" words could be bleeped. The producers evidently felt that would make Reed's performance largely pantomime.

What will happen is a discussion on censorship, with Reed interviewed by rock's token intelligentsia, Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman (Flo and Eddie.) The interview, lasting 40 minutes, was held on April 5, and will be edited for broadcast. The set consisted of three chairs, one of them slightly tacky Naugahyde, a small table, semi-Oriental lamp, and a huge *Midnight Special* sign hanging in back. Reed, dressed in black leather and minus his dark glasses for most of the time, was coherent and deadly earnest, much like a Scientologist making his pitch.

Among the rather less than startling revelations: the FCC is prohibited by law from censoring anything, and Reed plays his records for his mother, who likes them.

The show's producers, who made all of the decisions, are looking for viewer feedback. If you have any opinion of all of this, particularly if you see the program, feel free to write to Burt Sugarman Productions, 9000 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

Artificial additives to the beer.

"American brewers use things to make beer look and taste like beer. Big brewers take a cosmetic approach to brewing," says Stern. Some of the additives used by

How to camouflage coloring.

Despite light beer's traditional popularity in the United States, McAuliff says that Americans are showing interest in darker beers and

process.

She occasionally receives requests from people who want to brew just a few hundred gallons of beer.

Artificial love of love may become just a little more profane.



YOGA:

The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red, pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

The Potrero Avenue traffic sounds are intensified; unpleasant fumes from a downstairs auto body shop penetrate the high-ceilinged room.

But they will sit like this, undisturbed, eyes almost closed or gazing at the lustrous floor, for an hour. Maybe three.

Sitting is the main activity at Dharmadhatu, 440 Potrero, one of 42 Buddhist meditation centers across the nation directed by a Tibetan lama (spiritual leader), Chogyum Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyü Drogen Kun-chab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

Although Dharmadhatu can boast of poet Allen Ginsberg as a long-time member, membership is estimated at 50; a small number compared with the Nichiren Shoshu of America, with 7,000 Bay Area members.

Dharmadhatu is one of about six San Francisco Buddhist organizations comprised mostly of non-Asians. But it is unique because Trungpa, who came to the United States in 1970 when the first American Dharmadhatu was founded, is westernized. He is a guru who wears a suit and tie, he says, to "do away with the exotic externals fascinating to students in the West."

Noreen Morris, coordinator of the center, described Trungpa as "a short, fat Tibetan with a great sense of humor and an incredible command of the English language."

Barbara McClellan, the center's teacher in residence, said Trungpa grew up in a Tibetan monastery but "in the course of relating to the western mind he realized that to convey the essence of Buddhism properly he had to be western himself."

"His approach is to look at our lives clearly for what they are, as opposed to trying to adopt some cultural, ethnic trappings."

For example, members occasionally chant, but in English. And comfort



This classic yoga position plus concentration equals inner peace.

while meditating is stressed, instead of sitting rigidly in one position.

According to McClellan, most members are between 25 and 35 years old, middle-class and well-educated.

"People end up here because they feel discontent with their lives," McClellan said, speaking barely above a whisper and gesturing slowly with a Marlboro in her right hand. "That's actually a valid state — people find that refreshing."

McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

"Everything seemed fishy to me,

But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

Morris, 44 and a nurse, said that before becoming a student of Trungpa five years ago, she "wasn't living properly."

"We are 70 percent preoccupied with ourselves in every situation. With meditation, I see others' expectations as well as my own." That clarity can lead to compassion — the "Buddha nature."

The center, which recently moved

to its present location, is supported through fund-raising events, contributions, study programs (which cost from \$15 to \$30) and personal and bank loans.

Part of Dharmadhatu's funds cover McClellan's food, rent and childcare expenses. She is the only member on salary.

Because most meditators work during the day, the former warehouse is almost empty until evening.

Members pay \$15 to \$25 dues a month, sit an average of two hours a day and contribute voluntarily to the duties of running the center.

Members are not recruited, but Dharmadhatu offers free daily meditation, weekly lectures and occasional day-long meditation, called *Nyinthun*. People become members only if they decide to study and adopt Buddhism as a way of life.

"We don't encourage people to jump right in," McClellan said. "It's helpful if you are slightly enlightened because then you have a sense of working with your own intelligence instead of being spoon-fed."

Individual meditation instruction also offered because "it's not easy to sit and do nothing," said McClellan, whose 4-year-old son sometimes meditates.

The center's founder lives in Colorado and visits San Francisco Dharmadhatu yearly. In addition, *Meditation in Action*, he has written a poetry book, an autobiography, and a popular trade book entitled *Cut Through Spiritual Materialism*.

"Rinpoche doesn't demand anything from us," Morris said, fluffing a cushion and crossing her legs. "He asks that we sit as much as possible."



Photos by Hector

Throw a good-bye party the dorm will never forget.



After final exams it's time for some rip-roaring, pull-all-the-stops-out partying. **Pure Prairie League's** blissful blend of easygoing country rock is exactly what's needed to set the pace for a good time. And **Flame's** flair for hard rock will blast all that tedious research work right out of your head.

Even if everybody's already hung over, these two albums are sure to get the gang stompin', clappin' and rarin' to raise hell. Throw the dirty wash out the window. Use the album covers as frisbees. Wheeee! Summer is coming, and everybody deserves it.



Available at a Record Store near you.

BACKWOR The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be an unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 10 firms in San Francisco.

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Rising like creeping vines from an urban jungle, the architectural wonderlust of Century City reveals not only the ingenuity of man but his empty spirituality: shopping centers, huge high-rise offices, towering apartment complexes and a token park complete with sodded grass and color-coordinated water fountain effects, all constructed with respect for the best intentions of the Bauhaus — cold and functional, where arty flourishes border on kitsch.

Twenty-four hours after his solo debut at Hollywood's Roxy Theatre, Rick Danko, the 34-year-old (perhaps) former Band bassist, contemplates his future within the 15th-floor conference room of Arista Records, shielded by the concrete fortress of Century City from the outside world. Clad in blue workshirt, a tough brown suede jacket, Levi's, and black boots of Spanish leather, Rick sheds the protective coating that has heretofore insulated the Band's personalities from the media. He exhibits a frisky, extroverted demeanor as he leans back on a beige chair.

Rick Danko is a warm, sensitive and unguarded character further described by friends as funny and manic. He's still smiling from his Roxy stint, where he packed the room for two nights and showcased his new group to the likes of Ali MacGraw, Leo Sayer, Alice Cooper, Al Stewart, Ronnie Hawkins, and Band mates Garth Hudson and Robbie Robertson. The paying public made the most noise, demanding and receiving two encores each performance.

Danko's backing outfit includes his brother Terry on guitar; Danny Siwell from an early flight of Wings on drums; Marty Greb, once with Bonnie Raitt, on organ; Michael DeTemple, once associated with Dave Mason, on another set of guitars; Jerry Peterson on saxophone; and Walt Richmond on piano.

Since the Band's "Last Waltz" in San Francisco on Thanksgiving, 1976, Danko has put together a bubbling, celebratory rock and roll unit that combines urgent, festive white southern blues with Southern California humor and precision.

Danko admits that there are strains in the music akin to past works of the Band. Talking to one writer, he said, "Well, you gotta remember that I've been in the Band for years. But I don't think what we're doing is as disciplined as the Band's music. I was looking for a simpler, fresher routing. It's an extension, that's for sure. But I really like this new group. I can go out and perform the record now."

"I'm the focal point on stage this time, and it doesn't bother me. I put this new group together. I telephoned them all. I sought out personalities who could bus and fly together and continue to put up with each other. What I do is collect performances from everyone. I make quicker decisions in this position than when I'm a member of the Band."

Born on December 9, 1943, Danko grew up in the small Ontario rural town of Simcoe. Country music was all over the radio dial and he admits to especially liking Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell, and Johnny Horton. Later, young Rick listened to 50,000-watt Nashville country station WLAC. At 14, he quit school and worked briefly at cutting meat for a market, but before he logged time in the butcher shop, the Grand Ole Opry had made a major impression on Rick's musical sensibilities. He learned to play guitar, bass, mandolin, and a variety of other instruments.

Not much time had passed when he put down his cutting knife and formed a group who would rent halls, book themselves, and clear up to \$300 per night. After five sets opening for Arkansas rockabilly singer Ronnie Hawkins one night, Danko was asked to join his band, the Hawks.

In the late Fifties, Hawkins scored U.S. chart success with remakes of Young Jesse's "Mary Lou" (recently again revived by Bob Seger) and Chuck Berry's "Thirty Days," mysteriously retitled "Forty Days" for that reincarnation. "It was different back then," Danko told Richard Blackburn for *Circus*. "When the cops knocked on your motel door, they weren't looking for acid or grass. They were looking for guns, man. Guns, blackjacks, and pills. And underage girls."

Rick was still a teenager when the Hawks broke from Hawkins to work under names including the Crackers, the

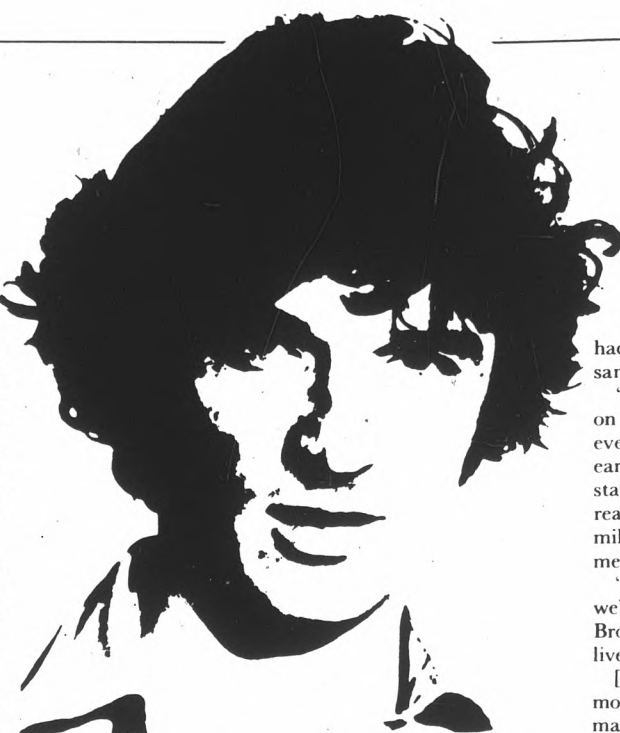
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CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR



DANKO'S NEW DANCE

It Isn't a Last Waltz

By HARVEY KUBERNICK

Canadian Squires, and then Levon Helm and the Hawks. In that last form, they recorded several classic singles including "Leave Me Alone" and "The Stones That I Throw (Will Free All Men)." Helm wrote what was to become a rhythm and blues classic, "You Cheated."

(Four years ago, a record buff approached another Band member and Hawks alumnus, Richard Manuel, and in just asked him to sing a couple of bars of "Leave Me Alone." Manuel responded immediately with much more than a few bars, as if the group has been performing the song, uninterrupted, for the preceding decade or so.)

John Hammond, the white blues singer, invited the Hawks to New York, where they participated in some of his best recordings. In 1963, they met Bob Dylan in Atlantic City. Dylan had completed his first electric-music sessions, with studio musicians providing the backup, and was looking for a road band. The Hawks toured with him in late '65 and '66 before settling in West Saugerties, New York, with a big, pink house serving as their headquarters. In 1968, they had again changed their name, to the Band, and released their first album, *Music from Big Pink*.

Ten years later, Danko is equipped to give a complete dissertation on the Band. He lights a cigarette and grins. "We put out that first album and it was a relative underground success. Then we issued *The Band*, and it sold a million copies immediately," he snaps his fingers. "Just like that."

But now, says Danko, the Band is "on ice" for a while. "It

had become like eating dinner night after night with the same person. It was time to make a change.

"A week or so after our second album came out, we were on the cover of *Time*," he remembers. "From that point on, everybody was . . . uh . . . a little spaced." Danko had said earlier to Daisann McLane of the *Soho Weekly News*, "I stayed in my house for about a year and a half once, not really speaking to anybody. Then we went out and spent a million dollars touring. It changed everybody's life immediately, and took all of the fun out of it."

"We've in no way broken up," he assures me. "In fact, we've just signed a collective record contract with Warner Bros. *The Last Waltz* soundtrack is issued this week. It's the live show plus a side of new studio material."

[The album was not released that week. More than a month after this interview, Warner Bros. was still awaiting master tapes, to be delivered by the album's producer, Robbie Robertson. The three-disc set may be out by the time you read this, but nobody's holding his breath.]

In 1976, the Band played about thirty live dates before their Thanksgiving eve *Last Waltz* at Winterland. After sixteen years on the road, the Band decided to bow out while on top, rather than diminish to self-parody in the manner of, say, the Beach Boys. The Band refused to sacrifice what they felt to be their integrity, and months before the actual concert they began planning the special performance.

"We focused on one last concert. It gave us something to concentrate our energies on. When people heard that we weren't going to perform anymore, the phone wouldn't stop ringing. They all wanted to be there: Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Joni, Van Morrison . . .

"You were there. You saw the concert. Wasn't it terrific? The cameras didn't inhibit anyone. We wanted to feed five thousand people a gourmet dinner — and I think we also gave 'em a good show." He winks.

"The movie was a labor of love. At the start, the Band had to raise a few hundred thousand bucks so that the event could take place. We were taking a chance. We almost hocked our houses. We would have been the *perfect* House Band. Even the rehearsals were incredible. It cost \$125,000 to renovate Winterland. I hate to get relating to money, but I want to show you how important it was for us to have the theme and decor amplify the mood of the celebration.

"Preparing for the gig was a trip in itself. For four days, we did nothing but play music. We finished *Islands*, our last album for Capitol, then began nonstop rehearsals for the *Last Waltz*.

"The Band really came alive that night. We had been cruising for the last year, and that was obvious. For the *Waltz* show, we were onstage for six hours and worked 'til five a.m. the night before. We rehearsed with Dylan at the hotel. We presented the cameramen with a 300-page script. The Band has always been into precision, like a fine car. We didn't take it easy during preparation. I think that it will show in the movie. There's no split screen stuff, and very little backstage footage to pad the performances. *No way* was I going to wing it next to Joni Mitchell. And Muddy Waters — wait 'til you see Muddy in the film. I was playing next to him and got chills," he confesses. "I think that both Muddy and Ronnie Hawkins arrived at the high point of their lives that night.

"It's a very honest movie," Rick says enthusiastically. "It was a very special and a very memorable night for all of us."

"It was the Band's last performance. What more can I say?" he concludes, slightly out of breath and forgetting, perhaps in his excitement, his earlier contention that the Band has "in no way . . . broken up."

"The truth of the evening will come out on the soundtrack. The essence of *The Last Waltz* is in the grooves."

Harvey Kubernick is the Los Angeles correspondent for *British music weekly*, *Melody Maker*. His work has also appeared in the *Los Angeles Times*, *Crawdaddy*, *Bay Area Music*, and *Record World*. *Al Stewart* performed at his most recent birthday party. *Harvey* adds that he prefers girls who wear glasses and are into Bruce Springsteen.

YOGA: The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red, pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

The Potrero Avenue traffic sounds are intensified; unpleasant fumes from a downstairs auto body shop penetrate the high-ceilinged room.

But they will sit like this, undisturbed, eyes almost closed or gazing at the lustrous floor, for an hour. Maybe three.

Sitting is the main activity at Dharmadhatu, 440 Potrero, one of 42 Buddhist meditation centers across the nation directed by a Tibetan lama (spiritual leader), Chogyum Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyu Drogen Kunchab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

Although Dharmadhatu can boast of poet Allen Ginsberg as a long-time member, membership is estimated at 50; a small number compared with the Nichiren Shoshu of America, with 7,000 Bay Area members.

Dharmadhatu is one of about six San Francisco Buddhist organizations comprised mostly of non-Asians. But it is unique because Trungpa, who came to the United States in 1970 when the first American Dharmadhatu was founded, is westernized. He is a guru who wears a suit and tie, he says, to "do away with the exotic externals fascinating to students in the West."

Noreen Morris, coordinator of the center, described Trungpa as "a short, fat Tibetan with a great sense of humor and an incredible command of the English language."

Barbara McClellan, the center's teacher in residence, said Trungpa grew up in a Tibetan monastery but "in the course of relating to the western mind he realized that to convey the essence of Buddhism properly he had to be western himself. "His approach is to look at our lives clearly for what they are, as opposed to trying to adopt some cultural, ethnic trappings."

For example, members occasionally chant, but in English. And comfort



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According to McClellan, most members are between 25 and 35 years old, middle-class and well-educated.

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McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

"Everything seemed fishy to me.

But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

Morris, 44 and a nurse, said that before becoming a student of Trungpa five years ago, she "wasn't living properly."

"We are 70 percent preoccupied with ourselves in every situation. With meditation, I see others' expectations as well as my own." That clarity can lead to compassion — the "Buddha nature."

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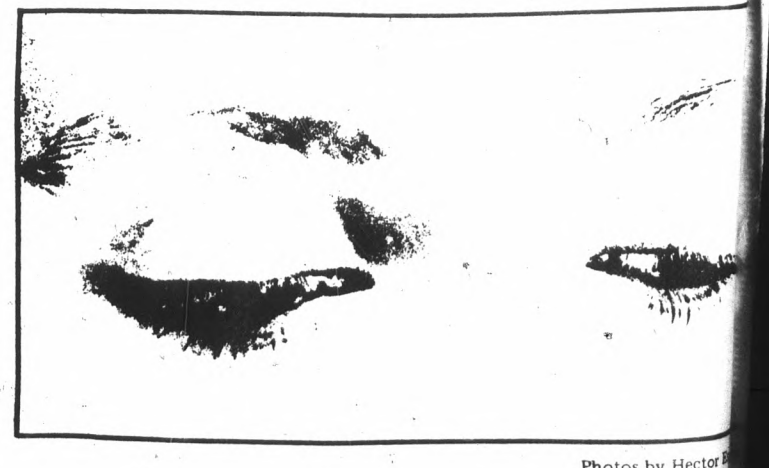
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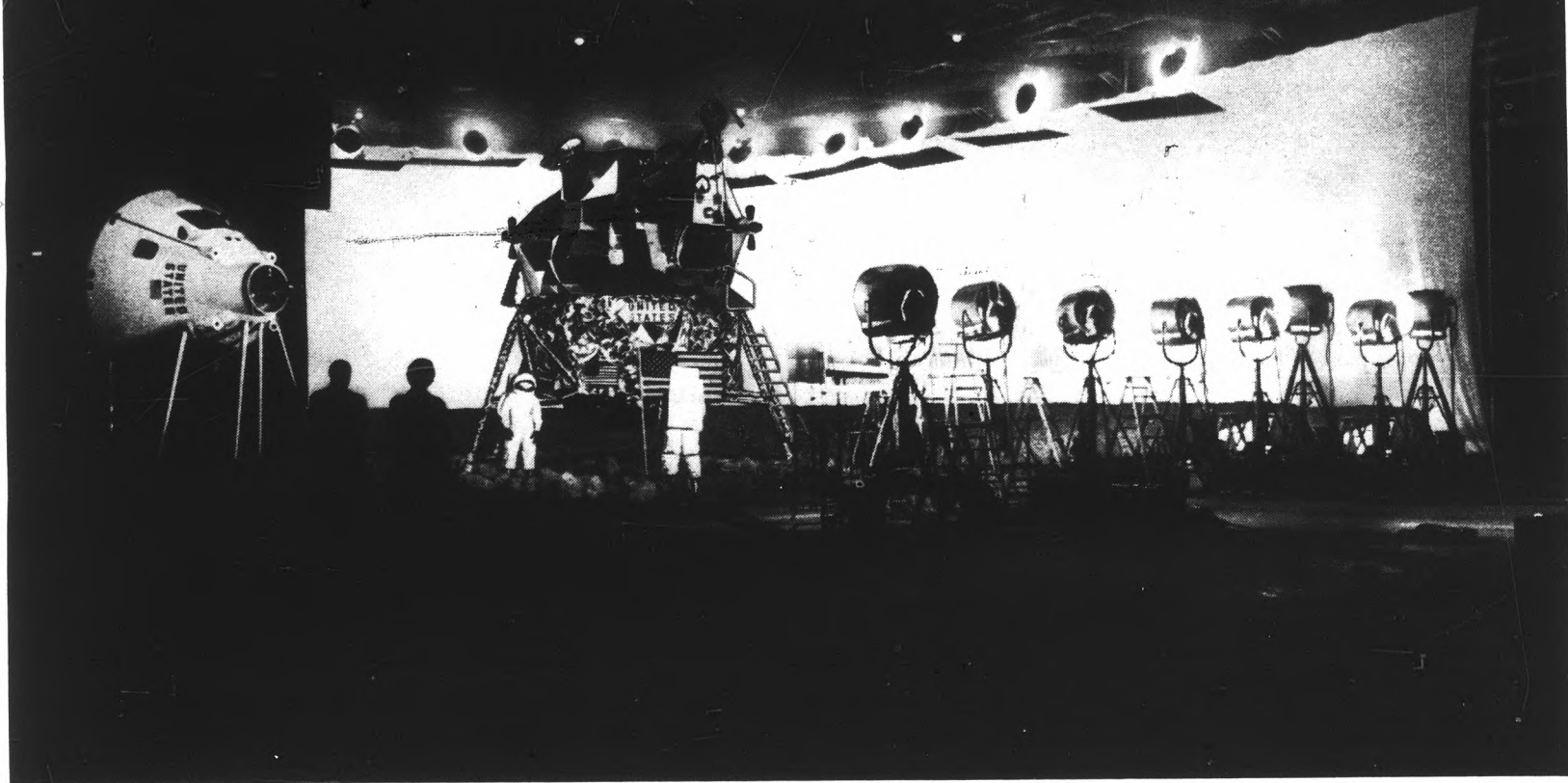
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ADDITIONAL LEVEL OF LOVE may become just a little more profound.



Photos by Hector

Would you be shocked to find out that
the greatest moment of our recent history
may not have happened at all?



CAPRICORN ONE



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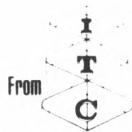
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BACKWOR The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be a blinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 60 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Harold (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles on five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earns well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to sell yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, there are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget it. Criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door and get good at it. Fuller Brushes or something like that."

Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he does hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at UC Berkeley. Lipset's junior year, his father died and a friend convinced him to take time from school and do one year in the Army.

Lipset graduated from Officers Candidate School a military policeman. He then enrolled in a new school of criminal investigation taught by Melvin Purvis, a famed agent who left the FBI because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger led to a rivalry with bureau head Herbert Hoover.

After completing Purvis' course, Lipset took charge of a team of investigators assigned to accompany U.S. Army units about to invade Europe. Lipset saw the world through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier.

Following his discharge, he worked as a trade journal editor in Chicago, and then entered law school in San Francisco.

When his wife Lynn became pregnant, he supported his family by doing the only thing he knew how to do: investigate.

First, he worked for the Office of Price Administration looking into housing fraud. Then Lipset spent a few months with the Veteran's Administration as an undercover agent in a Southern California hospital.

In the beginning, private investigation meant dirt-waterfront offices with cigarette butts floating in the coffee, and kicking in doors to catch errant husbands and wives.

But no one knew that in 25 years the crime rate would grow or that private investigation and security (and equipment that goes with it) would become a billion-a-year business. An old attorney friend of Lipset's advised him that lawyers were about to be overwhelmed with post-war paperwork and courtroom ritual, and investigation they had once done to prepare their cases would now have to be taken over by professionally trained investigators.

"The Perry Masons of this country are going to be some Paul Drakes," he told Lipset, referring to master attorney's investigator. Lipset read up on Perry Mason and decided to take a chance. He posted a \$2,000 bond, proved he had no felony convictions, got a reputable San Franciscan to vouch for him, and received his license.

He and his wife (who was an equal partner in business until her sudden death in 1964) went into business for themselves. His lawyer friend gave him so many cases to get the business started. So did a young lawyer named Edmund G. Brown. Another firm called and asked Lipset if he'd ever had any recording experience. "Of course," Lipset replied confidently — then went and bought an old-fashioned Pierce wire recorder and went to work. Lipset made \$50 the first month a never looked back.

Who says crime doesn't pay? Today, Lipset Services employs a full-time staff of five, plus a pool of as many as 35 part-time agents who may turn up as gar mechanics, refrigerator repairmen or even newspaper reporters. The firm, which is tied globally into the Western Association of Detectives, handles an average of

Eine Kleine Mozartmusik

The legend of the four-year-old Wolfgang sitting at the piano, atop a mound of pillows, and boggling the assembled aristocracy with his incredible musicianship has become a part of western European folklore.

Indeed, the image is so pervasive that all child prodigies since have been measured against little "Wolfgang's" imagined accomplishments. To their detriment — for with the possible exception of Steve Wonder (remember when he was billed as "Little Stevie"?), it is doubtful if any infant has been born with such raw musical genius as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

In little more than 30 years, Mozart produced 626 catalogued compositions, small and large, including no less than 41 symphonies, 25 concertos for piano and orchestra, 17 operas and operettas, 23 string quartets, and something like ten masses.

Half of this output, even a quarter, would have been enough to rank Mozart among the enduring titans of "classical" music. Yet one after the other, the compositions poured out, mostly written on commission at knock-down prices (50 Viennese ducats for the made-to-order Requiem, his last work).

The music came so spontaneously that Mozart habitually kept two manuscripts going simultaneously, one darkly serious, the other light and sunny. He would alternate between the two as the mood or practical exigencies demanded.

No one can own records of the complete Mozart; there is just too much. Moreover, a couple hundred are, well, immature, and of interest only to pedants.

With that in mind, this selected list of the prime cuts. As with the Bach recommendations two months ago, there are numbing omissions, but on the theory that too few are better than too much — at least for the pocketbook — we suggest this "top ten."

Number one with a bullet is necessarily *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, otherwise known as the Serenade in G. Mozart's most famous composition. Any of a dozen recordings will do, though a personal favorite remains the old Columbia-Odeon version by Bruno Walter.

Next in accessibility is the light-hearted Serenade No. 10 for thirteen wind instruments. Mozart's serenades were meant to be entertaining background music for the parties of Vienna's upper-crust. The record of choice is clearly that of the Netherlands Wind Ensemble on Philips.

Logically, the four horn concertos should follow. Three are engaging works, written literally to tease a horn-playing friend to virtuosic heights; the fourth is shaded with darker strokes, hinting of the profundities which were to emerge in later years. The favored recording here would be that of horn soloist Barry Tuckwell on Angel though Denis Brain's out-of-print reading on Angel is one of the truly great recordings of our time.

Almost any of the piano concertos would belong in a good record collection, but a handful of readings would seem to

be especially worthy: Peter Serkin's recordings of Numbers 14 and 17 on RCA; Alfred Brendel's versions of Numbers 19 and 23 on Philips; Robert Casadesu's pairing of Numbers 26 and 27 on Columbia. Beyond these, of course, is the now famous theme from *Elvira Madigan*, actually the second movement of Number 20. Gyza Andra couples that with Number 21 on RCA, but the Rudolph Serkin reading on Columbia is equally commendable.

A piano virtuoso himself, Mozart wrote a considerable amount of music for that instrument including 17 piano sonatas. Most are short, intended as entertaining parlor music. The Wilhelm Backhaus recording of Numbers 4, 5, 10 and 12 on London would be the record of choice unless the budget will stretch to accommodate the three-record set by the well-matched Lili Kraus on Columbia's bargain-basement Odyssey label.

Mozart's symphonies tended to alternate between stylish amusement and somber philosophies. The problem is that most conductors cannot gracefully accommodate both aspects of Mozart's personality, the riotously profane and the sublime. George Szell's readings with the Cleveland and Bruno Walter's with a variety of orchestras are especially noteworthy. The older Klemperer recordings of Numbers 38 and 39 on Angel are exceptional as well.

There is a huge library of chamber music for groups of all sizes, but the unchallenged accomplishment among all of it are the six quartets dedicated to Franz Joseph Haydn, a composer of no mean accomplishment himself. The Quarneri Quartet versions on RCA are first rate, though the older Juilliard set on Odyssey has a large price advantage and quite acceptable sound.

The three towering masterworks — if that overworked word has any meaning left — fill out this top ten.

Strictly speaking, *The Magic Flute* is an operetta since it has spoken lines in it, but this Masonic mystery tour flashes from giddy humor to religious solemnity to philosophic musing. The version led by Karl Bohm on Deutsche Grammophon is excellent, with the Georg Solti set on London also worthy.

Don Giovanni is quintessential Mozart, sophisticated in style, its melodies immediately attractive, its message endlessly provocative. The Barenboim set on Angel, the Colin Davis on Philips, and the Bohm on Deutsche Grammophon are all excellent, with perhaps a slight edge to Davis.

Finally, the Requiem, Mozart's last composition, left unfinished at his death in 1791, a work of sublime beauty which he recognized would be his funeral ode. The Barenboim version on Angel has the best soloists, but the Davis reading on Philips the grander, more moving overall conception.

Necessarily, so much is not here — the clarinet concerto, the violin sonatas, the quintets — but this sampling will serve by way of introduction. And beyond these, there are some 600 other works to discover for yourself.

Ed Cray



Heavy Metal Mayhem

Wailin' Van Halen

Van Halen
(Warner Bros.)

If I could have written the script to *A Star Is Born*, it would've read something like this: high-school garage band forms deep in the heart of Hollywood with Aerosmith illusions, allusions, and delusions of grandeur. Group spends a year playing everything you wanted to know about Kiss (but valued your sanity more in comparison), moves to original material, clubs, and a few opening slots at local UFO concerts, gets big recording deal, cuts an album that makes Montrose look like the Mouseketeers, sells a zillion copies, inherits the earth, destroys the evil Empire, and rules the universe. Barbra can play Rhinestone (a groping groupie) and I would cast Kris as Rat Scabies in this Horatio Alger abortion. But the real stars of this show are Van Halen, an Old Wave reincarnation of all those things you really like in a rock 'n' roll band, such as blazing guitar telepaths, Robert Plant enunciated screams, and bass runs that crack the foundation, plus real songs instead of glorified two-chord razor-blade rampages. Their story may be a bit typical, but their sound is somewhere between Cheap Trick and the Apocalypse in terms of original heavy-metal mayhem. It's been a long, lonely, lonely time since such riffs have blown through my Adyents, but there isn't one wasted groove on *Van Halen*, a power-packed debut disc that should send pacemakers pumping in Ted Nugentland for months to come.

Ed Van Halen's distortion drama and greased fret-board frenzy will surely appease the Mahogany Rush guitar-garbanos in the audience; he plays like a one-man Blue Oyster Cult on every cut, while microphone-extension David Roth redefines Jim Dandy and grafts Sammy Hagar onto his own distinctive vocal hi-jinks. Couple this to a rhythm section that'll alert the National Guard after two bars, and you've got some-

thing that may bury the Led Zeppelin myth for good.

No turkeys on this Derringer death-wish, even though Van Halen's been influenced by everything since Steppenwolf was hatched. "Runnin' with the Devil," "Little Dreamer," and "Feel Your Love Tonight" come from the Bad Co.-Foreigner book of laser-licks, while "Jamie's Crying" and "I'm the One" make Rick Nielsen sound like Rod McKuen, and "Atomic Punk" and "Eruption" should knock the rocks out of Queen's pretty little heads for a while.

But "Ain't Talkin' 'Bout Love," "On Fire," and a Waring-blender version of "You Really Got Me" are the clinchers on this real rocket to Russia, to hell with the bollocks. Rock isn't dead, just backdated, and Van Halen may just be the band to redirect us from the blank generation to the days when it was considered an asset to be exceptional songwriters and talented musicians (it has been a long time, hasn't it?). Am I nuts over this or just plain nuts? Only your psycho-analyst knows for sure, but don't blame me if he starts puking blood on your carpet.

Chris Clark

Little Feat:
Waiting for Columbus (Warner Bros.)

Little Feat enjoy the reputation among many of their fans as the finest band in America. Personally, I'm a little nervous about making commitments like that, but if some crazed hipster were to hold a gun to my head and demand to know who's best, I probably wouldn't hesitate too long before answering Little Feat.

And if this crazed hipster demanded proof, I'd immediately offer to play him the new live Little Feat album, *Waiting for Columbus*.

Like most live albums, *Waiting for Columbus* is pretty much a greatest hits package. And, like most live albums these days, it's a two-record set. Unlike most live albums, the versions of the songs included here are almost without exception superior to the original studio tracks.

Except for the very nice touch of adding a

artificial additives to the beer.

"American brewers use things to make beer look and taste like beer. Big brewers take a cosmetic approach to brewing," says Stern. Some of the additives used by

not to caramel coloring.

Despite light beer's traditional popularity in the United States, McAuliff says that Americans are showing interest in darker beers and

process. She occasionally receives requests from people who want to brew just a few hundred gallons of beer.

Additional labor of love may become just a little more profit.



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"We don't encourage people to jump right in," McClellan said. "It's helpful if you are slightly enlightened because then you have a sense, working with your own intelligence instead of being spoon-fed."

Individual meditation instruction also offered because "it's not easy to sit and do nothing," said McClellan whose 4-year-old son sometimes meditates.

The center's founder lives in Colorado and visits San Francisco Dharmadhatu yearly. In addition, *Meditation in Action*, he has written a poetry book, an autobiography, and a popular trade book entitled *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*.

"Rinpoche doesn't demand it from us," Morris said, flitting a cushion and crossing her legs. "He asks that we sit as much as possible."



Photos by Hector

Dixieland jazz break to the middle of "Dixie Chicken," these arrangements aren't drastically different from the originals — they're just more energetic. This is what a live album should be but all too rarely is: a chance for the musicians to loosen up and play in what's at least supposed to be their natural habitat, the concert hall.

But not to worry. Even when the Feet loosen up, they're still one of the tightest rock bands to be found. A quick listen to the live "Rocket in My Pocket" should convince non-believers. With musicians of this band's caliber, loose isn't the same thing as sloppy. These guys just sound like they're having a much better time on stage than they do in the studio. (Though, I'll admit, they never used to sound too bad there, either, until I heard this record.)

As might be expected, there are various solos throughout the record, and they're intelligently and articulately done within the context of the songs. Nobody resorts to mere flash or spotlight-grabbing, which is one of the band's main strengths. Each member seems to understand that he is just that, contributing his part to the total sound. As a result, the solos work at least as well on record as on stage, a rarity indeed when a concert is transferred to vinyl. Lowell George, once considered the "leader" of Little Feat, makes his presence known just often enough to let you know he's still a vital part of the band, but he seems more than content to share the spotlight with others, most notably Bill Payne on keyboards and Kenny Gradney on bass.

The Tower of Power horn section adds fine backup on several cuts, while never intruding at all.

And if all this isn't enough to convince skeptics to get hold of the record, it's also got some of Lowell George's by-now-infamous liner notes. What more could a person want?

Ah, what the hell. Why should I be nervous? I'll say it. Maybe Little Feat is the finest band in America. One of them, at least. Now I just wish this crazed hipster would put his gun away.

Ken Beegle

Jimmy Buffett: Son of a Son of a Sailor (ABC)

On the album cover, Jimmy Buffett looks pleased; his songs sound it. His record company has given star packaging to this traveling club-band-made-good, and Buffett is freer now to enjoy sea, sun and drink. Production is appropriately lively for ditties, slow western and barroom tunes. Three songs especially — "Fool Button," "Livingston Saturday Night" and "Cheeseburger in Paradise" (an ode to the carnivorous life) — exude an atmosphere of raunchy fun.

"The Coast of Marceilles" and "African Friend" are, above all, romantic. "Marceilles," one of the two cuts on the album not written by Buffett, is a simple song which could have been thrown away because it's so short. However, the arrangement builds it into the type of gently pleasant song you'd want to put on again.

Looking for something to begin where "Margaritaville" left off, I didn't really find anything. "Son of a Son of a Sailor" sounds the closest. But then there's "Mañana," the hippest song on the album. Don't let the references to Steve Martin and Anita Bryant stop you from listening. "Son" or "Mañana" could be on the radio a lot.

Maybe it's incongruous to have a happy musician. Maybe Buffett's paid his dues and deserves to enjoy himself and indulge his love for the sea. Whatever it is, the record sounds like he's in control of a seasoned band in one of his favorite bars.

Becky Sue Epstein

Richard Torrance: Double Take (Capitol)

When "Runaround Girl" pops out of the speakers, it pops. There's no Aphex Aural Exciter, but the band still sounds like it's doing a session in the next room. Torrance has obviously put a lot into this album with John Carter, a new producer for him on several selections, and the performer's new confidence shows up. You can tell that he's heading in the direction he wants to be going — toward a good, hard, rock band. (The remaining selections were produced, uncredited, by John Haeny and remixed by Carter.)

The first two cuts on the album are the strongest. "Runaround Girl" and "I Can't Ask for Anything More Than You" both use some elements of early Motown production, which also helps by association with what we remember as the more carefree era of rock. Blending disco with an early Sixties sound, "I Can't Ask" could be Torrance's "Stayin' Alive."

Torrance has written or co-written 6 of the 9 tunes on the album. Though he doesn't hold back on any of the cuts, several should sound better live. Torrance sings particularly hard on "Got No Shadow" and on "Long Lonely Nights." "Get Into the Music" is rock and roll not heavily done, and very listenable.

But after hearing the whole album, the first two cuts still stand out. They're bright, uncomplicated, and they'd get you moving on a dance floor and humming to the radio. They're hot.

B.S.E.

Dissolution Jazz

Ubiquity:

Starbooty (Elektra)

Dee Dee Bridgewater:

Just Family (Elektra)

Lenny White:

The Adventures of Astral Pirates (Elektra)

Now, I know that there are many mansions in the house of music. I know that music has many styles and many purposes and many widely, wildly different guises. I know that taste in music, like taste in anything, is highly subjective — and that there is, ultimately, little to be gained by disputing tastes with which one, as an observer or a reviewer, has no sympathy.

I know all this, and know it well. But I still feel honor-bound to report that I have the feeling, way deep down in my music-loving little heart, that there is something less than sublime going on here. That, for example, a small complement of slightly unsynchronized voices chanting in a loud r & b whisper the words, "I'm a star, you're a star; Starbooty. I'm a star, you're a star; Starbooty" against a conventional electric rhythm track is not among the highest achievements of contemporary artistic or intellectual civilization.

So what? you may ask. So what, indeed.

The three albums considered here are the first releases in Elektra's new, informally linked "fusion" line. The "fusion" referred to is that between jazz and rock and/or R&B — which is to say that it's the sort of music that results when good jazz players (accomplished or promising) decide that they want a house in the hills just like Herbie Hancock's. And no two words describe "fusion" better, in my way of thinking, than . . . So what?

I have one main objection to fusion music:

(Continued on page 17)



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CBS&6

BACKWOR

The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be a unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 6 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Haro (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles on five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earns well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to sell yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, these are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget the criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door and get good at it. Fuller Brushes or something like that."

Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he did hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at UC Berkeley. Lipset's junior year, his father died and a friend convinced him to take time from school and do one year in the Army.

Lipset graduated from Officers Candidate School a military policeman. He then enrolled in a new school of criminal investigation taught by Melvin Purvis, a famed agent who left the FBI because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger led to a rivalry with bureau head Herbert Hoover.

After completing Purvis' course, Lipset took charge of a team of investigators assigned to accompany U.S. Army units about to invade Europe. Lipset saw the world through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier.

Following his discharge, he worked as a trade journal editor in Chicago, and then entered law school in San Francisco.

When his wife Lynn became pregnant, he supported his family to be by doing the only thing he knew: investigation.

First, he worked for the Office of Price Administration looking into housing fraud. Then Lipset spent a few months with the Veteran's Administration as an undercover agent in a Southern California hospital.

In the beginning, private investigation meant dirt, waterfront offices with cigarette butts floating in stovetop coffee, and kicking in doors to catch errant husbands and wives.

But no one knew that in 25 years the crime rate would grow or that private investigation and security (and equipment that goes with it) would become a billion-a-year business. An old attorney friend of Lipset's advised him that lawyers were about to be overwhelmed with post-war paperwork and courtroom ritual, and investigation they had once done to prepare their cases would now have to be taken over by professionally trained investigators.

"The Perry Masons of this country are going to be some Paul Drakes," he told Lipset, referring to the master attorney's investigator. Lipset read up on Perry Mason and decided to take a chance. He posted a \$2,000 bond, proved he had no felony convictions, got a reputable San Franciscan to vouch for him, and received his license.

He and his wife (who was an equal partner in the business until her sudden death in 1964) went into business for themselves. His lawyer friend gave him some cases to get the business started. So did a young law named Edmund G. Brown. Another firm called Lipset if he'd ever had any recording experience. "Of course," Lipset replied confidently — then went and bought an old-fashioned Pierce wire recorder and went to work. Lipset made \$50 the first month; never looked back.

Who says crime doesn't pay? Today, Lipset Services employs a full-time staff of five, plus a pool of as many as 35 part-time agents who may turn up as gas mechanics, refrigerator repairmen or even newspaper reporters. The firm, which is tied globally into the Western Association of Detectives, handles an average of

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STEELY DAN
JAMES TAYLOR
JOE WALSH

MCA RECORDS

© 1978 by Universal City Studios, Inc.

artificial additives to the beer.

"American brewers use things to make beer look and taste like beer. Big brewers take a cosmetic approach to brewing," says Stern. Some of the additives used by

not to caramel coloring.

Despite light beer's traditional popularity in the United States, McAuliffe says that Americans are showing interest in darker beers and

process.

She occasionally receives requests from people who want to brew just a few hundred gallons of beer.

ADDITION OF LOVE may become just a little more profitable.



YOGA:

The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red, pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

The Potrero Avenue traffic sounds are intensified; unpleasant fumes from a downstairs auto body shop penetrate the high-ceilinged room.

But they will sit like this, undisturbed, eyes almost closed or gazing at the lustrous floor, for an hour. Maybe three.

Sitting is the main activity at Dharmadhatu, 440 Potrero, one of 42 Buddhist meditation centers across the nation directed by a Tibetan lama (spiritual leader), Chogyam Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyü Drodren Kun-chab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

Although Dharmadhatu can boast of poet Allen Ginsberg as a long-time member, membership is estimated at 50; a small number compared with the Nichiren Shoshu of America, with 7,000 Bay Area members.

Dharmadhatu is one of about six San Francisco Buddhist organizations comprised mostly of non-Asians. But it is unique because Trungpa, who came to the United States in 1970 when the first American Dharmadhatu was founded, is westernized. He is a guru who wears a suit and tie, he says, to "do away with the exotic externals fascinating to students in the West."

Noreen Morris, coordinator of the center, described Trungpa as "a short, fat Tibetan with a great sense of humor and an incredible command of the English language."

Barbara McClellan, the center's teacher in residence, said Trungpa grew up in a Tibetan monastery but "in the course of relating to the western mind he realized that to convey the essence of Buddhism properly he had to be western himself."

"His approach is to look at our lives clearly for what they are, as opposed to trying to adopt some cultural, ethnic trappings."

For example, members occasionally chant, but in English. And comfort



This classic yoga position plus concentration equals inner peace.

while meditating is stressed, instead of sitting rigidly in one position.

According to McClellan, most members are between 25 and 35 years old, middle-class and well-educated.

"People end up here because they feel discontent with their lives," McClellan said, speaking barely above a whisper and gesturing slowly with a Marlboro in her right hand. "That's actually a valid state — people find that refreshing."

McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

"Everything seemed fishy to me.

But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

Morris, 44 and a nurse, said that before becoming a student of Trungpa five years ago, she "wasn't living properly."

"We are 70 percent preoccupied with ourselves in every situation. With meditation, I see others' expectations as well as my own." That clarity can lead to compassion — the "Buddha nature."

The center, which recently moved

to its present location, is supported through fund-raising events, contributions, study programs (which cost from \$15 to \$30) and personal and bank loans.

Part of Dharmadhatu's funds cover McClellan's food, rent and childcare expenses. She is the only member on salary.

Because most meditators work during the day, the former warehouse is almost empty until evening.

Members pay \$15 to \$25 dues a month, sit an average of two hours a day and contribute voluntarily to the duties of running the center.

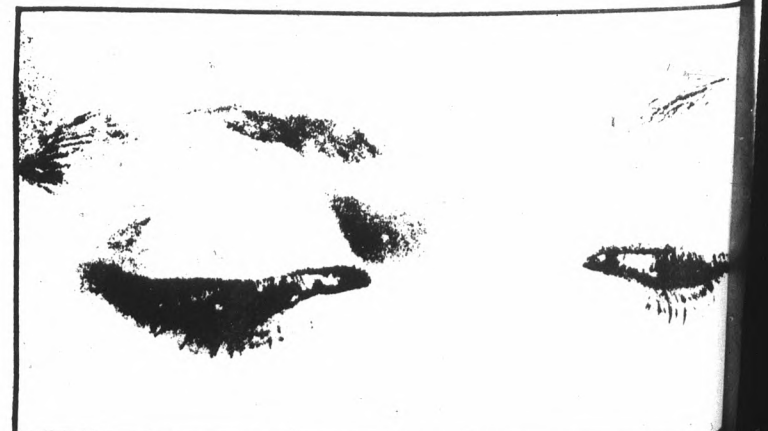
Members are not recruited, but Dharmadhatu offers free daily meditation, weekly lectures and occasional day-long meditation, called *Nyinthun*. People become members only if they decide to study and adopt Buddhism as a way of life.

"We don't encourage people to jump right in," McClellan said. "It's helpful if you are slightly enlightened because then you have a sense working with your own intelligence instead of being spoon-fed."

Individual meditation instruction also offered because "it's not easy to sit and do nothing," said McClellan, whose 4-year-old son sometimes meditates.

The center's founder lives in Colorado and visits San Francisco Dharmadhatu yearly. In addition, *Meditation in Action*, he has written a poetry book, an autobiography, a popular trade book entitled *Cutting Through Spiritual Materialism*.

"Rinpoche doesn't demand anything from us," Morris said, fluffing a cushion and crossing her legs. "He asks that we sit as much as possible."



Photos by Hector

Guest Editorial



BY IAN WHITCOMB

I hate the Beatles. And I hate the Stones, and Bob Dylan. I hate them because they were destroyers of childhood. They wrecked the funfair, stopped the carnival, knocked the rock. And they did this by dragging dreary REAL LIFE into the wonderful world that was POP.

Poor children of the late Sixties and early Seventies! No romance to make first love to! No exchanging of rings, no white sport coat and pink carnation at the senior prom! No struggle to undo that bra! Instead the grim reality of chemicals: the pills and syringes. And who made the chemical world popular? Who advocated filling oneself with poison, and who pronounced this message with high pretentiousness and thus sent many kids to their doom? The Beatles and the Stones and their followers.

These invaders of Peter Pan Popland not only advocated drug taking as the new "reality," they also started dragging current affairs into the scene. The Beatles did this and went up the creek, sloshing around in philosophy of a particularly wet and foreign kind (I mean the faker fakir called Mahar-wha's-his-name. Like most foreigners, Indians are only good for their cooking). Following them came the illiterate, whining Bob Dylan, with his moaning about his trivial problems and his finger-pointing at poor buggers like the clerkly Mr. Jones.

The more I write about that awful period of the Sixties the iller I become. Why, I may have to reach for an aspirin soon! What *was* that wonderful world of pop, before the Beatles! Why did I adore it so!

Well, the main thing was that in those days, in the Fifties and very early Sixties, the worlds of pop and real life were separate. And we, being intelligent, though innocent, teenagers, knew that. We were sensible enough to see pop music as akin to eating a mammoth hot fudge sundae. In other words, pop was a treat. Too much of the stuff could make you sick. We knew that the joys of real music, of art, were ahead of us: of Beethoven, Brahms, Charlie Parker, Jelly

Roll Morton and Scott Joplin. Music and Pop were worlds apart. Pop had, and should have, little to do with music, but a lot to do with youth society.

Let me be specific: the heroes of the golden age of rock and roll were wildmen writhing in gold suits with a fleet of Cadillacs gleaming in the background (Elvis Presley); or wildmen stalking the tops of grand pianos shouting about having a chicken in the barn while there was a whole lotta shakin' goin' on (Jerry Lee Lewis). These heroes were crazy when they were on stage, or record, or film. They did what we would *like* to do, but they confined it to the safety of the stage. In real life such behavior would have resulted in a jail term. *We* knew that, *they* knew that, the authorities knew it too. And the world turned and was OK.

And to counterpoint these stage outlaws of rock and roll there were glamorous, relaxing singers called Bobby (Vinton, Vee, Darin) and sweet girls like Connie Francis (she of the bleacher-reacher voice), and just plain good-looking like Fabian (for rough trade lovers) and Ricky Nelson (for those with more sensitive leanings).

All these performers, caged on a stage, were managed by older men, by father-figure managers. These managers were respected — as the old should be respected. That is the way the world turns.

But then! In come the Beatles, etc. and break the rules. The inmates take over the asylum. The Rolling Stones, a rude bunch who, being middle class, ought to have known better, refused to be produced on TV shows like *Shindig*. Mick Jagger told producer Jack Good to "fuck off," when all Jack was doing was making a little pop art. The Beatles gradually sent their manager Brian Epstein into the world of redundancy and, hence, to eventual oblivion. Managers were sent packing, sent helter skelter. The old wise men ran scared. Some departed the business. Others, presidents of major record companies included, embraced the enemy by signing up groups who openly advocated a way of life in

which anything goes. Hard drugs were handed out by the major companies to their big-selling acts.

By the mid-Seventies pop had sunk into a sloshy stew of wall-to-wall Muzak, epitomized by the pap of the grotesque, fat and balding Elton John. Behold! A bank clerk elevated into rock Stardom!

And the guilty ones who started the destruction of pop childhood innocence — where are they? Where have all those flowers gone?

Many are dead from chemicals; others, with teeth and hair falling like a hard rain, are sliding into middle age. Dylan sits alone and unrecognized at ball games, deserted by his followers because they have seen the light and become the hard-working Mr. Joneses he once attacked. And what of the Beatles? Constantly being re-cycled, mummified, made into moving wax museums (see *Beatlemania*), molded into the very stuff of nostalgia. Nostalgia — the most destructive force in the world. The true evasion of reality.

One real Beatle does survive: Paul McCartney. For him the whole Beatle trip had a sensible goal: the raising of a tight-knit family far from the madding crowd.

But are there nights when his dreams are full of the ghosts of the children of the late Sixties? They scream: "You took away our childhood, you filled us with poison, you led us down the yellow brick road into the land of poison. And you survived — while we sit up here in Rock Heaven listening to the shrill demented choirs of Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix. Why, they're so fucking loud we can't hear Buddy Holly singing 'I Guess It Doesn't Matter Anymore'!!!!"

Ian Whitcomb's book, After the Ball, is a text in many pop culture courses. He received his degree in American history at Trinity College, Dublin. He wrote and recorded "You Turn Me On" and "N-Nervous," respectable hits in the wake of the English Invasion. Since then, he's settled in Hollywood where he continues to write, record, and entertain. Mae West, whom Ian once produced, subsequently called him "a genius." He never hears from John, Paul, George, or Ringo.

BACKWOR

The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be: unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 6 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Haro (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles (five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also ear well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

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REPEAT THE BEATLES

BY SALLEY RAYL

It's been more than seven years since the Beatle Break-Up and fans still clamor for a reunion: the whys and what-ifs arise in nearly every conversation about the phenomenon that first touched American soil in 1964. One of the most significant factors of Beatle nostalgia is that virtually no time elapsed between the break-up and the nostalgia. From the anticipated but dreaded announcement in 1970, the sentimentality for the Beatles only grew. With it the Beatle mystique reached proportions like none other in contemporary music. Perhaps the mystique is becoming even bigger than the Beatles themselves.

So here we are — 14 years after the rise of the four lads from Liverpool — riding the crest of the most frenetic commercial wave yet for a mass Beatlemania revival. A couple of years back, John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert was presented on the London stage. Then, in 1976, the Capitol Records repackages began. Last year, *All This and World War II* made the attempt to unite old war clips with Beatle songs (what the Beatles had to do with the Big One is anybody's guess). *All You Need Is Cash*, starring the "Rutles," was a recent parody of the history of the Beatles. The Steven Leiber/David Krebs production of *Beatlemania* hit Broadway last summer, Los Angeles last winter. And hot on the heels of the Broadway hit are two feature-length motion pictures — *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*. With these films, plus the advertisers' gimmicks, contests and prizes, and promotional freebies, everyone will have the chance this summer to partake in the "new" Beatlemania. Indeed, a whole new generation of fans is ready to re-meet the Beatles... or at least a facsimile.

Two years ago, producer Robert Stigwood put *Sgt. Pepper's* through a dry run as a Broadway musical. That production, directed by Tom O'Horgan, *Hair's* original director, ran 66 performances and bombed, but Stigwood was pleased with the audiences' response and decided to redo the project as a film. Rock journalist Henry Edwards spent six months writing the original screenplay, which basically serves as a vehicle for songs drawn from four Beatle albums, including *Abbey Road*. Stigwood was able to secure the rights to the musical material by promising that he would not alter the lyrics of the songs and that John



"Visually they are a nightmare: tight dandified, Edwardian-Beatnik suits and great pudding bowls of hair. Musically, they are a near disaster: guitars and drums slamming out a merciless beat that does away with secondary rhythms and harmony and melody."

—Newsweek, Feb. 24, 1964

Lennon and Paul McCartney would have final script approval.

The storyline of this non-stop music extravaganza (there are only eight lines of dialogue) opens with a flashback to World War I where Sgt. Pepper (Woody Chamblis) and his Lonely Hearts Club Band are marching through Germany striking down enemy troops with music played from their magic instruments, then moves to the present and follows the rise of the "new" Lonely Hearts Club Band with Billy Shears (Peter Frampton) and his best friends, the Henderson Brothers (the Bee Gees). Hometown Heartland (the back lot at MGM) nearly succumbs to a plot by Mean Mr. Mustard (Frankie Howerd) to eliminate all love and joy from the world, but is saved by music and the recapturing of three magical musical instruments.

Sound familiar? It should. The concept is not much different from the animated *Yellow Submarine* (1968). Most of the characters are interchangeable.

At \$14 million, *Sgt. Pepper's* is the most expensive rock movie made to date. Stigwood predicts

it will outgross his rock musical, *Tommy* — primarily because of the more melodic nature of Beatle songs. Considering the bad taste displayed in a sea of beans, etc., "outgross" may be an unintentional pun. Some aces in the hole: Frampton and the Bee Gees. It's interesting to note that the leading female role, Strawberry Fields, was offered to Fleetwood Mac's Stevie Nicks, among other pop/rock femmes. When notable figures turned down the offer the Stigwood organization called for open tryouts — an event that resulted in lucrative publicity. Sandy Farina, formerly with a New York band called Odyssey, landed the role, primarily because of her uncanny resemblance — complete with a toothy smile — to Frampton. But, the grandiose *Sgt. Pepper's*, directed by Michael Schultz (*Car Wash*, *Which Way Is Up?*), is a fantasy film and with the exception of *The Wizard of Oz*, no fantasy film has ever made money (*Finian's Rainbow*, *The Little Prince*, *Bluebird* were all losers). It's obvious that *Sgt. Pepper's* big production and star-studded cast

— which also includes George Burns as Mr. Kite, Paul Nicholas as Dougie Henderson, and cameo appearances from Steve Martin (Dr. Maxwell Edison) and Alice Cooper (Father Sun) — are the saleable elements of the film.

Stigwood spent \$1 million on the extravagantly artificial Heartland set but it doesn't show. The shades of bright, almost fluorescent, pink, green, purple and red, rather than reflecting harmony, merely take us back to our Matel days. At best, the set looks tacky. Besides, if you want color, *Yellow Submarine* is your best bet. The most symbolic of Stigwood's commercial techniques lies with the finale of the movie, a failed attempt to re-create the famous *Sgt. Pepper* album cover. The scene (at press time) was to open with a spinning weather vane that comes to life as a piper who leads Heartland's townspeople in a version of "Get Back." As the song segues into the chorus of "Sgt. Pepper's," the camera pulls back and the townspeople's faces fade into the faces of movie and rock stars from recent eras

(Helen Reddy, Keith Carradine, Jose Feliciano, Carol Channing, Yvonne Elliman, Tina Turner are a few) — all singing praise to Sgt. Pepper. During the four months of filming, it was rumored that John, Paul, George and Ringo would make an appearance for the finale. We should've known better with a film like this.

On several occasions, this one in particular, the 7 a.m. to late evening schedule takes its toll on the rock stars who are used to a routine that begins much later in the day. The "Here Comes the Sun" sequence is being filmed with a full-size hot air balloon designed and built especially for *Sgt. Pepper's*, and Peter Frampton has the flu. The scene is shot several dozen times, re-rehearses and shot another three times before it's right. With every "CUT" that's shouted, Peter's cheesecake smile disappears. According to one of Frampton's bodyguards, the early morning calls became drudgery. During the filming, one could sense occasional antagonism between the rock stars. Set and press photographers had a habit of focusing most of their attention on Frampton, as if the film was *Peter in Wonderland* instead of *Pepper*. In fact, midway through the filming, the Bee Gees hired photographer so they could have their own glossy memories of filming. "I don't know how good or bad it's going to be," says actor Paul Nicholas, as the scene moves to Frampton and Farina in a Heartland pick-up truck decorated with tiny blood-red hearts. "All I know is that the music is very good and the people performing the music are good so that's a big plus. Also, people think Beatle songs are sacred and shouldn't be touched but I see no objection to it," muses.

All the while, "Here Comes the Sun" permeates the air. The same song, same arrangement (musical director George Martin, the Beatles producer was loyal to the original arrangements), but it's so different. Certainly the Beatles' songs aren't sacred, but the should at least do justice to prototypes.

Why would people pay to see Frampton and the Bee Gees are successful with their material, sing Beatle songs there a demand for a rock of this sort? Barry Gibb is to think so. "The Beatles' music is all in the music of today and I can't think of a reason we shouldn't be singing Beatle songs at this date. Whole film is a send-up on

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not to caramel coloring. Despite light beer's traditional popularity in the United States, McAuliff says that Americans are showing interest in darker beers and

process. She occasionally receives requests from people who want to brew just a few hundred gallons of beer.

Artificial flavor of love may become just a little more profit



CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR

YOGA:

The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red-pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

The Potrero Avenue traffic sounds are intensified; unpleasant fumes from a downstairs auto body shop penetrate the high-ceilinged room.

But they will sit like this, undisturbed, eyes almost closed or gazing at the lustrous floor, for an hour. Maybe three.

Sitting is the main activity at Dharmadhatu, 440 Potrero, one of 42 Buddhist meditation centers across the nation directed by a Tibetan lama (spiritual leader), Chogyum Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyu Drogen Kunchab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

Although Dharmadhatu can boast of poet Allen Ginsberg as a long-time member, membership is estimated at 50; a small number, compared with the Nichiren Shoshu of America, with 7,000 Bay Area members.

Dharmadhatu is one of about six San Francisco Buddhist organizations comprised mostly of non-Asians. But it is unique because Trungpa, who came to the United States in 1970 when the first American Dharmadhatu was founded, is westernized. He is a guru who wears a suit and tie, he says, to "do away with the exotic externals fascinating to students in the West."

Noreen Morris, coordinator of the center, described Trungpa as "a short, fat Tibetan with a great sense of humor and an incredible command of the English language."

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"His approach is to look at our lives clearly for what they are, as opposed to trying to adopt some cultural, ethnic trappings."

For example, members occasionally chant, but in English. And comfort



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while meditating is stressed, instead of sitting rigidly in one position.

According to McClellan, most members are between 25 and 35 years old, middle-class and well-educated.

"People end up here because they feel discontent with their lives," McClellan said, speaking barely above a whisper and gesturing slowly with a Marlboro in her right hand. "That's actually a valid state — people find that refreshing."

McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

"Everything seemed fishy to me.

But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

Morris, 44 and a nurse, said that before becoming a student of Trungpa five years ago, she "wasn't living properly."

"We are 70 percent preoccupied with ourselves in every situation. With meditation, I see others' expectations as well as my own." That clarity can lead to compassion — the "Buddha nature."

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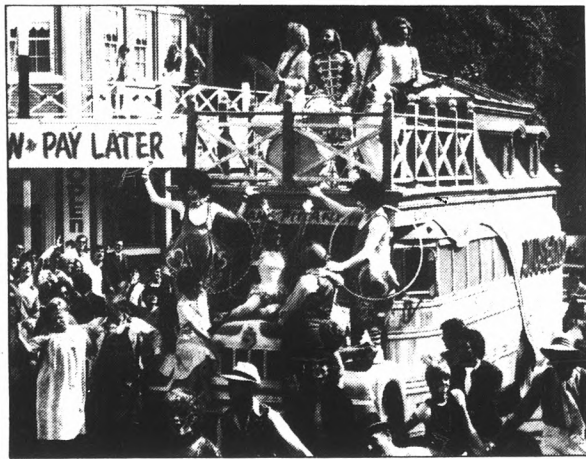
Photos by Hector



Pam Mitchell, agog over Beatle hairs in *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*; crazed Beatle fans (right).



Teresa Saldana (left, below) Wendie Jo Sperber (center), and Mitchell stalk the Beatles.



The Bee Gees, Frampton, Donald Pleasance and Paul Nicholas (far left); Sgt. Pepper's \$1 million Heartland set (near left).



business," explains Barry. "The B.D. Brockhursts (the corrupt record company president who signs the LHCB in L.A.) come up all the time in this business. The good guys are a minority. It's too big of a business for them not to be. But, this is *not* an acting film. It's a lot-of-fun rock musical."

Four teenage girls, topped with bouffant hairstyles, crowd into a service elevator in the Beatles' hotel in New York City. The elevator door closes, then opens. On cue, one girl shrieks. Another screams. "It's a print!" Robert Zemeckis, 26, is directing and very much in control of his first feature-length film, based on a screenplay he wrote with friend Bob Gale. Watching the action of *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* from the side of the set, Steven Spielberg's gaze is intense, but, at the same time, complacent. It was Spielberg who convinced Universal Pictures to assign the project to Zemeckis. "My role as executive producer," he says, "initially was to reassure the studio that a first-time-out director, like Bob — whom I had complete faith in — could direct a major studio film, and I would be in the wings in case he was run over by a honey wagon. Which we knew would never happen," he chuckles. "I was like a kind of negative pick-up deal to insure Bob's ability, even though he's only had two USC shorts to his credit." Spielberg's track record included *Jaws* and *Close Encounters*

of the *Third Kind*; how could Universal doubt him?

Where *Sgt. Pepper's* has a cast of stars, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* is full of unknowns. "It's like a family," says 27-year-old Nancy Allen, one of the film's six principal players. "It's not a very serious, uptight set, basically because we're all young."

Set in February 1964 amidst the chaos surrounding the Beatles' arrival in the United States, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, budgeted at a modest \$3 million, is the story of four teenage girls from Maplewood, New Jersey who make plans to travel to New York City, sneak into the Beatles hotel and, maybe, get into the *Ed Sullivan Show* to see the Beatles perform live. Photographer Grace Corrigan (Teresa Saldana); Beatle fanatic Rosie Petrofsky (Wendie Jo Sperber); anti-commercial activist Janis Goldman (Susan Kendall Newman); and Pam Mitchell (Nancy

Allen), who decides to make her last pre-marital fling with the Beatles, are joined by Larry DuBois (Marc McClure), the undertaker's son who "borrows" one of his father's limousines for the trip; and Tony Smerko (Bobby DiCiccio), who has the hots for Janis — not the Beatles.

Universal Studios' Stage 33 — which for the purposes of this film is the Beatles' hotel — is a flashback to the early Sixties, complete with Capri pants, ratted hair decorated with bows, white lipstick, crewcuts (the most difficult to find for the casting director), and pointed shoes. Relaxing on a sofa in an alcove near the Beatles' bedroom, Wendie Jo Sperber, who was only five years old in 1964, ponders: "I can't believe people really dressed like this." Wendie's 15-year-old Rosie character is the most ardent of Beatle fans and is in love with Paul McCartney.

In reality, only two of the

cast's six leads are old enough to remember the clothes and effect of the Beatles. At home in Sherman Oaks, California, Susan Newman, daughter of Paul, reminisces, "I went to a lot of Beatle concerts. I stood in line and saw *A Hard Day's Night* 39 times. I knew every single line, the order of the songs and every song by heart. Yes," Susie sighs, "I was very much caught up in the Beatles." A reminder of days gone by, a personally autographed poster of the Beatles hangs on her living room wall. "They were the stepping stone for me," she said, "from your basic kid into your basic adolescent, and nothing else seemed to affect me as much as they did." Later Susan adds, "This isn't a profound film, but it does begin to deal with what people do with that whole concept of hero worship. And, let me tell you," she says, "when you get into that Hollywood Palace (which stands

in for the Sullivan theatre in New York) and they turn on the tape and 'She Loves You' comes blaring out over the loudspeakers and 400 extras are jumping on their feet screaming and crying, it *does* take you back." Twenty-year-old Marc McClure found himself somewhat amazed by it all: "It's a mad, mad world — really."

What makes *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* that much different from *A Hard Day's Night*? "Richard Lester's films about the Beatles are wonderful," says Spielberg, "but this picture is more about the social impact on six kids from New Jersey who come down to New York City for different reasons to be part of the mania. Why did she scream, hyperventilate and pass out? What was the magic? What was in the air that year that caused so many people to come unglued from themselves?" Within Spielberg's questions lie a certain validity for this film — the attempt to give some respectability to a hoard of screaming, crying, fainting girls, and perhaps even touch on the sociological whys and wherefores that caused the phenomenon.

"I think the time is right for a Beatles movie," Spielberg says, "but you never really know until the audience tells you. There's enough time certainly between the Beatles' debut on the *Ed Sullivan Show* and now — 13 years is enough time between the two extremes. Besides," he chuckles, "nostalgia is the junk food of America."



BACKWOR The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be a unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 40 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Harold (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles on five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earns well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to sell yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, there are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget it. Criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door and get good at it. Fuller Brushes or something like that."

Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he does hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at UC Berkeley. Lipset's junior year, his father died and a friend convinced him to take time from school and do one year in the Army.

Lipset graduated from Officers Candidate School as a military policeman. He then enrolled in a new school of criminal investigation taught by Melvin Purvis, a famed agent who left the FBI because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger led to a rivalry with bureau head Herbert Hoover.

After completing Purvis' course, Lipset took charge of a team of investigators assigned to accompany U.S. Army units about to invade Europe. Lipset saw the world through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier.

Following his discharge, he worked as a trade journal editor in Chicago, and then entered law school in San Francisco.

When his wife Lynn became pregnant, he supported his family to be by doing the only thing he knew investigation.

First, he worked for the Office of Price Administration looking into housing fraud. Then Lipset spent a few months with the Veteran's Administration as an undercover agent in a Southern California hospital.

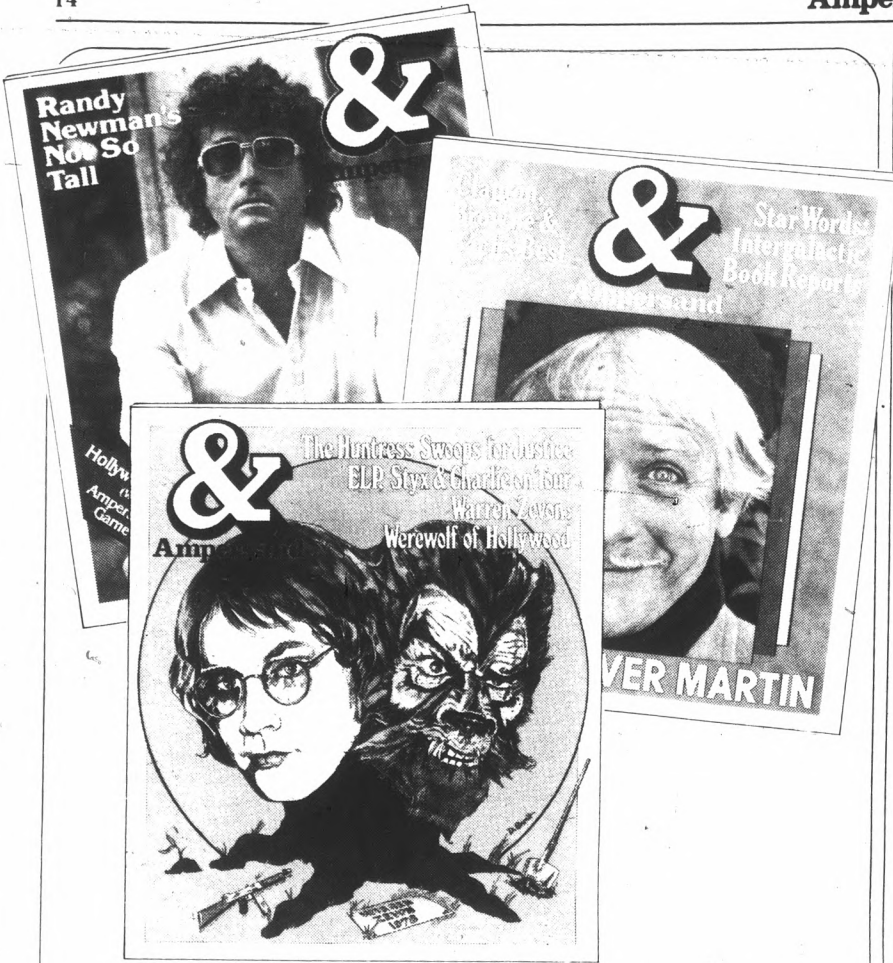
In the beginning, private investigation meant dirt waterfront offices with cigarette butts floating in st coffee, and kicking in doors to catch errant husbands and wives.

But no one knew that in 25 years the crime rate would grow or that private investigation and security (and equipment that goes with it) would become a billion-a-year business. An old attorney friend of Lipset's advised him that lawyers were about to be overwhelmed with post-war paperwork and courtroom ritual, and investigation they had once done to prepare their cases would now have to be taken over by professional, trained investigators.

"The Perry Masons of this country are going to be some Paul Drakes," he told Lipset, referring to master attorney's investigator. Lipset read up on Perry Mason and decided to take a chance. He posted a \$2,500 bond, proved he had no felony convictions, got the reputable San Franciscans to vouch for him, and received his license.

He and his wife (who was an equal partner in the business until her sudden death in 1964) went into business for themselves. His lawyer friend gave him so many cases to get the business started. So did a young lawyer named Edmund G. Brown. Another firm called Lipset asked Lipset if he'd ever had any recording experience. "Of course," Lipset replied confidently — then went and bought an old-fashioned wire recorder and went to work. Lipset made \$50 the first month; he never looked back.

Who says crime doesn't pay? Today, Lipset Services employs a full-time staff of five, plus a pool of as many as 35 part-time agents who may turn up as gas mechanics, refrigerator repairmen or even newspaper reporters. The firm, which is tied globally into the Western Association of Detectives, handles an average of



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artificial additives to the beer.

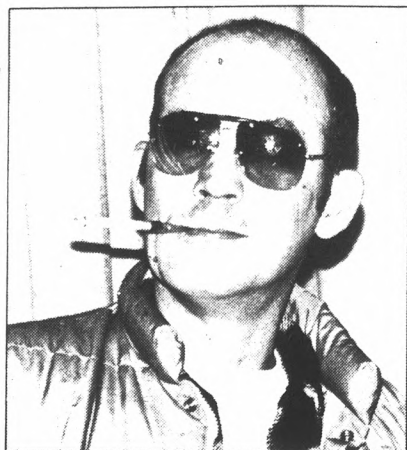
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CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR

On Tour



Hunter S. Thompson, UC Davis

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, father of gonzo journalism and self-proclaimed raving freak in his own time, sparred with the witty and idolatrous among 300 wildly enthusiastic aggies who packed UC Davis' Freeborn Hall.

Running the gamut of trendy issues (from his role in electing Jimmy Carter president to his opinion of reality), the good doctor expanded on his books (*Hell's Angels*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*) and delivered a brief diatribe against cartoonist G. B. Trudeau and his *Doonesbury* comic strip, in which a character remarkably like Thompson appears regularly. "I've never met the bastard," the Gonz said of Trudeau. "First time I do I intend to light him on fire. That may sound weird, but the first time I met Hamilton Jordan, I lit him on fire... it's easy."

More highlights:
Thompson: I'm not exactly sure what we're going to talk about... I've always tried to make it clear to everybody involved in this thing that I have nothing to say, nothing to sell, and I can't imagine why anybody would pay... But what I can do is argue with you.

(Thompson received \$2200 for his appearance, one of many this past year; these appearances may be his only source of income, since his relationship with *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner cooled.)

Question: Do you suppose that people on other planets are into drugs?

T: If there's intelligent life, yes, I would think so. They probably have better dope than we do.

Q: What happened to the Brown Buffalo (Oscar Acosta, lawyer, author and fellow Gonzo)?

T: All the evidence suggests that he is no longer with us. However, I've never been a great believer in evidence and would bet even money that he is still with us, in some form. I don't like to blow my friends' covers, so as far as I'm concerned, he's dead. Until he tells me differently.

Q: What was the greatest rush you ever had?

T: I would say, just right off the top of my head... and in partial response to the gentleman here who wanted to know the meaning of life... going down Highway 1, at night, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts and a T-shirt, with the lights out, 120 miles an hour... is about as high as you can get.

At one point someone in the audience stood up and said "I want to compliment you on being so coherent." We'd all heard reports that Thompson tends to leave his body on occasion, but this evening he was

on top of everything — full of drugs (he imbued nitrous oxide, ether, freon gas and whisky before and during his "lecture") but handling them well.

Thompson didn't always wait for questions, but his random soliloquies were pertinent and pithy:

"What I was counting on with Carter was his egomania guaranteeing sort of a minimum performance level. I thought he would be ashamed to fail, whereas Nixon gloried in it."

"If there is any central characteristic of Gonzo Journalism it is participation in the story. And when you're backing off and talking about it, you're not participating in any way. You're touching it. So that almost precludes the gonzo approach. Unless of course you want to play with the Rolling Stones... I could play drums with the Stones, and then write a review of the album. That'd be gonzo all the way. But the participation factor is major, and primary."

"New Journalism, whatever that means... is people trying to break out of this wretched mold. The stupid relaying of alleged facts. New Journalism is a better form of what journalism should have been all along. Reporting the truth, or somehow trying to get at the truth."

Q: Do you have a role, a cultural role, to uphold in your work?

T: Well, it worries me that you'd ask that question, but... no. If I worried about that I'd go totally crazy.

Joel Patterson

Lou Reed, Old Waldorf, San Francisco

When they called Lou Reed's seamy brand of New York underground rock — songs about drug addiction, violence and kinky sex — "depraved" and "demonic," you could almost imagine him crouched below manhole covers on a dark night, trading lyrics with the devils beneath the pavement. He was street-tough and defiant, a kind of urban James Dean, singing — first with Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground and later alone — with a rough, sometimes passionate swagger. His music was raw city-rock, and it grated like the growl of a garbage truck at four AM.

His fans in San Francisco — who made all eight shows at the Old Waldorf sellouts — found him true to form when he played there last month. After the commercial success of a hit single ("Walk on the Wild Side") a few years back and the addition of a seven-piece backup band, including a saxophonist and two female vocalists, Reed is still rough and raunchy. On opening night the audience gave him a rousing welcome, and kept their enthusiasm throughout the set.

They were a cleaner, more respectable looking crowd than you'd expect for the man some call "the odd father of punk," which might have had as much to do with the high (\$9.50) ticket price as with changing styles. The leather and heavy makeup boys were absent, and many a safety pin was seen.

Reed avoided much of his older material, working chiefly from his newest album *Street Hassle*, and aside from an occasional shout for Velvet Underground's classic "Heroin," the audience seemed content.

Opening for Reed was England's Ian Drury, an inventive and irreverent singer/songwriter whose music is several cuts above the usual bawdy punk-rock material. He used cockney slang, clever wordplays and driving rhythms to keep his five-piece band rumbling along.

Jayson Q. Wechter

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Photos by Hector

IN BOTH EARS

A Little More Traveling Music

To a car radio receiver, any signal on its antenna is welcome. This creates a problem. The trouble is that the antenna cannot differentiate between signals produced by AM and FM broadcasting stations and the electrical signals generated by the ignition system in your car, by the ignition systems in passing cars and trucks, by machinery in buildings, by advertising signs, and by your turn indicator signals. In the invisible world of electric waves there is no segregation.

The most notorious offender is the ignition system in your own car engine. And, to add violence to mayhem, the auto antenna is generally mounted — you guessed it — as close to this noisome nuisance as possible. So if you can, put your antenna at the rear if the engine is in the front, and vice versa. It does mean that you'll need a longer connecting cable between the antenna and the receiver and it'll be more troublesome installing this cable.

One of the advantages of having an AM/FM receiver instead of AM only is that if the noise is too aggravating on one broadcast band you can always shift to the other. FM is touted as containing noise reduction circuitry and that's quite true, but it isn't the whole story. AM stations broadcast a stronger signal and you'll be able to pick up AM over much longer distances than FM. So neither band, AM or FM, has a clear-cut noise victory over the other.

There's no point in being stoical about noise, and unlike death and taxes it doesn't always have to be with us. You can fight back.

Park your car and listen to the radio. If you get good reception on AM and FM, but the sound is accompanied by noise when you turn on the ignition switch, then the noise is due to your engine. If the sound is noise free until there is a passing truck or

car, then you are picking it up from other motorists and there isn't much you can do about that. Fortunately, most cars are equipped with various noise suppression devices, so you won't have much trouble here. Some trucks are rather bad offenders, though.

Spark plugs like nothing better than to act as miniature transmitting stations, with noise as the main source of entertainment. You can suppress this tendency by installing spark plugs with built-in noise resistor suppressors. Or, if you prefer, you can use resistor cables. Alternatively, you can try shielded ignition wiring. Spark plugs produce a noise all their own, a sort of popping effect that becomes faster and stronger as the car accelerates.

Another offender is the distributor. You can handle this by connecting a distributor suppressor to the center terminal. The noise suppressor isn't an exotic part and is just a resistor. Before you try it, check to make sure your car doesn't already have a noise suppressor built in, either in the distributor cap or in the ignition leads. Putting in more suppressors if you already have them will only reduce the operating performance of the car.

Newer cars have alternators; older ones have generators. Either can be noise producers. Both have rotating armatures with carbon or copper brushes designed to bring current in from the battery. These brushes tend to spark and generate electrical interference. Connect a bypass capacitor between the armature terminal and the car frame. Noise produced by the generator or alternator has a whining sound which changes pitch as you vary the speed of the car.

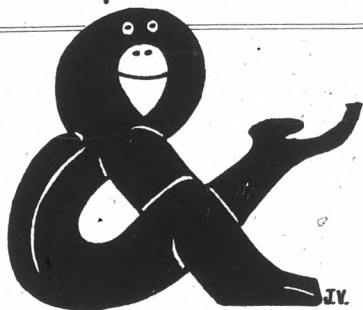
Ideally, the hood of the car should shield the antenna from the electrical noise produced by the ignition system, but it will only do that if the hood makes good metal-to-metal contact with the car frame. Since the interior of the hood is painted, the shielding effect can be quite poor since the hood and car frame do not make good electrical contact. A way around this is to connect the hood to the firewall by means of metal braid. Try metal braid on both sides near the firewall and allow enough slack so that the hood can open and close easily. When using the braid, scrape the connecting areas around the hood and firewall so that the braid makes good electrical contact with both.

There are a few other things you can do to improve radio reception. The newer cars come with a fixed length antenna. The telescoping type can usually extend to a greater length, permitting more signal pickup. Antennas are inexpensive and substituting one for another is no great job. You can also get an antenna that has a built-in signal amplifier in its base. This unit is actually a two-channel amplifier with one made for FM and the other for AM. Since it amplifies the signal at its source, that is, right at the antenna, it improves the signal-to-noise ratio. This doesn't mean that noise is eliminated, but the signals you want to hear are made so much stronger that the noise is masked and isn't noticeable.

If convenience is your thing, you can get a motorized antenna. The antenna hides in a well in your fender until you turn on the radio and then automatically raises itself to its full height. In other types this happens when you use the ignition key. Still others require a separate switch. The advantage of having an antenna that recesses is that it is more vandal-proof than the others.

Martin Clifford

This is the second of three columns on car stereo.



Ampersand of the Month

This month's winner of \$25.00 and our enduring admiration is Joseph J. Vissers, a sophomore majoring in Asian Studies at the University of Texas at Austin. He calls his creation "Monkey with Banana," and rightly so. And yes, we know that all three Ampersands of the Month have come from Texas, and no, we don't know why. They're just better at making crooked little squiggles.

Take one

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BACKWOR The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be an unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some 60 firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Haro (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles (five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earns well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to sell yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, there are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget it. Criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door or get good at it. Fuller Brushes or something like that."

Lipset was never a Fuller Brush salesman, but he does hope to be an advertising man, and left New Jersey to enroll in business administration at UC Berkeley. Lipset's junior year, his father died and a friend convinced him to take time from school and do one year in the Army.

Lipset graduated from Officers Candidate School a military policeman. He then enrolled in a new school of criminal investigation taught by Melvin Purvis, a famed agent who left the FBI because his celebrated manhunt of John Dillinger led to a rivalry with bureau head Herbert Hoover.

After completing Purvis' course, Lipset took charge of a team of investigators assigned to accompany U.S. Army units about to invade Europe. Lipset saw the world through the eyes of a detective, not a soldier.

Following his discharge, he worked as a trade journal editor in Chicago, and then entered law school in San Francisco.

When his wife Lynn became pregnant, he supported his family to be by doing the only thing he knew investigation.

First, he worked for the Office of Price Administration looking into housing fraud. Then Lipset spent a few months with the Veteran's Administration as an undercover agent in a Southern California hospital.

In the beginning, private investigation meant dirt work: front offices with cigarette butts floating in the coffee, and kicking in doors to catch errant husbands and wives.

But no one knew that in 25 years the crime rate would grow or that private investigation and security (and equipment that goes with it) would become a billion-a-year business. An old attorney friend of Lipset's advised him that lawyers were about to be overwhelmed with post-war paperwork and courtroom ritual, and investigation they had once done to prepare their cases would now have to be taken over by professional, trained investigators.

"The Perry Masons of this country are going to be some Paul Drakes," he told Lipset, referring to master attorney's investigator. Lipset read up on Perry Mason and decided to take a chance. He posted a \$2,000 bond, proved he had no felony convictions, got the reputable San Franciscans to vouch for him, and received his license.

He and his wife (who was an equal partner in business until her sudden death in 1964) went into business for themselves. His lawyer friend gave him some cases to get the business started. So did a young law named Edmund G. Brown. Another firm called asked Lipset if he'd ever had any recording experience. "Of course," Lipset replied confidently — then went and bought an old-fashioned Pierce wire recorder and went to work. Lipset made \$50 the first month; never looked back.

Who says crime doesn't pay? Today, Lipset Services employs a full-time staff of five, plus a pool of as many as 35 part-time agents who may turn up as gas mechanics, refrigerator repairmen or even newspaper reporters. The firm, which is tied globally into the Western Association of Detectives, handles an average of

Anne Sexton: A Long Time Dying

It is indecent to attend the funeral of a stranger. There is little enough privacy left in the world that we must share our death with others, but we do — daily — on the evening news, on the front pages of newspapers, in weekly tabloids, and in letters to people we love.

Anne Sexton died on October 4, 1974, but her dying was a long, grim ritual, acted out most of her forty-six years. In *Anne Sexton: A Self-Portrait in Letters* (Houghton Mifflin, \$15), the poet's daughter, Linda Gray Sexton, and confidante and biographer, Lois Ames, have made it possible for the voyeur to stand at the unshaded window and observe her manic struggle for survival. Sexton's letters are painful and bloody. It is not easy to read or accept them with the passivity of a stranger curled up with a book for a night's leisure. Like her poetry, Anne's letters plummet to abyssal depths, but offer the reader no way out, no catharsis — no excuse for continuing the struggle.

Living on the edge of sanity, Sexton admitted herself to mental hospitals as frequently as a woman visiting the beauty parlor. Poetry began as therapy and served as a lifeline until it played out. Again and again in her letters, especially to the poet, W.D. Snodgrass, Anne blessed poetry for giving her an alternative to the madness that awaited the flagging spirit.

Her letters also reveal her husband's valiant attempt to save their marriage; the awful ambivalence toward her parents; the grotesque spectacle of her mother dying, her father going to pieces, and his death soon after; Anne's discovery of poetry and her meteoric development as a writer leading to the publication of her first book in less than two years.

She wished she could write sweeter poetry, but it wasn't in her — it would have been dishonest, and she was seldom dishonest.

She was a member of a diminished school of writers that included Sylvia Plath, John Berryman, and Robert Lowell. They were a brilliant, doomed coterie of poets trying to exorcise real and imagined guilts through the medium of poetry.

A Self-Portrait in Letters will serve, no doubt, as a companion piece to Ms. Ames' soon-to-be-published biography of Sexton. I don't think I'll read it. A biography can only be more fleshly, more gritty, more harrowing.

Tom Martin

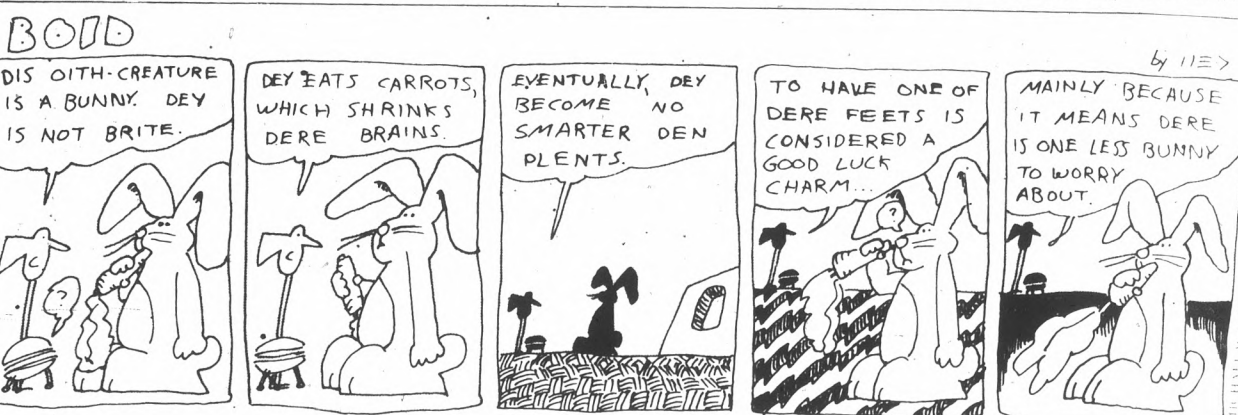
Off & On Photography

Susan Sontag's new book, *On Photography* (Farrar Straus, \$7.95) — her first collection of essays since 1969 — offers the unusual experience of watching a massive amount of brains and erudition go into arguing some rather unbelievable points. It's like meeting a splendidly articulate, educated person who happens to represent the Flat Earth Society.

Like Marshall McLuhan, Sontag sets out to think about an entire medium, its peculiar

features, effect on consumers and its pluses and minuses. Photography, as Sontag sees it, is under suspicion in many areas. In particular, she worries that we are inundated in too many photographic reproductions, resulting in "image pollution." Also troublesome is the possibility that photographs may give us the feeling we are confronting reality (Vietnam, for instance) without really making us face much of anything — in fact, getting us off the hook. The photography fan seems an especially disturbing phenomenon. As Sontag views him, he is too often looking for easy effects, not critical enough about the ideas behind the images he collects, not willing to think out the implications of a Diane Arbus. In fact, Sontag grows so wary of the potentially attenuating effects of photographs that she doesn't allow any photo to enter her book, grimly determined to make the reader think very hard all the way through.

Sontag's own violent experience of photographed horror provides the most memorable part of the book. After twelve years lived as a "horror virgin," she discovered the world's foulness by leafing through a book of concentration camp pictures. Now she claims that her life falls in two halves. Before and After. The obvious conclusion would be "photography can bring about illumination," but she's not ready to buy it. She notes that today, when gory or pain-filled images crowd the pages of newspapers and magazines, no child could duplicate her own searing awakening. For Sontag, this means that too frequent and too easy an exposure to horrible images has robbed us of a part of



our ability to shudder, to recoil. She goes on to relate this desensitization to Vietnam; in fact, she argues this notion of photography-as-anesthetic so insistently, so passionately and so intelligently that I feel ignoble saying "Well, how can you prove there's less sensitivity? How can you show that photography is to blame?"

Nobody could dispute Sontag's complaints against us in General: that we let ourselves off too easily, that we don't make ourselves think critically enough of the time, that we like facile ironies better than great complex profundities. Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa! But I still can't believe that the first step toward redemption is to crack down on the image pollution currently imbalancing the ecology of our photo-filled society. To use an utterly Naomigian comeback: that's too simple.

Naomi Lindstrom

Let's Hear It For the Sixties

Peter Tauber's novel, *The Last Best Hope* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is the story of a war baby, Tyler Bowen, and through him, the story of America in the sixties. It is a profoundly sad tale, punctuated with violent death and culminating in the ascension of the ultimate social villain, Richard Nixon. Nixon is, in a sense, the summing up of the sixties: cynicism and deceit enjoying the final victory over idealism. Woodstock becomes Altamont, the Jefferson Airplane makes Levis commercials, and there you have it, crappola grande.

As fiction, *The Last Best Hope* has many strengths, compelling characterization paramount among them. Tyler, the bright, gifted, likeable young man, is indeed the prototype of America's hope. His friend, St. Paul Hooper, is a wonderful incarnation of the wise fool, sixties-style, the doped up misfit who converses directly with God, and whose personal craziness paradoxically highlights the institutional craziness of a system into which he simply cannot fit. And Johanna, Tyler's lover, epitomizes the enigmatic heroine whose motives and needs elude equally her conservative, rationalist husband, and the liberal, emotional Tyler.

Tauber's interplay of themes is complex and provocative — science and politics, the quest for truth and the quest for power, and the subversion of the former in service of the latter. This last is central to Tauber's view of the sixties and it is developed through the lives of his characters. Tyler works as an information officer for a government project, but his role is to disseminate, not information, but system-serving lies. Willie, Tyler's brother and a reluctant soldier, is given the Congressional Medal of Honor, but the reasons for the award are reconstructed to serve propaganda purposes. Even heroism is de-

success, and a serious contribution to our evolving conception of the Viet Nam war and the social chaos it engendered. It is a depressing book and a very good one. Read it.

J.C. Norton

Oscar Trivia

There have been surprisingly few books dealing exclusively with the Academy Awards, so *The Oscar Movie From A-Z* (Tapefinger) by Roy Pickard is probably the best reference book on the subject — but it should have been better. Every film that has ever won an Oscar in any category (with the exception of documentaries and short films, is listed in alphabetical order. Under each entry is the year of release, the number of Oscars won and in which category, a brief synopsis, the production company, director, cast, technical process, and running time. Following the alphabetical listing are five appendices — including a partial year-by-year list of both winners and nominees and a list of honorary winners — and an index of winning films and people. There are also 30 pages of pictures.

Unusual aspects of some of the Oscar-winning films are included. Imagine what a smash you can be at your next cocktail party when you brag know that *The Adventures of Robin Hood* is the only swashbuckler to have ever been nominated for a best picture Oscar and that *The Ewok* is the only horror film to have been so nominated. If you're been losing sleep because you couldn't remember why Elmer Bernstein didn't win an Oscar for the musical score of *The Godfather Part II*, you can now rest easy. It's because Ernest Gold won that year for *Evolution*.

Still, *The Oscar Movie* is not the definitive work it should have been. There are errors and inconsistencies that leave the book less than complete. To not include at least a list of documentary and short film winners is inexcusable. Nor is there any reason to not

George C. Scott's refusal of the Oscar (but not Marlon Brando's refusal of it). George Burns is credited with being the oldest acting winner, but Latuani O'Neal is credited as the youngest. Walter and John Huston are credited with being the only father and son to have both won Oscars in the same year for the same film, *Twelve Angry Men*. Yet father and son Coppola got the same thing for *The Godfather Part II*. *Patricia Arquette* is, at one point, called *Patricia Arquette*. James Gleason gets a credit for *Jackie*, Paul Williams loses his. "Evergreen" is written to John Williams, and soon.

As the best of the Oscar reference books and a boon to movie trivia buffs, *The Oscar Movie* is recommended, but be warned. When showing off your Oscar knowledge, check at least one other reference before making any heavy bets.

Paul Helford

artificial additives to the beer.

"American brewers use things to make beer look and taste like beer. Big brewers take a cosmetic approach to brewing," says Stern. Some of the additives used by

not to caramel coloring.

Despite light beer's traditional popularity in the United States, McAuliffe says that Americans are showing interest in darker beers and

process.

She occasionally receives requests from people who want to brew just a few hundred gallons of beer.

ADDITION LABOR OF LOVE may become just a little more profit



YOGA: The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red, pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

The Potrero Avenue traffic sounds are intensified; unpleasant fumes from a downstairs auto body shop penetrate the high-ceilinged room.

But they will sit like this, undisturbed, eyes almost closed or gazing at the lustrous floor, for an hour. Maybe three.

Sitting is the main activity at Dharmadhatu, 440 Potrero, one of 42 Buddhist meditation centers across the nation directed by a Tibetan lama (spiritual leader), Chogyum Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyü Drogen Kun-chab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

Although Dharmadhatu can boast of poet Allen Ginsberg as a long-time member, membership is estimated at 50; a small number compared with the Nichiren Shoshu, of America, with 7,000 Bay Area members.

Dharmadhatu is one of about six San Francisco Buddhist organizations comprised mostly of non-Asians. But it is unique because Trungpa, who came to the United States in 1970 when the first American Dharmadhatu was founded, is westernized. He is a guru who wears a suit and tie, he says, to "do away with the exotic externals fascinating to students in the West."

Noreen Morris, coordinator of the center, described Trungpa as "a short, fat Tibetan with a great sense of humor and an incredible command of the English language."

Barbara McClellan, the center's teacher in residence, said Trungpa grew up in a Tibetan monastery but "in the course of relating to the western mind he realized that to convey the essence of Buddhism properly he had to be western himself."

"His approach is to look at our lives clearly for what they are, as opposed to trying to adopt some cultural, ethnic trappings."

For example, members occasionally chant, but in English. And comfort



This classic yoga position plus concentration equals inner peace.

while meditating is stressed, instead of sitting rigidly in one position.

According to McClellan, most members are between 25 and 35 years old, middle-class and well-educated.

"People end up here because they feel discontent with their lives," McClellan said, speaking barely above a whisper and gesturing slowly with a Marlboro in her right hand. "That's actually a valid state — people find that refreshing."

McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

"Everything seemed fishy to me.

But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

Morris, 44 and a nurse, said that before becoming a student of Trungpa five years ago, she "wasn't living properly."

"We are 70 percent preoccupied with ourselves in every situation. With meditation, I see others' expectations as well as my own." That clarity can lead to compassion — the "Buddha nature."

The center, which recently moved

to its present location, is supported through fund-raising events, contributions, study programs (which cost from \$15 to \$30) and personal and bank loans.

Part of Dharmadhatu's funds cover McClellan's food, rent and childcare expenses. She is the only member on salary.

Because most meditators work during the day, the former warehouse is almost empty until evening.

Members pay \$15 to \$25 dues a month, sit an average of two hours a day and contribute voluntarily to the duties of running the center.

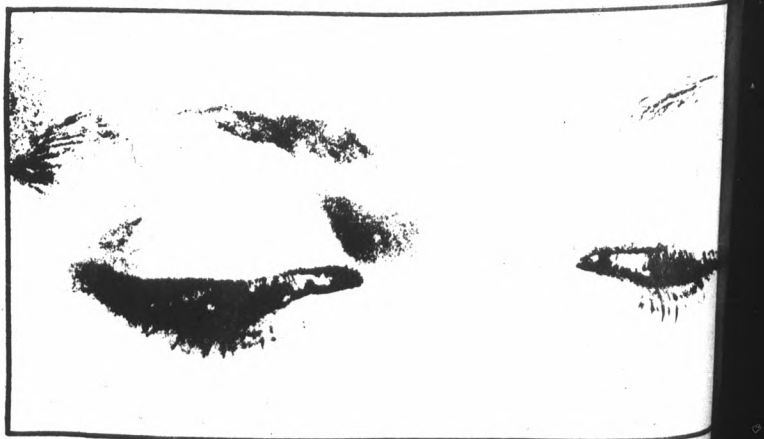
Members are not recruited, but Dharmadhatu offers free daily meditation, weekly lectures and occasional day-long meditation, called *Nyinthun*. People become members only if they decide to study and adopt Buddhism as a way of life.

"We don't encourage people to jump right in," McClellan said. "It's helpful if you are slightly enlightened because then you have a sense working with your own intelligence instead of being spoon-fed."

Individual meditation instruction also offered because "it's not easy to sit and do nothing," said McClellan, whose 4-year-old son sometimes meditates.

The center's founder lives in Colorado and visits San Francisco Dharmadhatu yearly. In addition, *Meditation in Action*, he has written a poetry book, an autobiography, a popular trade book entitled *Cut Through Spiritual Materialism*.

"Rinpoche doesn't demand anything from us," Morris said, fluffing a cushion and crossing her legs. "He asks that we sit as much as possible."



Photos by Hector



on disc

(Continued from page 9)

it is blindly, damnably egalitarian. It is too much of a piece. There are no hierarchies in fusion, no saints or goddesses or princes. All the instruments (including voices) are given the same value — sometimes literally the same dynamic value and same values of timbre, as in cases wherein electric and electronically-enhanced guitar, piano, and, maybe, tenor saxophone all blend to the extent that one is literally indistinguishable from the other. It is melting-pot music, in the worst possible sense of the term. It represents not so much a fusion as a dissolution.

Jazz — and, for that matter, much of rock — has always been an individualist's music, a music which stresses — which depends upon — the split-second, highly personal invention of new music based on established musical patterns. At its best, it is perhaps the most impressive form of composition in the world. Fusion music, on the other hand, discourages the individual. It asks him or her to fit neatly into established patterns, to parrot clichés (many of which were invented, though this is commonly forgotten these days, by John McLaughlin and the members of his various groups). It asks the musicians who play it to remember their places. What comes out may have moments of beauty, moments of excitement; much of what results makes good, compelling dance music. But it also represents, it seems to me, a sorry waste of talent — and, worse, a kind of enforced artistic entropy. Fusion music sashays, often to a disco beat, into a creative cul-de-sac.

Starbooty, by Ubiquity, which is the group former jazz vibraharpist Roy Ayers leads, is easily the least interesting of these three albums. The music is strong but repetitious (Ayers produced the album but does not play on it), the lyrics are inane, and if there are any distinguished players or singers here, they cannot be discerned.

Dee Dee Bridgewater's album is relatively without gimmickry, and there are some fine musicians present — including Stanley Clarke, who also produced Chick Corea, George Duke, Alphonso Johnson, Airto Moreira, Bobby Lyle, Ndugu Leon Chanler, and violinist Scarlet Rivera. But the music never comes alive. It fits too neatly into overly familiar patterns, and the songs themselves are nothing special. (The only well-known composition here is "Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word" — which is scarcely among the best songs Messrs. John and Taupin have written.) Bridgewater's voice is clear and intense, but the material she does is mostly pretty blurry.

The Lenny White album is a mildly pleasant surprise. The packaging suggests a comic-strip sci-fi "Star Wars" rip-off. There's even a synopsis of "a musical space odyssey" about space pirates, a "Heavy Metal Monster Machine," "Mandarin Warlord Starships," and such (in one passage, "Images of Millenniums [sic] past race by") but, fortunately, this nonsense doesn't actually find its way onto the vinyl. There are some nice, if very simple, melodic themes on *Astral Pirates*, and a few moments of true fire from Don Blackman on good, old-fashioned organ and good, old-fashioned acoustic piano, and Lenny White's percussion is crisp and hard-driving (though his one extended solo, which begins brilliantly, soon becomes a muddle). The music is undemanding, but not at all unenjoyable. It might be called "cocktail fusion."

Colman Andrews

AMPERCHART

ROCK

- 1 **Saturday Night Fever**
Soundtrack-RSO
- 2 **Slowhand**
Eric Clapton-RSO
- 3 **The Stranger**
Billy Joel-Columbia
- 4 **Aja**
Steely Dan-ABC
- 5 **Running on Empty**
Jackson Browne-Asylum
- 6 **Even Now**
Barry Manilow-Arista
- 7 **Point of Know Return**
Kansas-Kirshner
- 8 **Jefferson Starship Earth**
Jefferson Starship-Grunt
- 9 **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson-Warner Bros.
- 10 **The Grand Illusion**
Styx-A&M
- 11 **News of the World**
Queen-Elektra
- 12 **Foot Loose & Fancy Free**
Rod Stewart-Warner Bros.
- 13 **Blue Lights in the Basement**
Roberta Flack-Atlantic
- 14 **Double Live Gonzo**
Ted Nugent-Epic
- 15 **Rumours**
Fleetwood Mac-Warner Bros.
- 16 **Street Player**
Rufus-Chaka Khan-ABC
- 17 **Waiting for Columbus**
Little Feat-Warner Bros.
- 18 **Bootsy's Rubber Band**
Bootsy's Rubber Band-Warner Bros.
- 19 **Waylon & Willie**
Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson-RCA
- 20 **Excitable Boy**
Warren Zevon-Asylum
- 21 **French Kiss**
Bob Welch-Capitol
- 22 **Simple Dreams**
Linda Ronstadt-Asylum
- 23 **Infinity**
Journey-Columbia
- 24 **Feels So Good**
Chuck Mangione-A&M
- 25 **Champagne Jam**
Atlanta Rhythm Section-Polydor

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|--|---|
| Magazine
Heart-Mushroom
This Year's Model
Elvis Costello-Columbia
And Then There Was Three
Genesis-Atlantic
Double Dose
Hot Tuna-RCA
Boys in the Trees
Carly Simon-Elektra | London Town
Wings-Capitol
Champagne Jam
Atlanta Rhythm Section-Polydor
Keys
Bob Marley & the Wailers-Island
Nigel Olsson
Nigel Olsson-Columbia
Son of a Son of a Sailor
Jimmy Buffett-ABC |
|--|---|

JAZZ

- 1 **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson-Warner Bros.
- 2 **Live at the Bijou**
Grover Washington, Jr.-Kudu
- 3 **Rainbow Seeker**
Joe Sample-ABC
- 4 **Feels So Good**
Chuck Mangione-A&M
- 5 **Hold On**
Noel Pointer-UA
- 6 **The Mad Hatter**
Chick Corea-Polydor
- 7 **The Path**
Ralph McDonald-Marlin
- 8 **Let's Do It**
Roy Ayers-Polydor
- 9 **Funk in a Mason Jar**
Harvey Mason-Arista
- 10 **West Side Highway**
Stanley Turrentine-Fantasy
- 11 **Herb Alpert & Hugh Masekela**
Herb Alpert & Hugh Masekela-Horizon
- 12 **Heads**
Bob James-Columbia
- 13 **Tequila Mockingbird**
Ramsey Lewis-Columbia
- 14 **Just Family**
Dee Dee Bridgewater-Elektra
- 15 **Say It with Silence**
Hubert Laws-Columbia

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|--|--|
| Every Day, Every Night
Flora Purim-Warner Bros.
Lenny White Presents the Adventures of Astral Pirates
Elektra
Glider
Auracle-Chrysalis | A Portrait of Bud Powell
Al Haig-Interplay
Lionel Hampton Presents: Buddy Rich
Who's Who in Jazz
Unfinished Business
Jimmy Smith-Mercury |
|--|--|

SOUL

- 1 **Saturday Night Fever**
Soundtrack-RSO
- 2 **Bootsy's Rubber Band**
Bootsy's Rubber Band-Warner Bros.
- 3 **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson-Warner Bros.
- 4 **Blue Lights in the Basement**
Roberta Flack-Atlantic
- 5 **Funkentelechy vs. Placebo Syndrome**
Parliaments-Casablanca
- 6 **Street Player**
Chaka Khan-ABC
- 7 **All 'n All**
Earth, Wind & Fire-Columbia
- 8 **Thankful**
Natalie Cole-Capitol
- 9 **Golden Time of the Day**
Maze featuring Frankie Beverly-Capitol
- 10 **Raydio**
Raydio-Arista
- 11 **Stargard**
Stargard-MCA
- 12 **Once Upon a Dream**
Enchantment-Roadshow
- 13 **Reaching for the Sky**
Peabo Bryson-Capitol
- 14 **When You Hear Lou, You've Heard It All**
Lou Rawls-Philadelphia
- 15 **Warmer Communications**
Average White Band-Atlantic

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|--|--|
| My Favorite Fantasy
Dan McCoy-MCA
We Came to Play
Tower of Power-Columbia
Magic
The Floaters-ABC
Journey to the Light
Brainstorm-Tabu | Park Avenue Sound
Gloria Gaynor-Polydor
Pleasure Principle
Parlet-Casablanca
Sunburn
Sun-Capitol
Mandré Two
Mandré-Motown |
|--|--|

COUNTRY

- 1 **Waylon & Willie**
Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson-RCA
- 2 **Ten Years of Gold**
Kenny Rogers-UA
- 3 **Here You Come Again**
Dolly Parton-RCA
- 4 **Simple Dreams**
Linda Ronstadt-Asylum
- 5 **Quarter Moon in a Ten Cent Town**
Emmylou Harris-Warner Bros.
- 6 **Take This Job and Shove It**
Johnny Paycheck-Epic
- 7 **Someone Loves You Honey**
Charley Pride-RCA
- 8 **Best of the Statler Brothers**
Statler Brothers-Mercury
- 9 **'Y' All Come Back Saloon**
Oak Ridge Boys-ABC-Dot
- 10 **We Must Believe in Magic**
Crystal Gayle-UA
- 11 **It Was Almost Like a Song**
Ronnie Milsap-RCA
- 12 **Heaven's Just a Sin Away**
The Kendalls-Ovation
- 13 **Let's Keep It That Way**
Anne Murray-Capitol
- 14 **Love Is Just a Game**
Larry Gatlin-Monument
- 15 **Out of My Head and Back in My Bed**
Loretta Lynn-RCA

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|--|--|
| Soft Lights and Hard Country Music
Moe Bandy-Columbia
Variations
Eddie Rabbit-Elektra
Tanya Tucker's Greatest Hits
Tanya Tucker-MCA
Easter Island
Kris Kristofferson-Monument | Lonely Hearts Club
Billie Jo Spears-UA
Old Fashioned Love
The Kendalls-Ovation
Entertainers . . . On and Off the Record
Statler Brothers-Mercury
I've Cried the Blue Right Out of My Eyes
Crystal Gayle-MCA |
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BACKWOR The s

by Larry Espinola

In 1885, Allan Pinkerton quit the Chicago police force to begin a detective firm. He decided the symbol for his new profession would be an unblinking eyeball and thus came the term "private eye." Today private eyes are more commonly known as private investigators, and if you were to look in the Yellow Pages under investigators, there are some firms in San Francisco.

The most successful detective in the city is Harc (Hal) Lipset. His office is his three-story, 16-room Victorian sitting atop Pacific Heights. In the 32 years since he launched his firm, Lipset has taken on more than 12,000 cases, logged more than a million miles on five continents on behalf of his clients and, more often than not, brought solutions back with him. He also earns well over \$50,000 a year, but he won't say how much.

To become a private eye, "you've got to be able to sell yourself and talk openly with people," the 58-year-old Lipset said while sitting at his desk puffing on an expensive cigar. "Along with a natural curiosity, there are the two main things. When a kid comes up and says he wants to be a detective, I tell him to forget it. Criminology degree. Get a job selling door-to-door or get good at it. Fuller Brush or something like that."

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"The Perry Masons of this country are going to be some Paul Drakes," he told Lipset, referring to master attorney's investigator. Lipset read up on Perry Mason and decided to take a chance. He posted a \$2,000 bond, proved he had no felony convictions, got a reputable San Franciscan to vouch for him, and received his license.

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Who says crime doesn't pay? Today, Lipset Services employs a full-time staff of five, plus a pool of as many as 35 part-time agents who may turn up as gas mechanics, refrigerator repairmen or even newspaper reporters. The firm, which is tied globally into the Western Association of Detectives, handles an average of

Lukewarm Wax

AMERICAN HOT WAX, starring Tim McIntyre, Laraine Newman, Fran Drescher and Jay Leno; written by John Kaye; directed by Floyd Mutrux.

Though it sports more than a little merit as an example of slick exploitation movie-making, the faults of *American Hot Wax* are strong enough to qualify it as a failure for not achieving the higher purpose to which its creators may have aspired.

In fact, one wonders what producer Art Linson, writer John Kaye and director Floyd Mutrux may have had in mind. Certainly Paramount Pictures' advertising department had no idea: *American Hot Wax* is touted as documenting "the beginning of an era," when the story is quite obviously — and equally erroneously — about the end of an era.

The idea, evidently, was to present a brief span in the career of real-life '50s disc jockey Alan Freed (the main character bears his name) who is credited with coining the term "rock and roll" in its musical, rather than strictly sexual, sense. Freed, a top-rated New York air personality, promoted concerts on the side, was an active businessman and a "victim" of the payola scandals of the early 1960s. As a result of the ensuing congressional investigation, Freed lost his job, took a huge financial loss, and suffered emotional crises probably leading to his death in Palm Springs five years later. It's a story with a lot of intrinsic drama, right?

Not enough for this film's creators. Facts are juggled without reason, historical data is ignored, and the resulting film becomes something only slightly more realistic than "Happy Days" — another Paramount production.

The film is filled with what may appear to be authentic details, some of which are, and some of which hint at the production staff's careless disregard for facts. The date is set precisely at Buddy Holly's birthday — September 7, 1959, and the two days following.

Contrary to what *American Hot Wax* implies, Freed's last concert was not in New York City at the Brooklyn Paramount, it was in Miami sometime later.

Straw men are set up. According to this account, Freed was victimized for his insistence on playing black r&b music during a conservative, Ivory Soap-white era. He may have done just that, but it wasn't in New York, and it certainly wasn't in 1959 — Freed committed that particular heresy in Cleveland several years earlier. The payola investigations were largely the result of a war between ASCAP and BMI, the former group feeling that their member songwriters weren't getting enough airplay. The race war, such as it was, was all but long gone. Most of the music played on the soundtrack — the film's strongest asset by far — dates back to the mid-Fifties, when that particular battle was going on.

Which leads to some interesting anachronisms. "Teenage Louise," the Carole King-type played by Laraine Newman, claims to have written two songs — "ABC's of Love" and "Why Do Fools Fall in Love" — that had been hits for Frankie Lymon three years earlier than "Louise" is said to have "written" them. Producer Richard Perry, in a funny cameo, helps a white Danny and the Juniors-type group arrange "Come Go With Me" — exactly as done by

artificial additives to the beer.

"American brewers use things to make beer look and taste like beer. Big brewers, take a cosmetic approach to brewing," says Stern. Some of the additives used by

not to caramel coloring.

Despite light beer's traditional popularity in the United States, McCulliff says that Americans are showing interest in darker beers and

CENTERFOLD-PAGE FOUR

On Screen



Chuck Berry reelin' and a-rockin' in *American Hot Wax*.

the racially mixed Del-Vikings in 1957. A district attorney cites as evidence against rock and roll Chuck Berry's "filthy" version of "Reelin' and Rockin'" — lyrics that weren't released on a record until 1972! — and Billy Ward's "Sixty Minute Man," an r&b hit in 1951! A songwriter claims to have come up with "Oh, What a Nite," which had in fact been a hit for the Dells, though in 1956. It's hard to take any of this seriously, when the filmmakers themselves show so little regard for accuracy.

All of this is even more puzzling (who, after all, expects facts in musical biographies?) in light of Mutrux's slavish and often quite hip attention to detail in capturing other aspects of the period. The wall of Freed's radio studio is decorated with photos of little-known acts like Ersel Hickey; actors including genuine music-biz figures like singer Eric Mercury and producer Artie Ripp have the period's sleazier elements down to the minutest detail; and the scenes involving young teenager Moosie Drier as a Freed groupie will melt the heart of any kid who has hung around a local station fetching coffee for his d.j. hero, hoping to become involved somehow in the whole glorious hustle. Costuming, language, and the sets are remarkably true-to-life — especially considering that the film was shot entirely in Los Angeles nineteen years after the supposed fact.

The producers' argument in explanation of the conflict between reality and *American Hot Wax* might be that they are striving to retell the "legend." There is, in fact, a semi-prominent disclaimer, saying that none of the characters really existed or bear any resemblance to real-life personalities. So be it, but consider yourself warned. Enjoy the music, which doesn't depend on a period for effect — it's great, no matter what era it begins, ends, or represents. And enjoy

American Hot Wax as entertainment. As history, it's less true to life than exploitation quickies like "Don't Knock the Rock" were, back when it was all really happening.

Todd Everett

STRAIGHT TIME, with Dustin Hoffman, Gary Bussey, Harry Dean Stanton and Theresa Russell; directed by Ulu Grosbard.

Dustin Hoffman filed a \$30 million lawsuit against First Artists for allegedly taking *Straight Time* away from him before he could complete his final cut. It's a particularly tricky suit because Hoffman, along with Barbra Streisand, Sidney Poitier, Paul Newman and Steve McQueen, is a principal and co-founder of First Artists. That battle will be decided in the courts, but the movie we see in the theatres cannot be viewed as a mangled classic, a lost film butchered by a greedy producer; I can't see how a different edit would solve the film's fundamental problems of character and motivation.

Quite simply, Hoffman never should have made *Straight Time* in the first place. It's a seedy little film, grim without being insightful. Hoffman plays an all-time loser, just released from his latest eight-year jail sentence. He's a petty crook, without any skills or motivation, and he just can't stay clean. A tough parole officer and a friend on junk are enough to turn Hoffman back to his old games, but we just don't care. We're supposed to see Hoffman as some sort of consummate outsider, enraged by demons he can't articulate. It's a catchy literary notion that often attracts writers, it's even made a good film or two (see Louis Malle's *Thief of Paris* if it's ever revived), but *Straight Time* isn't up to the conceit. The overall response to the movie is apathy — hardly a credible emotion for a two-hour movie.

Hoffman acts with his usual skill, but his character goes from unlikeable in the beginning to hateful in the end. Only Gary Bussey as a con on dope and Harry Dean Stanton as a con bored by suburbia have some interior life that makes them interesting. Newcomer Theresa Russell, seen briefly a couple of years ago in *The Last Tycoon*, does okay as the girl who befriends Hoffman, but she's a cliché and remains so to the end.

Save your money.

Jacoba Atlas

THE BIG SLEEP with Robert Mitchum, Sarah Miles, Candy Clark; written and directed by Michael Winner.

Die-hard Raymond Chandler fans are not going to be pleased with this latest remake of *The Big Sleep*. For one thing, it's set in present-day London, a totally bizarre decision (made for tax purposes) that plays havoc with the narrative. Chandler was the ultimate Los Angeles writer, and his vision was tied to that city. Like much vintage wine, Chandler doesn't travel well, and by the time *The Big Sleep* makes it across the ocean to England the sediment has almost muddled the grape beyond recognition.

Writer-director Michael Winner has decided to make sense out of Chandler's convoluted narrative, something that screenwriters Leigh Brackett, William Faulkner and Jules Furthman were unable to do in the 1946 classic. That clarity is now possible because censorship laws have relaxed. Today you can tell a story about heroin, pornography, nymphomania and homosexuality and not have to invent subterfuges which fool some and confuse the rest. So here we have Chandler's unvarnished plot: a millionaire, played by James Stewart, calls in private detective Philip Marlowe to find out who is blackmailing him into paying his youngest daughter's gambling debts. That straightforward request sets off a chain of events that includes several murders, an excursion into the gaudy nightlife of the bored rich, an encounter with petty pornographers and wealthy homosexuals and finally leads to the discovery of insanity right on the old man's doorstep.

Robert Mitchum again plays Marlowe (as he did in *Farewell, My Lovely*) with style and panache. His world-weary eyes and natural elegance neatly complement Chandler's notion of Marlowe as a giant in a universe of midgets. Sarah Miles, on the other hand, flounders as the older sister Charlotte (played in 1946 by Lauren Bacall). She's no longer the love interest, and since she can't compete with her younger sister for amorality, Charlotte has very little to do except stand around wearing pink silk and frizzy hair.

Candy Clark, however, all but chews up the scenery as the nympho-wacky sister Camilla. Her acting is so over-the-top, she fairly drips when she moves. At one point, believe it or not, Candy goes into such a fit she actually foams at the mouth. When was the last time you saw that in a movie? However, both women are slightly marred by the fact that Marlowe is morally repulsed by them. Chandler was the ultimate puritan, but Mitchum is just too sexual a man to make us believe he's as disgusted as he pretends to be.

In the end, what keeps *The Big Sleep* from working is that it has no point of view. Without Chandler's landscape, the movie is nothing more than a detective story. Marlowe needs another dimension the way Dante needed Hell; without that, he's just driving down the same old streets.

J.A.

YOGA: The Westernization of Eastern tradition

by Dominique Isabeau

Nine barefoot men and women sit on red, pumpkin-like cushions, adjust their jeans or remove their glasses for comfort and place their hands on their laps.

The Potrero Avenue traffic sounds are intensified; unpleasant fumes from a downstairs auto body shop penetrate the high-ceilinged room.

But they will sit like this, undisturbed, eyes almost closed or gazing at the lustrous floor, for an hour. Maybe three.

Sitting is the main activity at Dharmadhatu, 440 Potrero, one of 42 Buddhist meditation centers across the nation directed by a Tibetan lama (spiritual leader), Chogyum Trungpa, Rinpoche.

Buddhists believe suffering is universal and that meditation is a practical way to overcome it. Students of Trungpa meditate sitting down and sometimes while walking. Zen, a Japanese form of Buddhism, is perhaps most similar to Dharmadhatu in meditation practices. Other sects meditate bending over (Kagyü Drogen Kun-chab) or by chanting a mantra (such as the Sanskrit word *Aum*). Different gurus and sects are just "paths" to a common goal of "awakeness" or enlightenment.

Although Dharmadhatu can boast of poet Allen Ginsberg as a long-time member, membership is estimated at 50; a small number compared with the Nichiren Shoshu of America, with 7,000 Bay Area members.

Dharmadhatu is one of about six San Francisco Buddhist organizations comprised mostly of non-Asians. But it is unique because Trungpa, who came to the United States in 1970 when the first American Dharmadhatu was founded, is westernized. He is a guru who wears a suit and tie, he says, to "do away with the exotic externals fascinating to students in the West."

Noreen Morris, coordinator of the center, described Trungpa as "a short, fat Tibetan with a great sense of humor and an incredible command of the English language."

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"His approach is to look at our lives clearly for what they are, as opposed to trying to adopt some cultural, ethnic trappings."

For example, members occasionally chant, but in English. And comfort



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while meditating is stressed, instead of sitting rigidly in one position.

According to McClellan, most members are between 25 and 35 years old, middle-class and well-educated.

"People end up here because they feel discontent with their lives," McClellan said, speaking barely above a whisper and gesturing slowly with a Mariboro in her right hand. "That's actually a valid state — people find that refreshing."

McClellan was a theater student in London when she became inspired by Trungpa seven years ago, after reading his book, *Meditation in Action*.

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But the whole idea of Rinpoche's teachings is very ordinary — that being human is a reasonable proposition. Being in the world can be quite dignified. That was very appealing to me," she said.

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Photos by Hector

CARLY SIMON

BOYS IN THE TREES

Featuring current single
"YOU BELONG TO ME"



Appearing at the
BOTTOM LINE
May 5th-7th

Produced by ARIF MARDIN

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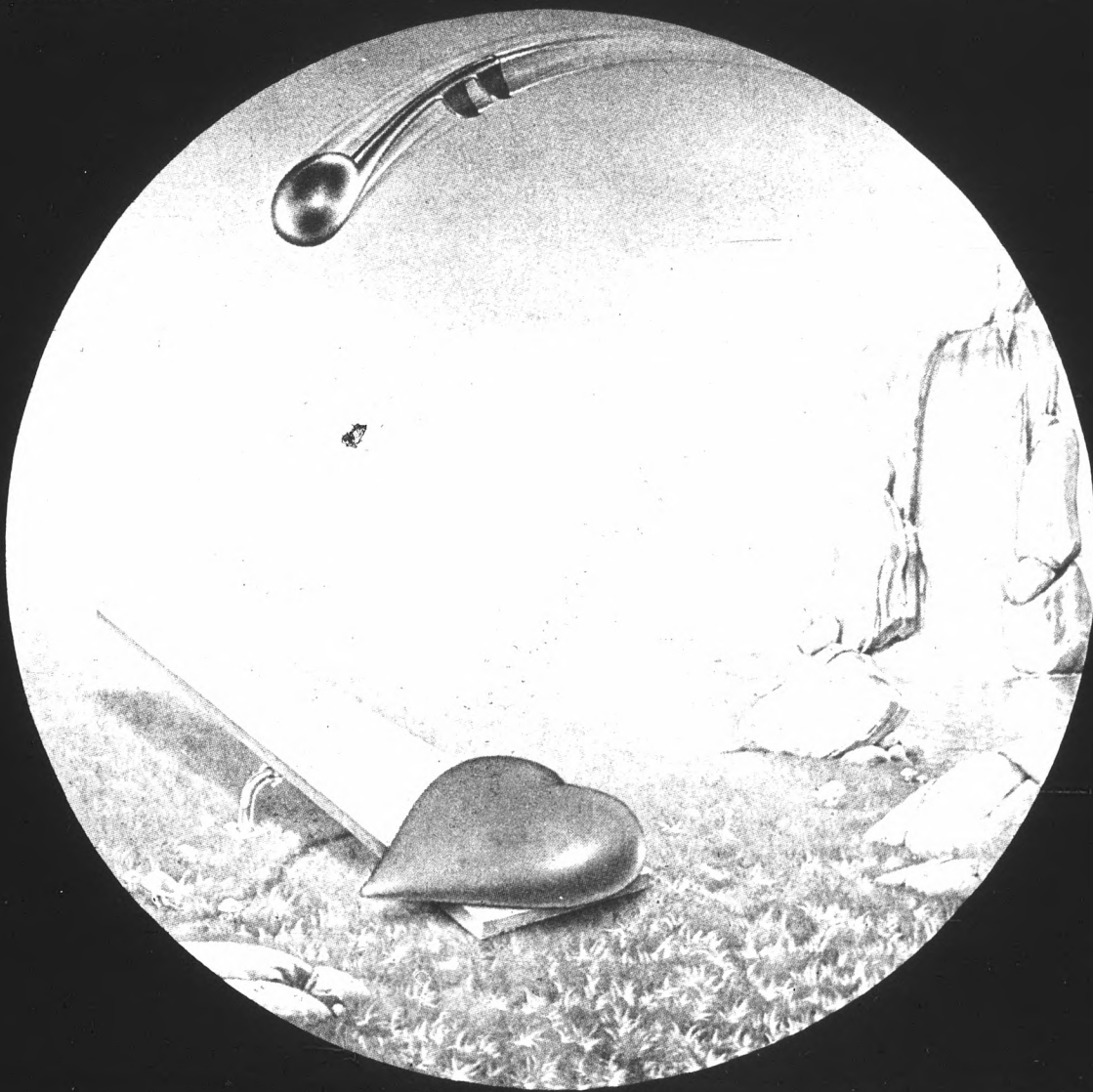
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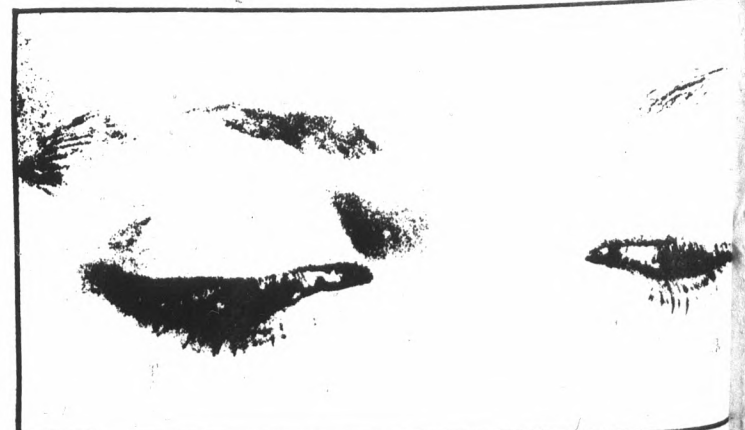
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